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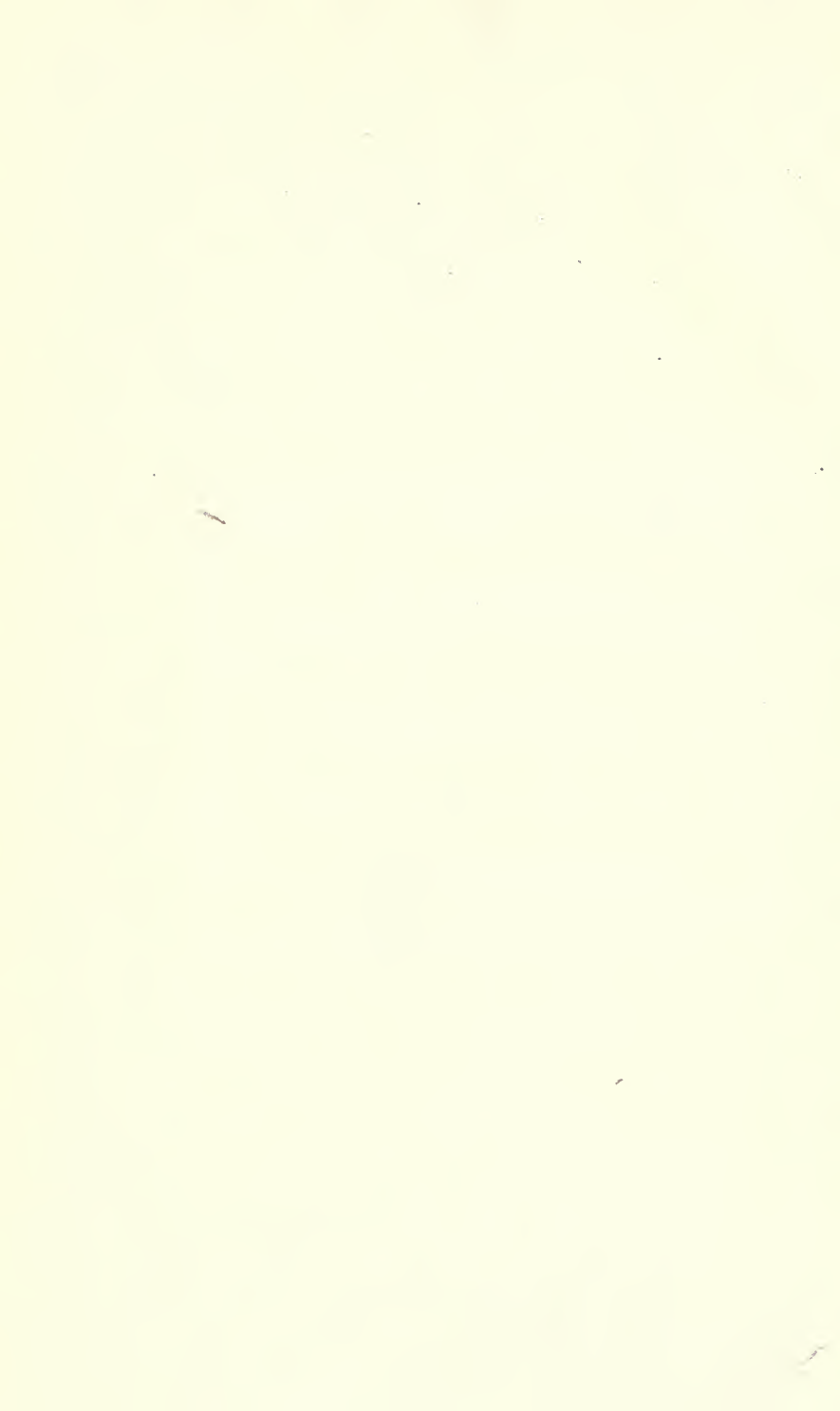
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NORTH AMERICAN

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NOTE TO ARTICLE V. ON PRISON DISCIPLINE.

In the citation from Mr. Gray's book on our 181st page, there is a mistake which is noticed in a short list of corrections prefixed to his volume, but which unluckily escaped our attention. About the middle of the extract, instead of the assertion, that the prisoners at Pentonville "*pass an hour every day in* their exercising yards in company," read "*walk every day to* their exercising yards in company." We copy part of the paragraph as it appears in the corrected English edition of Mr. Gray's volume.

"The prisoners take turns in cleaning the corridors every morning, which occupies an hour, during which time several are in company with each other, but under the supervision of an officer to prevent all intercourse. They likewise walk every day to their exercising yards in company, but under similar supervision and at fifteen feet distance from each other."

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXXXVIII.

JANUARY, 1848.

ART. I. — *Delle Speranze d' Italia.* (CESARE BALBO.)
Capolago. 1845. 12mo.

THEY know but little of an author's trials who suppose them to begin and end with the composition of a book. It is hard work, it is true, to choose your subject, and when chosen, to divide it into its proper parts, to adjust them all nicely to one another, to make an accurate distribution of proof and development and illustration, to say just as much as you ought, and no more, and say it in a style and in language suited both to the subject and to the readers for whom it is designed. But when all this is accomplished, and you would fain launch your fragile bark upon the waters, how often are you at a loss to say under what name it shall go forth; to find that magic word, which, amid the contending crowd of courtiers and favorites, shall draw one inquiring glance to this unknown adventurer, and which, while it excites curiosity and awakens expectation, shall hold out no promise which you are not prepared to perform!

In this respect we may congratulate Count Balbo upon his success. We may call him happy in the choice of a title so justly expressive of his own generous feelings; singularly felicitous in the selection of a word clear and definite in its promises, and which falls upon the ear like one of those mysterious strains which you sometimes hear, amid the dewy stillness of evening, from the ivy-crowned ruins of his own beautiful land. Twenty years ago, who would have thought of such a title? What Italian would have dared to set his

name to such a picture of his country's wants and wrongs and errors, and still live at home? Who could thus have braved passion and power, and have hoped to escape the Spielberg or a stiletto? This little volume is more than a promise, it is a performance; it is more than a hope, it is a reality, — a tangible proof, a living witness, that, however sad the past, however gloomy the present, there is still for Italy a future worthy of a patriot's hopes and a philanthropist's aspirations.

And it is this spirit of faith and trust which forms one of the great charms of this volume. We have no sympathy with perpetual skepticism. We do not understand how a man can pretend to believe in an overruling Providence, and yet despair of the progress of his race. It is such a bold assumption of superior wisdom, such a heartless denial of God's goodness, that we have no patience with it. That great law of progress is written in such broad characters on every page of history, that he who runs may read it there. The past, without it, is unintelligible; the present, so cheerless and dreary, that earnest hearts would sink under the burden, and man, reduced to the selfish bounds of his own individuality, would be absolved from all those endearing and ennobling ties which, connecting him with the past by gratitude and with the future by hope, prepare him with each progressive generation for higher aims, more expansive usefulness, and purer enjoyment.

And if this faith in the future be necessary everywhere, how vitally essential is it in speaking of Italy! Nowhere have the elements of discord and harmony been so singularly mingled as there; never such tenacity of purpose, with such imperfect results; a will so indomitable, with such irregularity of action; so much weakness and so much energy; such spotless purity and such black corruption; such heavenward aspirations, with such abject debasement; so close and enduring an alliance of hope and despair. No history is fraught with lessons of more universal application; in none have the great questions of social organization been more boldly or variously propounded. And yet, after nearly three thousand years of struggle and revolution and endurance, after having proved every vicissitude of favorable and of adverse fortune, ruling by religion long after she had ceased to rule by the sword, opening new paths in every science, while she left them

to be trodden by others, and, in the midst of her political degradation, asserting from time to time, with untiring energy, her intellectual supremacy, she still remains divided and dependent, restless in her inactivity, possessing all the virulence of party without its redeeming vitality, and seeking in change rather a respite from suffering than an assurance of happiness.*

But let us take a closer view of this subject, and see how far this external aspect, which strikes every superficial observer, will bear a more searching examination. The want of union among the different states of Italy is a fact as old as her history itself. In the olden time, when Rome was as yet in her infancy, Ligurians, and Etruscans, and Latins, and Samnites, and Sabines divided the peninsula between them, and governed their respective territories by that oldest of Italian forms, the confederacy.† All the first centuries of Rome are filled with her contests with one or the other of these formidable rivals, and never, during her long career of conquest, was she compelled to put forth more energy or bring higher qualities into action than in these wars, which, when compared with many of those in which she was afterwards engaged, may be said to have been waged at her own gates. It was not till the reign of Augustus, when nearly all the rest of the known world had been reduced under her dominion, that the conquest of Italy was finally completed by the subjugation of the Salassi, and the whole of the peninsula, from the summit of the Alps to the straits of Messina, united in one body. But with the fall of the Empire, these deep-rooted divisions broke forth anew. Odoacer held it together during his short reign of thirteen years, and Theodoric during his more extended one of thirty; and when his kingdom fell, amid the general devastation of the Grecian conquest, there were ten years more, during which the survivors continued to obey one master as members of a foreign empire. But then

* For we may well apply to the whole of Italy what Dante said so truthfully of Florence:—

“Simigliante a quella 'nferma
Che non può trovar posa in su le piume,
Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma.”

† Was Rome in the beginning any thing more than a member of the Latin confederacy? A fundamental question yet unanswered.

came the Lombards, and after them the Franks, and later still the Germans; and meanwhile, new duchies and kingdoms and independent republics were springing up along the wide extent of sea-coast, and on the river-banks, and in the midst of her fertile plains, and among the craggy fastnesses of her mountains, till every little state could boast of its capital, and every capital had become endeared by some hallowing association.

And all this seems to have been, in a measure, the result of one of those general laws by which man is so often unconsciously governed, and which seem to retard his progress until a more thorough knowledge of their nature and bearing enables him to act in perfect harmony with them. The first glance at the map is sufficient to show that Italy was not designed for a uniform development, or for the elaboration of any single idea. On the north, you see the broad valley of the Po, with its rich alluvial soil, and its lakes and streams, extending from the Cozzian Alps to the gulf of Venice. You see the granite wall of the Alps, shutting it in from Germany,* and then bending around its western border, and assuming a new name where it sends out its projecting masses to meet the blue waves of the Mediterranean, hold its course eastward beyond the centre of the peninsula, till its skirts reach almost down to the shores of the Adriatic. And all along its course you see valleys beginning with the wildness of a mountain solitude, and gradually softening as they expand, till their sunny slopes sink down into the plain amid vineyards and cornfields and meadows of the loveliest green. And from the north and the west and the south pour down innumerable streams, pure and cool from their snowy sources, some in rapid torrents, some with a river-like flow, many to shrink into their channels when they meet the first rays of summer, and others to continue

* See Petrarch's beautiful allusion :—

“ Ben provvide natura al nostro stato
Quando dell' Alpi schermo
Pose tra noi e la Tedesca rabbia.”

Some writers have proposed to read *mal* instead of *ben*. Bembo, too, has two beautiful descriptive verses in his sonnet to Italy :—

“ O pria sì cara al ciel del mondo parte,
Che l' acqua cigne e l' sasso orrido serra,
O lieta sovra ogni altra e dolce terra,
Che 'l superbo Apennin segna e dis parte,” &c.

throughout the year in a full and equal current. And from west to east, throughout the whole extent of this mountain-girdled plain, flows the "king of rivers,"* holding its course from where its first murmurs mingle with the Alpine winds, as it bubbles up a crystal rill from the sunless glens of Monte Viso, to where, gathering in the tribute of every lake and torrent and stream, it rolls the full tide of its congregated waters, laden with deeply-freighted barks and galleys gayly-decked, through many a bloody battle-field, and under the walls of ancient cities, and pours them at last, a turbid and impetuous mass, into the receding waters of the Adriatic.

And then this same great chain, which began as the Alps and ends as the Apennines, takes its way southeast towards the foot of the peninsula, dividing it into unequal halves, and resting on the Mediterranean close by the straits of Messina at its southern extremity. Where it approaches the Adriatic, it leaves between its base and the sea a tract of singular fertility, but broken up by the mountains and highlands, which run through it, into deep valleys and narrow strips of plain. On the opposite side, and much farther from the sea, the Arno rises among the wildest passes of the mountains, and, flowing southward, a narrow streamlet, as it bends around the Casentino, turns its face northward, gradually widening and deepening as it runs, till having returned, after a course of upwards of sixty miles, to within about eleven of its source, it once more changes its direction, and holds its way westward towards the Mediterranean, through a succession of beautiful valleys, which it unites by that strong tie which all large rivers form for the countries through which they pass and the cities which stand upon their banks. And twenty miles south of the sources of the Arno, and still among the same wild glens, the Tiber takes its rise, to flow, first, a mountain torrent along the base of the Apennines, and then, as it gathers strength, to wind its way through mountain passes and thread the narrow valleys, receiving, as it runs, the waters of the Chiascio, and Argento, and Nera, and countless streamlets and torrents from east and west and north and south, while the meadows which draw their freshness from its rising waters are followed

* "Re de' fiumi."

There is an exquisite allusion to the sources of the Po in Chiabura's ode to Francesco Sforza.

by the waving grain and tresselled vine, and towns and castles lie scattered along its banks, till at last, sweeping around the base of Soracte, it comes out upon the Campagna, where, with Etruria upon its right bank and Sabina and Latium upon its left, it gathers in its last tributary, the headlong Anio, rolls its impetuous waters through the midst of the Eternal City, and, dividing them at the fork of the Sacred Island, pours them out, at last, in a yellow current which discolours with its saffron dye the deep blue of the Mediterranean far off from the shore.*

And farther on, while the great chain of the Apennine still holds its course southward, it sends out its branches to the east and the west in such numbers,† that they fill up the whole breadth of the peninsula, and hang out their impending cliffs over the sea. And the valleys that lie between them are often so deep, and the passes so inaccessible, that their inhabitants frequently live in these little worlds of their own, in utter ignorance of every thing that occurs beyond the peaks that bound their horizon.

And then there is that long line of sea-coast from the Var to the Isonzo, with some cities built upon a mountain ledge, like Genoa and Amalfi, and some, like Pisa and Rome, a few miles inland, and some at the bottom of spacious bays, like Naples and Tarentum, and some in the midst of the waves, as Venice yet continues and Ravenna once was ; some with an interior to fall back upon, and a river to keep open their communication with it, and others with nothing but mountains behind them, and the broad sea before.

Now, where shall we find the point of centralization for a country which nature has thus divided ? Will you place it in Milan, and subject the hardy mountaineers of the Apen-

* Virgil's description, like all pictures from the life, when confined to the distinctive characteristics of the object, still holds true : —

“Vorticibus rapidis, et multâ flavus arenâ,
In mare prorumpit.”

† Bembo has a beautiful quatrain upon this, in his sonnet to the Apennine : —

“Re degli altri superbo e sacro monte,
Ch' Italia tutta imperioso parti,
E per mille contrade e piu comparti
Le spalle, il fianco e l' una e l' altra fronte.”

The best of all descriptions of Italy is that given by Napoleon in those admirable memoirs of his Italian campaigns.

nines to these soft inhabitants of the plain? Or in Turin, beautiful as it is, and with a warlike population at its command, but lying far away in a corner of the peninsula? Or in Bologna, though nearer the centre, and commanding the great roads to the Marches, and the most frequented pass into Tuscany, yet too far from the Po to give laws to Lombardy, and too unlike the cities beyond the Apennines to assimilate with them either in manners or in feeling? Tuscany, with its mountain valleys, and its gentle stream, and its thriving seaport, looks as if nature had marked it out to stand by itself. And Rome in the midst of her solitary plain, and Naples surrounded by her volcanoes, seem all formed alike to rule over a part, and all too remote to govern the whole.

And yet, in the midst of her divisions, in olden times as well as in modern, Italy has kept up the struggle for independence with unwavering constancy. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find the key-word of Rome's success, unless we look upon her as heading a native confederacy against the devastation of a second Gaulish invasion.* And the anxieties which embittered the last years of Theodoric's glorious reign must have arisen from the animosities, if not from the hostile machinations, of his Italian subjects; for how else can we explain that sudden change in a character so noble and generous throughout, or account for the sudden decline and disastrous fall of a kingdom which still possessed such men as Totila and Teja?† The Lombard invasion came next, and Northern Italy was easily overrun by these new barbarians, and its provinces portioned out among them. But the native race, and old, deep-rooted institutions of the peninsula took refuge in the Exarchate, and in the cities of the coast,

* Another fundamental question in the philosophy of Roman history, which neither Machiavelli, admirable as his *Discorsi* are, nor Montesquieu in his *Considerations*, has treated from its true point of view. "Ils vainquirent tous les peuples par leurs maximes," says Montesquieu. But these maxims, as Denina has well observed in his *Rivoluzioni d' Italia*, were Italian, not Roman. There are some very excellent hints upon this subject in Balbo's *Appunti pu la Storia d' Italia*.

† The conspiracy is not proved, but is more than probable. Manso (*Geschichte des Ost Gothischen Reiches in Italien*) very justly calls Boethius's testimony in his own cause into question; and Sartorius in his *Versuch über die Regierung der Ost Gothen*, seems to have seen clearer into the real cause than Manso. Grotius, too, said long ago, in his *Prolegom. ad Histor. Gothorum*, — "Actum ibi non de religione, quæ Boethio satis Platonica fuit, sed de imperii statu." But the question has never been fully developed.

and in Rome herself, with her restricted territories; and hence, under the name of the Greek emperors first, and finally in their own, with their bishops and the pope at their head, kept up that long war of alternate aggression and defence which terminated in the overthrow of the Lombards and the consecration of the temporal power of the Holy See.

And here we may be allowed to observe, even in this rapid sketch, that our appreciation of the true spirit of all the subsequent history of Italy will depend upon the patience and candor with which we study this event.* If the pontiffs of this period, already the leaders of the new Roman republic, were actuated by no higher motive than the ambition of enlarging their territories, they acted like bad Italians and worse ecclesiastics. But if the feeling which inspired them was a truly national abhorrence of foreign dominion, if in the aggressions of Astolfo and Desiderius they were chiefly struck with their country's perils, and those which, in their own persons, menaced not so much their temporal privileges as the exercise of their sublime functions as heads of the church, they have claims to the highest praise for their energy, their perseverance, and their longanimity.

But the Carlovingian invasion, whether we consider it as a crime or as a necessity, was still in many respects a misfortune for Italy, and chiefly so in that ill-advised restoration of the Western Empire,† which, by conferring upon a foreigner by birth and feeling the *prestige* of the Roman name and an indefinite supremacy, opened the way for unfounded pretensions, and never-ending discussions, and arrogant assertions of right, and remorseless persecutions, and wars of savage

* One view of this question is given by Manzoni, in his *Discorso sopra alcuni Punti della Storia Longobarda*. Sismondi did not study it with sufficient care, and hence the incompleteness of his first volume. Machiavelli has summed it up with his usual concision in his *Storie Fiorentine*; and Muratori and Giannone, and many moderns, agree with him. The moral of all, as far as the people are concerned, is given in that beautiful chorus of the Adelchi: —

“Dagli antri muscosi, dai fori cadenti
Dai solchi bagnati di servo sudor,
Un *volgo ignoto* si desta repente,” &c.;

and particularly the closing stanzas.

† See the eloquent words of Botta, speaking of Charles V.: — “Quegli di governargli per non so quale appiccio di Romano impero; l'umano sangue intanto rendeva tiepidi e fumanti le Italiane terre.” *Storia d'Italia*, L. I., p. 113.

desolation, and all that train of woes which wasted for centuries the fairest portions of the peninsula. This it was that gave rise to the war of the investitures, that struggle between brute force and intellectual supremacy, which must sooner or later have occurred, under some form or other, but which it would have been far better for poor Italy to have passed through under any other form than that. The league of Lombardy, too, sprang from the same cause, a glorious event in itself, and a glorious period of civil virtue, but terminating sadly in the imperfect peace of Constance, which shows more than any thing else how impossible it was for the Italians, with that phantom of the Roman empire before them, to form any definite idea of true national independence.* Still the struggle was continued, simplified in form, but envenomed in spirit, by the introduction of the rallying words of Guelph and Ghibelline. In both of these parties there was doubtless enough that was bad ; but of the two, the Guelph, if not the most virtuous, was decidedly the most national, for the triumph of the pope would necessarily have led to the subversion of all foreign rule and prepared the way for freedom by independence. But freedom was won before independence had been secured, and was therefore incomplete in its development and unequal in its results, and early lost amid faction and usurpation and crime.

At length, towards the close of the fifteenth century, the period in which this long-cherished hope was to be realized seemed to be drawing nigh. The throne of Naples was filled by an independent sovereign ; at Rome, the pope enjoyed the uncontrolled exercise of his temporal as well as his spiritual supremacy ; Milan was governed by a duke of her own ; and most of the smaller states by native princes or rulers of their own choice ; and all were bound together by that well-contrived balance of power, which constitutes the only true political glory of Lorenzo the Magnificent. But the views of this selfish man, like those of a king of our own days, who also was called to a glorious destiny which he refused to fulfill, were bounded by personal interest and family ambition ; and dearly did his country pay for his crime, and bitterly did his family atone for his shameless abuse of the most sacred of

* And shows, too, how incompetent a good pope is to make a political leader.

trusts. At his death, the balance, for want of a proper foundation, was lost. Italy became the battle-field of Europe ; and when the contest ended, Naples, from an independent kingdom, had sunk down to a viceroyalty ; Lombardy, under the baneful pretext of imperial supremacy, had been converted into a foreign province ; Tuscany into a duchy ; and the whole peninsula, with the exception of her four republics, parcelled out in the manner most accordant with the principle of absolute government.

But there were some glorious moments for Italy during this protracted struggle, in which she had been more than once upon the point of grasping her long-contested prize. The idea of independence became clearer and more complete, and assumed a more definite form in the minds of her statesmen. It was this that inspired the league of Cambrai * and the Holy League, and formed the last wish which, in the delirium of the death-struggle, burst from the lips of that most Italian of pontiffs, Julius II.† How deeply rooted it was in the hearts of her public men may be seen in the closing chapter of Machiavelli's much-calumniated Prince ; ‡ and its vivifying and exalting influence is shown in Michael Angelo, and Raphael, and Ariosto, and that wonderful revival of art and literature and every form of intellectual exertion in the sixteenth century, which was owing far more to this reopening of the field of noble action than to the protection of petty dukes and voluptuous pontiffs.

A long period of debasement and corruption followed, as well it might, when, to all but those who know how to hope and believe firmly, the chances of independence seemed lost for ever ; a period stigmatized in Italian annals, and held up to abhorrence, as the degraded "*Secento*." Meanwhile, the house of Savoy, which had won back its inheritance at the battle of St. Quentin, was firmly consolidating its power, and preparing for a more decisive part in the first general struggle. The war of the Spanish succession supplied the pretext and the occasion, and the aggrandizement of the house of Savoy

* Directed against Venice in order to force her to league with the other Italian powers for the liberation of Italy from "the barbarians." What a subject for the historian that reign of Julius offers !

† "*Fuori barbari*."

‡ *Esortazione a liberare Italia da' barbari* ; — one of the noblest specimens of patriotic eloquence in any language, ancient or modern.

seemed to keep pace with the progress of Italy towards independence. For when Naples became once more an Italian kingdom, and Tuscany received the confirmation of her independence, Sardinia was politically reunited to the peninsula, and gave her name to the new kingdom which was henceforth to govern Piedmont and a portion of the Milanese, and to become the natural guardian of the interests of Italy.

And soon there was a general awakening throughout Italy, a filial return to the glories of her first revival, a renewal of hopes and aspirations long forgotten. And with it there was an earnestness of thought, a serious preparation, a severe inquiry into the cause of past errors and present corruption, which seemed to promise more than ordinary results for any new effort. Muratori had been collecting the documents of her mediæval history, and discussing all its complex questions with a sagacity and sound erudition which have never been surpassed. A little before, Vico * had laid the foundation of that sublime science which, reducing the whole course of history to general laws, explains its obscurest periods, and reconciles us to its greatest apparent contradictions. Already, too, some of the men were born, who were to apply these prolific truths to the science of history and government, and prepare the way for the discussion of their own interests by that of the interests of all mankind. And soon after came Parini, holding up the great social vice to unmitigated scorn in his keen and bitter satire,† and consecrating some of the holiest of social virtues in his chastened and heart-born odes ; and Goldoni, laying bare the secrets of the heart, and painting life and manners as they were, and making vice so contemptible and virtue so lovely, that none could hesitate in their choice ; and Alfieri, the inflexible foe of every species of effeminacy, who made poetry a mission, and breathed into his verses the severe elevation of his own nature. And everywhere there was reform, and life, and action, — the application of new principles, the confirmation

* It is somewhat remarkable that two such men as Muratori and Vico should have been contemporaries, and yet have exercised so little influence upon one another. For it should be remembered that Muratori was philosopher, poet, critic, and theologian, as well as historian, and had thus more points of contact with Vico than the *Annali*, the *Antiquitates*, or the *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores* could offer.

† *Il Giorno*.

and wider development of the old. There was the brilliant reign of Charles in Naples, and, later, that of Ferdinand, in which the good-natured indolence of the sovereign was turned to account by his ministers for the good of his people.* And in Tuscany, the wonderful reign of Peter Leopold, and the enlightened administration of Count Formian at Milan, and Dutillot at Parma, and the brilliant opening of Pius VI. at Rome. Then, too, there was that national conception of a confederacy, which has left so indistinct a trace in history, but which shows how far the great question of independence had advanced. Thus, when the French Revolution burst upon Italy, it found her well onward, with renewed energies and a firm will, in the path of reform, with native princes on all her thrones, and that foreign dominion, which had so long paralyzed her efforts, reduced to the narrow limits of the Duchy of Milan.

Still, one great thing was wanting, a national army; and this, among many other benefits, the French revolution gave.† During the long wars of the Empire, Italian troops, mingled with those of France, fought upon every battle-field of Europe; Italian officers worked their way upward at the sword's point, and won their decorations and titles by feats of gallant daring or a display of superior genius. The citizen and the peasant were trained to fight side by side, and endure together every species of privation and fatigue. Natives of remote districts were brought together under the same banner, and taught to look upon themselves as engaged in the same cause and united by a common interest; and the whole nation was roused to the cultivation of those martial virtues without which independence is but an insecure and transient blessing.

Thus, while the treaty of Vienna left Austria more power in Italy than she had held before, it left the Italians far greater means of effectual resistance than they had possessed for centuries. Their territories were more compact, their communications better organized; and five millions and a

* See Colletta's admirable first volume, and the beautiful chapter which Botta has consecrated to this subject in his *Storia d'Italia dal '89*, and the passages in the last volume of his continuation of Guicciardini; for no foreigner has treated this subject well; we must go to the native writers.

† See Sismondi's *Histoire de la Renaissance de la Liberté en Italie*, &c., closing paragraphs.

half among them had been trained, during upwards of fourteen years, to the exercise of the highest civil and political rights.

But the moment had passed, and again the opportunity seemed deferred to some indefinite period. For when the sovereigns returned from their long exile, it was not with that expansive joy which the sight of a home you had hardly dared to dream of seeing again awakens in sympathetic hearts, but with the bitterness of mortified pride, and the resolve, that, cost what it might, they would never more expose themselves to such deep humiliation. Therefore they resumed with jealous tenacity their ancient privileges, revived all their obsolete pretensions, declaring from the beginning an implacable war against every thing which wore the semblance of reform, and placing themselves in open hostility to the more enlightened portion of their subjects. But the progress had been too great to be checked thus easily, and, unequal as the conditions seemed, the people were as ready to accept the defiance thus madly thrown out to them as their rulers had been to give it. Thus the contest began anew. The secret alliance of princes was met by a secret alliance of the people ; government fought with its trained band of spies and policemen, the people with secret associations and the dagger of the Carbonari. There was doubtless exaggeration on both sides, and a great deal of needless suffering ; there was constancy too, and resolute daring both in good and in evil. But in a struggle like this, the chances of success are always in favor of established government, which possesses a thousand means of acting upon the timid and selfish feelings of mankind, while their opponents have but one.

Yet it was a glorious circumstance for Italy, that during this period of trial, so many of her brightest names in literature and in science were found in the list of the suspected. Of some of these the story is well known, the victims of the Piombi and the Spielberg ; the current of whose lives was checked in mid career, nor suffered to flow again, till age had benumbed its energies, and long-suffering consumed its vitality. But how many others are there, who suffered like them, but whose lessons of endurance and fortitude are lost to the world for want of some record like that matchless volume of Pellico, so eloquent in its simplicity, so powerful in its gentleness, so thrilling in its calm pictures of pain and

humiliation and sorrow ! And how little, too, we know of those who lived and those who died in exile ; and of those no less worthy of admiration, who braved all the annoyances and vexations of petty tyranny and daily persecution, and the still greater danger of the dungeon or the scaffold, that they might remain at home and foster there those energies and virtues by which their country was one day to be restored to her place among the nations ! Thus the tenacious will, the indomitable resolution, remained unchanged ; but the battle was lost once more, because the struggle for freedom had preceded the struggle for independence.

And now what are the chances, what the hopes, of Italy ? Why should we believe, that, after so many errors, she will err no more ? What is there in her present condition to justify the trust, that the causes which have hitherto prevented her success are not inherent defects of national character, rather than the natural results of temporary circumstances ?

First, there are circumstances in her division of territory far more favorable to independence than those which existed before. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies, with its eight millions of inhabitants, occupies the same position in the south ; and the Papal territories, with their two million seven hundred thousand, still extend, as before, from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic. But Tuscany has just been rounded off on the northwest by the accession of Lucca, and had already been strengthened by several small accessions on the opposite frontier. Piedmont has obtained a seaport in Genoa, and Venice is preparing, by its union with Lombardy under a foreign dominion, for a closer union and more harmonious action, when the moment shall have arrived for becoming, with Lombardy, a part of a native and independent sovereignty.

Then, too, the communications between separate states and different parts of the same state are daily becoming surer and more rapid. Venice is united with the interior of Lombardy by a railroad, and with Ancona by steam. Post-roads of unsurpassed beauty traverse the valley of the Po in every direction, and stretch along the narrow strip that skirts the Adriatic. Florence, and through her the heart of Tuscany, is brought within two hours of the sea. And soon a road will run down through the Maremmas, and unite the seaport of Tuscany with the seaport of Rome, and Rome herself

with the sea, and then, holding its course southward along the eastern or western edge of the Campagna, bring you out in a few hours upon that lovely bay of Naples.*

And with this increased communication there is an increase of kindly feeling, a gradual wearing down of prejudices. For as the inhabitants of different districts and men of different pursuits come to see more of one another, they come to judge one another more justly, and see things as they really are. Nothing nourishes prejudice like being always in the same place, or narrows the mind like always bounding the view by the same horizon. Some men look abroad through books, and their minds expand as they look ; but there are many, and many constant readers too, to whom the knowledge of books is as a dead letter, and knowledge is, to say nothing of "wisdom, through this entrance quite shut out." And there are many who never believe any thing which they cannot see, although they are perfectly ready to accept any result of their own observation. Those who are accustomed to acquire knowledge through books are not always aware how difficult it is for an untrained mind to give the ideas received through this unwonted medium that degree of distinctness which is essential to conviction. There is something vague and indistinct in the written description, like a landscape through a haze ; something which, try they never so hard, eludes their grasp, and they have no faith in it. But let them once come where they can lay their hand upon it and see it with their own eyes, and they become as tenacious in their belief as they were before in their incredulity.

Thus, with these new facilities for communication, the peasant, who had hardly ventured beyond his native valley more than once or twice in his life, now comes down to the coast with the fruit of his little field, and sees with admiring eyes the wealth of cities, and looks out upon the sea, where so large a portion of it is won ; and when he carries back, in return for what he had earned with the sweat of his brow, something which others have been toiling to earn with labor which he can now estimate more justly, he learns to feel how all the

* We believe that the road between Venice and Milan is finished ; others, too, will soon be opened in the valley of the Po, and along the eastern coast. That through the Maremmas was proposed many years ago by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, but rejected by the late pope, whose prejudices upon this subject were insuperable.

forms of industry run into one another, and how close the ties are by which mankind are bound together. And when the careworn citizen passes from the crowded mart to the depth of some quiet valley, and feels his feverish pulse beat more calmly under the soothing influences of nature, must not he, too, feel that there is something in life besides enthralling cares, something worth living for besides power and gold? And let it not be said that this is impractical, mere idle dreaming and declamation, and that a holiday more or less, and the choice of a place to pass it in, have nothing to do with the graver concerns of life; for all soothing influences are healing to the careworn mind, and whatever turns thought inward purifies and strengthens and elevates the soul.

Yet much is still wanting, and must ever be so, to a perfect blending of interest and feeling. There is so much in history to preserve the memory of old enmities and dissensions; and nations, like individuals, live more or less under the influence of the past. There is that difference of dialect, which makes the Neapolitan almost as much a stranger in the streets of Milan as of Paris, and gives an unfamiliar sound even to the words of their common language. There is a distinction of race,* too, sufficient to keep up the traces, in complexion and feature, of an original difference of origin; and however quick and excitable a Lombard may appear to us, he seems placid and calm in a circle of Neapolitans.† The elements of union are abundant, but those of fusion must ever remain insufficient.

Nor is this to be regretted. Centralization is one of the banes of modern civilization. But Italian civilization has ever been distinguished by its variety, and the astonishing activity of the most brilliant period of Italian history was in a great measure owing to that parcelling out of her territory into independent states, which has so often been lamented as

* The works of the two Thierrys have been one of the chief causes of the interest now felt in this subject. There is an admirable letter to one of them upon it (we forget which), which was republished by Cantù in his *Documenti*.

† We remember, as an instance of this, a paragraph in a Neapolitan journal upon a literary friend of ours from Milan, who was on a visit to Naples. Even in Rome he passed for an exceedingly animated talker, and the Romans laugh at us for our inflexible features and motionless hands; yet the Neapolitan journalist was struck with his calm, collected manner, and praised his "*placidi ragionamenti*."

the source of all her calamities. For thus the fields of action were multiplied, although each individual field was contracted. There were several courts instead of one, and republics differing widely in their policy and character both from one another, and from the little duchies and principalities amid which they lay. Hence, in a great measure, the richness and variety of Italian literature, and, in some degree, of Italian art. Almost every state offers abundant materials for a literary and artistical history of its own. What a difference between the glowing school of Venetian art, and the severe grandeur of the Roman, — between the gilded palaces of Genoa, and the stern simplicity of Florence ! And yet there was a bond of national feeling uniting them all, even in the midst of their divisions. Titian painted with the feeling that his works would one day hang side by side with those of Raphael ; and Ariosto, amid the crowd that press forward to meet him in his hour of triumph, sees Lombard and Tuscan and Roman mingling together, and none whom he longed more to see than the Neapolitan Sannazaro.*

And this feeling is stronger now than it ever was before, and must necessarily, from the very nature of it, become stronger still. For it is in the essence of sound national feeling to grow by the efforts made to suppress it, if there be only some few left to foster it as they ought. And this is the writer's task, the mission of the poet, the orator, and the historian ; a noble mission, fraught with sacrifice and peril, calling for self-denial and forbearance, and such faith as only noble minds possess, but bringing with it that reward of noble minds which gives a charm to danger, and makes suffering sweet. In this respect, there is something peculiarly healthy

* “ Colui che con lor viene e da' più degni
Ha tanto onor, mai più non conobb' io :
Ma se me ne fur dati veri segni
É l' uom che di veder tanto desio.
Giacobo Sannazar che alle Camene
Lasciar fa i monti, ed abitar le arene.”

There is a passage in one of the letters of Machiavelli (to Franc. Vettori, if our memory serves us aright), which shows how Ariosto's contemporaries prized a place in this catalogue. Machiavelli sends his regards to Ariosto, but hints to his friend that he had expected to find his own name there. He was right, for we need the praise of those we live with ; yet, of all the names in that list, how few are there that any but the antiquarian remembers, while Machiavelli's, like that of Ariosto, is as fresh as if he had died but yesterday !

in the present tone of Italian literature. Its writers seem to feel that they have no common duty to perform, and are prepared to perform it manfully. They seek their inspiration in national sources, and in those pure springs which lie among the higher regions of thought. This imparts to their writings an elevation of tone and a directness of purpose which give them more importance than usually belongs to works of mere literature. Men writing for their country have a very different feeling from those who are thinking of nothing but their own glory. There is something of the feeling of the battlefield about it, something of its stern resolve and self-forgetfulness. The action of the mind is always freer and more efficient, for the nobleness of the aim leaves less play for those selfish passions which, resist we ever so firmly, will always come to mingle themselves more or less with even our best motives, and remind us that we are men. There is something very noble, surely, in abstract truth, and in those speculations which bring us into immediate relation with the general interests of humanity. They expand and elevate the mind, and fill it with those grand conceptions and sublime emotions which seem to be a kind of foretaste of what it may hope for when freed from the shackles of sense. But duty, although it looks forward to another world, acts in this, and the end of its action is to make this world what it ought to be. Meanwhile, it takes the world as it is, with all its faults, knowing that many of them are too nearly allied to virtue to be rooted out rudely, and that real progress is a gradual advancement and a succession of connected ameliorations. Thus, to make these sure, giving them their proper starting-point, and so directing them that every step shall necessarily lead to some new and prolific developement, is its highest aim ; nor can man ever attain it by running too far in advance, and losing sight of those realities which are his only medium of efficient communication with his fellow-men. And we believe that that writer will seldom leave any enduring trace behind him, or even arrive at the truth, whose interest in the general progress of society does not begin with devotion to his own country. Life in its healthy state is not a war with passion, but an effort to direct it to its legitimate objects ; and the passion of patriotism, guided by a sound judgment and expanded by an enlarged view of human nature, is the surest warrant of the progress of humanity towards the fulfilment of its great mission.

And such we believe to have been the feeling of those writers who have given the contemporary literature of Italy its coloring. It was certainly that of Niccolini,* in those admirable tragedies in which the sentiments of an elevated philosophy are combined with the inspirations of the purest patriotism, and no less so in his chaste and vigorous prose. In Manzoni there is less of it than we could wish, for how precious would not a few national lyrics have been from the same pure source which inspired the *Inni sacri*! But how sound and just is it in Cantù; how vivid in D' Azeglio; how eloquent in the profound and glowing pages of Gioberti!

There is an error, too, of their predecessors, a very natural one it is true, which these writers have corrected; the error, we mean, of dwelling too closely upon the memory of past glories, and making them serve as a palliation, if not a compensation, for present debasement. It was a common thing among writers of ordinary minds, and some also who should have known better, to reverse the healthy order of things, and give a practical contradiction to Dante's beautiful sentence,

“Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.”

For in their country's misery they seemed to think only of her glorious past, when their minds should have been bent

* Niccolini is less known among us than he deserves to be. What can be more touchingly beautiful, in the mouth of an Italian, than these lines from his *Giovanni da Procida*:—

“Io vorrei che stendesser le nubi
Sull' Italia un mestissimo velo
Perchè tanto sorriso di cielo
Sulla terra del vile dolor”?

And then what more energetically indignant than the next verse:—

“La natura sì desta repente;
Lunghi sonni il mortale vi dorme;
È qual fango mutato dall' orme
Sempre nuove d' un piè vincitor”?

We do not accuse Manzoni of being a bad patriot, but we believe it to be the duty of a man so rarely endowed to do more than he has done. D' Azeglio is chiefly known in this country by his *Ettore Fieramosca*, the first and far from the best of his works. He is a great painter, as well as an eloquent writer. Of Gioberti we shall have occasion to speak more fully hereafter.

firmly upon her possible future. A little volume was once given us by a patriot of this class, containing a list of all the inventions and discoveries which could by any way, however circuitous, be traced to an Italian origin. It was a curious book, displaying a great deal of patient research and laborious erudition; but we could not help saying to our friend, "What, after all, is this worth at this moment? It merely shows what you have been, not how you can become so again." "I, too," said, one day, a writer of a very different class, "have fallen into this error in my earlier works; but, thank God, I found it out in time, and never will do so again."

It may be doubted, however, whether the Italians did more to form this false mode of thought, than foreigners to confirm them in it. Travellers in Italy were necessarily struck with the contrast between what they saw and the traces of what had been. Those half-tenanted palaces, those solitary streets, those crumbling villas, with their entangled walks, and statues green with moss and half-buried amid the untrained shrubbery, and their fountains choked up with leaves and fragments of the marble borders, within whose chiselled rim they once leaped up with their glad voices to sparkle in the sunlight, were all so many monuments on which the praises of the dead were mingled with bitter reproaches against the living. Very few remained long enough to see what the real character of the modern Italians was, or how far they had preserved the spirit of their ancestors.* Fewer still sought deep enough in the general laws of history for the causes of a decay which seemed so deep-rooted, and withal so natural. And thus the result was accepted as undeniable, and the Italians were told, what so many of them were ready to believe, that all the little honor they could still hope to reap was in recounting the glories of the past.

Still, this error was not unmingled with good. This close study of the days of their prosperity produced some of the

* And yet Guidi told them long ago, —

"Ma pur non han le neghittose cure
Tanto al Tarpeo nemiche
Spento l' inclito seme
Delle grand' alme antiche.
Sorgere in ogni etate
Fuor da queste ruine
Qualche spirto real sempre si scorre."

advantages which republics, according to Machiavelli,* may derive from being recalled from time to time towards the principles of their origin. Common minds were satisfied with the fact, but those of a more earnest and thoughtful cast could not accept it without inquiring how it had been brought about, and why a nation which had been at the head of civilization during its darkest trials should have been left so far behind in some of its most precious results, now that the day of trial had passed. And from this inquiry have resulted those profound convictions which are preparing the way for a triumph purer and nobler than those of her brightest days.

In illustration of the earnest character of the contemporary literature of Italy, we would cite Cantù's Universal History, in which the whole history of mankind, from the creation to our own days, is recorded in a clear and animated narrative, while their manners and customs are painted with rare accuracy and intelligence, and the progress of each race, and the concurrent progress of all, towards the fulfilment of the great end of their being are traced with a firm and comprehensive philosophy worthy of a friend of Romagnosi and a countryman of Vico ; and Troya's Italy of the Middle Ages, which, although it has not come fully up to what had been expected of it, has thrown so much light upon some of those vital questions which lie at the very source of Italian history ; and Gioberti in all his writings, but more especially in his admirable *Primato*, and those *Prolegomena* which recall the brightest ages of firm and masculine eloquence ; and that beautiful volume of Balbo, which we have taken as a textbook for the present paper ; and many others, too, might we name, if our plan admitted of any thing more than a general allusion.

Whoever reads these works will find a soberness of thought in them, which nothing but profound meditation can give ; a patience of inquiry, of which none but men of real learning are capable ; a depth of conviction, which the strongest minds alone can reach ; and in most of them, too, an enlightened philanthropy, and a purity and singleness of purpose, well suited to the high mission which their authors have accepted so nobly.

* *Discorsi sulla prima Decade di Tito Livio.*

We would not fall into the common error of claiming too much for literature ; but we wish also to avoid the not uncommon one of allowing too little for literary influences. Literature in its true sense is the most accurate expression of the highest point of development which the human mind has attained ; and in saying this, we employ the word in its widest and most comprehensive signification.* Wherever else we look for the criterion, there will still be something wanting. Science is but one of the many forms of intellectual exertion, and art is another ; and society itself is, from its very nature, so changeable, that it seldom leaves any durable monuments but such as literature preserves. But in literature they all combine, science, and art, and social refinement.† The observant mind records its experience in written language, and the overflowing heart seeks relief there ; the past is brought back to instruct us and to charm ; truths to which the unassisted mind would never have soared are made clear and definite to the intellectual eye ; and all that is beautiful around us and within, the heart's hidden treasures of truth and love, our mysterious sympathies with inanimate nature, and whatever there is noble in man and enduring in his works, have no adequate expression or lasting record but in some one of the various forms of literature.

But as the most abstruse principle is, if true, nothing more than a remote link in a continuous chain, so the world of thought is indissolubly connected with the world of fact, of which it is the legitimate and ultimate expression. The mind is not only modified by what it sees, but derives more or less of its efficiency from its power of harmonizing with it. And the man of letters, like the legislator and the politician, will find all his labors fruitless, unless he begin them by a just appreciation of men and events. Whichever way our course be directed, there must be a starting-point, and we can never shape it aright unless we know that point thoroughly. The most fanciful conceptions of poetry are but a combination of realities, and the views which are supposed to distinguish the theorist from the practical man are but an enlarged generalization of facts. Our minds are as much affected by the intel-

* It is thus that it is employed by Tiraboschi in his gigantic *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*.

† Sir Humphry Davy somewhere says, that not a step had been made in scientific investigation in modern Europe until after the revival of letters.

lectual atmosphere as our bodies are by the air that we breathe. And it would be just as absurd to demand vigor of mind and soundness of thought from a writer of an enervated age as to ask for vigor of body and the bloom of health from an inhabitant of the Pontine marshes. And thus mind becomes the standard by which nations should be judged, and literature is the criterion of mind. But in studying this criterion, we should carefully distinguish the spirit from the form, and not suffer ourselves to be persuaded that the one is sound, because the other is beautiful. The wild peaks of the Apennines and the deep blue of the Mediterranean gird in the Pontine marshes, and nowhere does the grass wave more luxuriantly or the trees put forth a lovelier green than in the broad meadows which its polluted atmosphere has made houseless. But there stands the wretched sentinel, with his sallow cheeks, his feverish eye, and wasting form, to tell you what a poison he is imbibing with every respiration. If we would decide rightly, we must look him in the face, and, like Cambyzes, judge the country by its inhabitants.*

There can be no greater misfortune for a country than for her men of letters to live secluded from the active scenes of life; for no civilization can be complete, where those that think move not in concert with those that act. And thus when we discover some great defect in the literature of a particular age or country, it is in its political or social condition that we must seek for the cause; and wherever social or political progress is checked, we may look for a corresponding decay in literature. And well is it for society that all its classes must thus move together, and happy are mankind that the great law of progress, that deep-rooted and ever-active principle of their nature, unites them all in one common bond of brotherhood.

We believe, therefore, that one of the surest hopes of Italy may be drawn from the present state of her literature. At no time could works so truly national have circulated so widely, without awakening in many breasts feelings like those which inspired them; but they now fall on the parched earth like heaven's own rain, and you may trace their course from

* Καὶ γὰρ λέγοντες οὐδὲν παύονται οἱ ἄνθρωποι περὶ τε τῶν νοσηρῶν χωρίων καὶ τῶν ὑγιεινῶν· μάρτυρες δὲ σαφεῖς ἐκατέρους αὐτῶν παρίστανται, τὰ τε σώματα καὶ τὰ χρώματα. *Cyropædia*, I. 13.

the Alps to Lilybæum, in purer hopes, and firmer resolve, and stronger and more united endeavour.

From what has been said, it necessarily seems to follow, that there must have been a corresponding progress in the moral and social condition of the Italians. And this we believe to be the fact. It is well known that Parini's *Giorno* was an accurate picture of the daily life of the young nobles of his time. But were another Parini to arise, he would find the young men of that class, some in the army, some devoted to letters, others engaged in the management of their estates ; many, too many, still thoughtless and idle, and ready to seek pleasure wherever it may be found ; but few that would dare to blazon their corruption with such unveiled effrontery. This holds equally true with regard to many of Goldoni's comedies, in which he holds up to ridicule vices which are now generally regarded with horror, or, if they still continue to exist, are carefully concealed from the public eye. The *Cicisbeo* has disappeared, and the term of *amicizia*, under which the violation of conjugal faith is veiled, shows of itself in what a different light a custom, once received so generally, is now viewed.

The character of Italian mothers is improved. They are more domestic in their habits and feelings, more attached to their families, firmer and more cheerful in the performance of their household duties. Their daughters are more frequently brought up under their own eyes, or, if sent to a convent, are sent later and not kept there so long. There is less of that abrupt passage from the seclusion and contracted views of a nunnery to the intoxicating gayeties of society, and the grave responsibilities of a wife and a mother. Their education has been elevated and made to embrace a wider range of subjects. Dancing and embroidery, which once formed almost their sole occupation, are now taught as embellishments, the innocent recreation of hours employed less usefully. Reading, which most of them learned imperfectly, and many never learned at all, is taught, not as a simple amusement, but as a source of solid instruction, and as one of the greatest privileges accorded to human beings in order to fit them for the cares and dangers and duties of life. And when we consider what female influence is, how large a portion of almost every man's life is passed in the presence of mothers and sisters and wives, may we not count this, too, among the hopes of Italy ?

We would hardly venture to assert that the progress in male education has been equally great ; for here the action of government is more direct, and few sovereigns are so short-sighted as not to understand, that the boy's impressions become the convictions of the man. Thus, if reforms are not always repelled, they are accepted cautiously, and with so sparing a hand, as rather to assimilate the new with the old, than to inform the old with the invigorating freshness of the new. They come, too, at long intervals, and not in that order of philosophical sequence, without which they can neither be lasting nor prolific. The colleges in which the preparatory course for the university is gone through are very nearly what they have long been, nurseries of idleness and effeminacy. The languages are taught there by the same old method which has been followed for centuries, and the study of them fills up the choicest years of youth. The natural sciences, if not systematically avoided, are at least slurred over so negligently, that it is only in minds singularly favored that they can awaken that intelligent curiosity which in themselves they are so well calculated to excite. Geography is studied with equal carelessness, or not studied at all, although one of the most accurate of living geographers is an Italian. History is confined to Greece and Rome, and taught merely as a series of events, not as a progressive development of ideas, arising directly from the essence of human nature, and tending, by sure though unequal steps, to the accomplishment of human destiny. And the object of the whole course, from the alphabet to the diploma, seems to be, not to form minds, but to plod through a prescribed routine. To this general sketch there are some splendid exceptions. Few men have studied education as a science with so rare an intelligence as the Abbé Lambruschini, and certainly none have ever devoted themselves from purer motives to its practical duties.

Indeed, education, to be what it ought, must have some higher object than the mere acquisition of knowledge, however important this may be in itself. It is only where the duties of life are estimated aright, that man can be fitted for them properly. A firm and resolute will can be sustained only by an object enlarged enough to occupy its energies. And as every man's faculties were given him in order that he might perform his part well, so the very fact of their exist-

ence implies the right of cultivation, and imposes upon those who are intrusted with power the obligation of employing it in such a manner as to insure to every one the full enjoyment of that right. But to do this would be to acknowledge the right of liberty,* and absolute monarchs, who will not acknowledge it, knowingly pervert man's capability of receiving instruction to their own purposes. They fill up their subjects' time without employing it, exercise their faculties without developing them, teach them enough to enable them to serve as instruments, but not as actors, — to obey passively, but not like men who have a purpose, and know how to accomplish it. And then, when the day of trial comes, they are surprised to find what automatons they have been making, and how despotism, like every other crime, begets its own punishment.

Of the universities it is difficult to speak collectively ; and some of them had already advanced so far, in the second half of the last century, that hardly any thing which they have done in this can be considered as progress. Pavia is very far from being what it was in the time of Spallanzani and Mascheroni ; but some of the chairs at Pisa are filled with great ability, and Galluppi is the professor of philosophy at Naples. Yet every professor knows that he holds his place from a government which watches all his movements jealously, and will take it from him at the slightest indication of a desire to venture beyond the limits which its fears have prescribed. Their lessons, therefore, can seldom have that spontaneous flow which gives such a charm to the oral instructions of an eloquent teacher. The danger of misconstruction is hovering over them continually, and the labor which other men bestow upon the development of an idea they are often obliged to employ in guarding it against too full an interpretation.† Yet, with all this, there are calm,

* " La liberté est le pouvoir qui appartient à l'homme d'exercer à son gré toutes ses facultés ; elle a la justice pour règle, les droits d'autrui pour bornes, la nature pour principe, et la loi pour sauvegarde." — *Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme, présentée par Robespierre à la Convention*, Art. IV.

† A language less copious and flexible than the Italian would, under such circumstances, have lost all its energy ; and perhaps some of the defects of style, and a certain want of precision, with which several eminent Italian writers have been reproached, must be attributed in a great measure to this cause ; a new proof, if any more were wanting, how dangerous it is to attempt to judge a literature, unless you are familiar with the social and political condition of the country.

devoted men among them, who feel all the responsibilities of their situation, and know how to estimate its dangers, and, keeping their way firmly through every obstacle, turn for consolation and hope from the false judgments of contemporaries who know but a part, to that unerring posterity which sees the whole.

Still, whatever the character of individual professors may be, the university course, like that of the colleges, must necessarily be confined to a beaten track more or less rigorously. But what the students learn of themselves has a very different bearing. In their class-rooms, they feel, as men always do when united in some common pursuit, what a cheering strength there is in union; and in the retirement of their own chambers, they learn how to use it to advantage. They are free from the irksome restraint and enervating discipline of college. They can walk, and ride, and move in the open air, at will. There is no pedantic pedagogue to watch over their sports, or marshal them forth upon their daily or weekly walk. There are libraries at their command, and newspapers to tell them at least something of what is going on in the world, and friends to cheer and guide them, and, above all, companions to discuss their studies with, and compare their progress. And here it is that the influence of literature is felt more directly, and that the writer's perilous task becomes indeed a holy mission. These are the readers and judges to whom he is looking forward from the retirement of his closet, with the hope of a juster appreciation, and cautiously choosing out the seed which he is compelled to sow with so sparing a hand. For, in spite of censors and spies, of ecclesiastical prohibitions and political watchfulness, a large portion of the new works are read in the universities, — circulating stealthily, it is true, to be studied by lamp-light, and with doors locked carefully, — locked as if thought were a crime, — but gradually spreading their truths throughout the whole peninsula, and awakening the flame of enlightened patriotism in the breasts of those who, when the day of action comes, will be men.

But an entirely new feature in Italian society is the education of the lower classes, which had hitherto been mostly confined to the catechism, and the priest's instruction during Lent. Now, in many parts of Italy, there are day-schools for all, and night-schools for those whose poverty compels

them to devote all the hours of daylight to labor. And there are men, too, of high intellect and delicate taste, who are making a willing sacrifice of the honor they might win in more congenial walks of literature in order to write books and edit papers for artisans and peasants.* It is doubtless a misfortune that the direction of these schools should, in some places, have been exclusively confided to a particular class, and not always to the most enlightened members of it; and it is a misfortune, also, that the course of instruction should be so limited, and the text-book often chosen so badly. But still it is a great step, and if these long-neglected beings learn little more than to read and write, and perform for themselves the simple operations of arithmetic, it is a stepping-stone secured for some advancement yet more extensive. The beginning has been made, the principle of the importance of popular education has been accepted, and whatever it leads to must be accepted with it.

The education of the people would naturally lead us to that of the middle classes, that chief reliance of a nation in certain stages of its progress towards liberty. But a full picture would carry us too far, and a partial sketch would hardly convey any definite idea of this difficult subject. The existence of the middle class, however, as an active and efficient one, is an important fact, and the true nature of their double relation to the aristocracy on the one hand, and to the people on the other, is one of the surest tests of the progress of political liberty. For, so long as tradition prevails over reason, the aristocracy will command all those whom the chances of birth have placed below them. But with the development of the spirit of inquiry, it becomes evident that the real efficiency of the state lies with those who form the largest proportion of its active members. And as every social truth, however suppressed for a time, must sooner or later become a living principle of action, the middle class soon passes from a consciousness of the right to an open assertion of it. Then comes the struggle between privilege and power, the truly brilliant period of their history; for all that precedes is toil and humiliation, and the closing scenes

* In Rome there is an admirable little paper of this kind, *L' Artigianello*, edited by Ottavio Gigli, who proposes publishing a series of elementary scientific and historical works for the same class of readers.

are too often defaced by selfishness and arrogance and a sordid thirst of gain.

' Of one of the most important branches of this class, the curates and common clergy, it is difficult to speak with precision. Wherever the church offers a sure road to fortune, and a probable one to power, many will be found ready to take orders, as they would take their diploma in medicine or law, not from devotion to the duties of the profession, but for the chances which it gives of advancement. But wherever there is a religion which addresses itself to the nobler principles of our nature, and opens the way for the exercise of its characteristic virtues, many will be found to whom its most rigorous prohibitions are its greatest charm. There can be little doubt but that there are many ignorant and worthless men among the clergy ; and it is no less true that there are many among them of profound learning and the purest piety. And great as the inducements are to seek in the church an easy support rather than a field of utility, yet we doubt whether a very great proportion even of those who enter it from such unworthy motives can go through the daily performance of its duties, without experiencing sooner or later in their own hearts the purifying influences of the mission which they had assumed so thoughtlessly. The heart may be hardened to the death-bed, and the eye learn to look on want and sorrow coldly ; but for all men there are some silent hours of self-inquisition, when none but those who are utterly corrupted can refrain from asking themselves how far the part which they are playing in the great drama of life corresponds with what they have undertaken, and what they have the means to do. And in a profession which brings so constantly before the mind all the more serious questions of life, in their most serious form, these hours of introspection must be more frequent, and their effects more lasting. It is difficult to conceive of a stream which should flow for ever over beds of ore without bearing away some grains in its waters, or of a mind that could dwell daily on the truths of Christianity without imbibing somewhat of their chastening spirit.

The clergy of every class generally receive their education in colleges and seminaries, completing their course at the university, and thus becoming exposed, to a certain extent, to the injurious influences of these institutions. But they are educated with a direct object ever present to their minds,

and are thus in a measure guarded against that vague and languid tone of thought which must of necessity prevail wherever the development of mind is sacrificed to the monotonous labors of routine. It is not uncommon to meet with men who preserve a taste for literature amid all the engrossing cares of professional life, and know how, without pedantry or affectation, to interweave its embellishments with their most arid discussions. They mix, too, in the world, see things as they are, study man in his actions, and look for his motives, where alone they are to be found, in his interests and his passions. And thus they arrive at a thorough knowledge of their true field of action, the human heart, and of the means of acting upon it judiciously and with effect.

Their position in society naturally depends to a certain degree upon their personal qualities ; for although their profession may gain them a place there, yet nothing but the power of making themselves useful and agreeable can preserve it. In all good society you will be sure to meet some members of the clergy ; and if you see them taking a part in diversions which Protestants look upon as unbecoming to their profession, you should remember that there is nothing in their views to condemn it. Enter into conversation with them, and you will find them often intelligent, not unfrequently highly cultivated, and always firm upon questions of duty. If you try to engage them in discussion, they are generally too well prepared to decline it, but are not more given than their brethren of other countries to force their doctrines on unwilling ears. The relation which they bear to their parishioners naturally brings them into a more or less intimate intercourse with them, not unfrequently imposing upon them the difficult task of being counsellors and guides in temporal as well as in spiritual concerns ; and if this trust is sometimes abused, it is full as often exercised with scrupulous integrity. Their interest in general events and the political questions of the day, of course, depends in a great measure upon the original diversities of individual character. But whatever touches upon the interests of their religion they follow up assiduously, and their opinion upon public occurrences is always to a certain extent affected by the probable bearing of these upon the welfare of the church. And this is the way in which they will be brought to take a decided part in the struggle for independence ; for they feel that Italy is Catholic

both by its associations and its convictions, and that the church can never be free until the nation becomes independent.

We would not hazard too broad a generalization from particular facts ; but whatever may be the case in other countries, in Italy the science of medicine is far more apt to form liberal minds than that of law. How far this may depend upon individual character, and how far upon the peculiar character of each study, we will not now pause to inquire. There is something in the practice of medicine which frequently sets the physician at variance with established authority, and throws him altogether upon his own observation and judgment. The nature of law, on the contrary, confines the practitioner strictly to his text, leaving him, at the utmost, room for displaying more or less ingenuity in his interpretation of it. Thus the former are led to form habits of close and accurate observation, while the latter are taught to look up to some acknowledged authority, and submissively abide by its decision.* And in all but those who ascend to the real sources of their science in the common principles of our nature, the result must be a ready subservience to authority, and an uncompromising rigidity of system, different in kind, but in degree perfectly similar to that of the man who devotes himself too exclusively to the exact sciences. Thus, when at the diet of Roncaglia, Frederic Barbarossa called upon the law school of Bologna to examine the question of his regalian rights, that learned body of native Italians decided unanimously in favor of the emperor, and against their countrymen.

But besides the common practitioners, there are profound jurists, men who study hard and think deeply. Romagnosi's works are an admirable example of what the study of legal science may do for the science of humanity ; and no one can study Gioja without taking broader views of his duties as a man and as a member of society. The young lawyers of Italy are formed in the logical school of the civil law, that collection of written reason ; but their minds are enlarged, and a higher impulse is given to them, by the writings of their own great jurists. Many, when the day of trial comes, may

* It was probably this Italian view of the subject which suggested the remarks in the first book of Botta's *Storia della Guerra dell' Indipendenza*.

be found wanting, benumbed by routine, and enchained by their personal interests ; but there will also be many to whom the struggle will be all the more welcome for all the sacrifices it may impose.

We believe, therefore, that the hopes of Italy are definite and substantial, for they are founded on her territorial division, which is better adapted for union and defence than it ever was before ; on the increased communication between independent states, which is awakening a livelier sense of their common interests as a nation, without effacing those distinctive characteristics to which each and all have owed so much of their glory ; on the character of her literature, which is pure, energetic, and national ; on the progress which the Italians themselves have made towards a knowledge of their real position, which is the only security of their being qualified to improve it ; on the existence of a middle class, uniting the aristocracy and the people by the accessions which it receives from each, and endowed with the activity and energy which fit it for efficient and appropriate action ; and in that progress of moral and social character which alone can give the energy that wins, and the constancy that preserves and forms, the surest trust of those who accept with earnest conviction the great lesson of history, that liberty is the reward of virtue.

ART. II. — *Political Economy, and the Philosophy of Government ; a Series of Essays selected from the Works of M. DE SISMONDI. With an Historical Notice of his Life and Writings, by M. MIGNET.* Translated from the French, and illustrated by Extracts from an unpublished Memoir, and from M. de Sismondi's Private Journals and Letters ; with a Preliminary Essay by the Translator. London : John Chapman. 1847. 8vo. pp. 459.

THIS book is very unskilfully made up. Its contents are selected with little judgment from the miscellaneous writings of Sismondi, and are baldly and inaccurately translated. The biographical materials which are annexed are meagre and fragmentary ; but they add something to our previous knowl-

edge of the labors and character of this excellent historian and sincere philanthropist, and increase our desire for further information. His unpublished papers and correspondence, if one may judge from the brief extracts given in this volume, must be entertaining and instructive, and we hope they may soon be given to the world in connection with a full account of his life and literary undertakings. Meanwhile, from materials already in print, we may form a brief sketch of his opinions and of the chief incidents in his career.

John Charles Leonard Simonde de Sismondi was descended from a noble family of that name which flourished for a long time at Pisa, while that city was conspicuous among the Italian republics of the Middle Ages. When Pisa lost its independence in the early part of the sixteenth century, the family removed to France, and finally settled in Dauphiny, where in the course of generations their name was Gallicized into Simonde. The historian himself, led by the resemblance of the two names and by the preservation of the family arms, resumed the name of his Pisan ancestors. Having become Protestants, the revocation of the edict of Nantes drove the family again into exile, and they found a home at Geneva, then a city of refuge for the sufferers from religious persecution throughout Europe.

In a country house, called Châtelaine, near the gates of this city, Sismondi was born, on the 9th of May, 1773. His character, as is so frequently the case with distinguished men, appears to have been chiefly formed by the tender and judicious care of an excellent mother, whose counsels he continued to seek and rely upon long after he attained the age of manhood, and whose devotion he repaid by an almost romantic filial attachment. Educated by her till he was ten years old, he was then sent to school, where he studied Latin and Greek, while he practised music and drawing under private instructors, and subsequently attended lectures at Geneva to perfect his knowledge of the sciences. At school he was remarkable for conscientiousness and docility, and he gained prizes enough to attest his diligence and aptness to learn. Circumstances soon gave him a taste for political science, the theory of which he ever afterwards studied with ardor, though the gentleness of his character and his literary ambition prevented him from becoming an active politician. Rousseau and Necker were his countrymen ; new constitu-

tions were soon to be rife at Paris, and the minds of most Europeans were excited to fever by the hope of an approaching political millennium. Children imitated their parents in playing at politics and forming ideal republics ; their boyish schemes of government reform were perhaps as wise, were certainly as practicable, as most of those afterwards formed by graybeards and members of constituent assemblies. Sismondi, then hardly ten years old, amused himself by playing statesman with his young friends, among whom was a brother of Benjamin Constant. The young legislators met in a grove, where they erected a monument to Rousseau, and decreed by a unanimous vote that in their republic every person should be virtuous and happy. Sismondi, their elected chief, supported this decree in a written discourse of considerable length. The liberal and philanthropic spirit displayed in all his subsequent writings shows that this childish enthusiasm left a permanent impression on his character.

The elder Sismondi was a man of some property, but his esteem for Necker having led him to make an injudicious investment in the French funds, his fortune was so much diminished that he thought it necessary for his son to be educated for commercial pursuits. The young man was therefore sent to Lyons, where he remained for some time in the counting-house of an eminent Genevese firm. The business was distasteful to him, but he submitted to it with cheerfulness, labored assiduously, and became an excellent clerk. The practical knowledge thus acquired was afterwards of much service to him in his researches in political economy ; indeed, habits of trade and familiarity with accounts, when not carried too far, are not unfrequently among the most useful preparations for scientific inquiries and even for a literary life. Methodical industry, watchfulness, and great sagacity are as necessary for the merchant's prosperity as for success in scientific investigations, historical research, and political studies.

The easy tenor of Sismondi's life at Lyons was soon interrupted by the political disturbances of the times ; the young liberal was to experience in all their severity the terrible consequences of too rashly reducing to practice those theoretical notions of liberty and equality which had captivated his boyish mind. The tumults at Lyons compelled him, in 1792, to return to Geneva ; but even here he was not long to have a resting-place. French principles were

widely diffused there, and the popular party, soon gaining the ascendancy, did not spare the aristocratic families who had hitherto ruled the city. The elder Sismondi was imprisoned, his house was stripped, and a heavy fine levied on the remainder of his property. Being released after a few weeks, he determined to seek an asylum for his family in England. Landing there in safety with them in February, 1793, he sought out an humble residence in the country, as most suitable for his diminished means and friendless condition. During the spring and summer, the family boarded with the rector of Bearmarsh, a small parish in Sussex; but finding the solitude there too gloomy for them, accustomed as they had been to society, they went to reside the following winter at Tenterden, in Kent.

The active mind of young Sismondi found ample employment during this period of exile. He acquired the English language, and studied with ardor the literature and institutions of the country, and the system of agriculture which was practised on the great farms. The fruits of some of these studies appeared long afterwards in his economical writings. A short visit to London enabled him to visit the theatres, the courts of justice, the prisons, and many other objects of interest for a thoughtful mind; he took full notes of all that he saw, and thus accumulated a mass of materials which were of much use to him in the labors of his maturer years. He always showed a strong but discriminating love for English institutions, admiring the trial by jury, and even the system of representation in Parliament, in spite of its glaring inequalities, as he discerned in it the principle of admitting different classes and interests, as well as mere numerical majorities, to have a voice in the national legislature. But he deplored the sad condition of the laboring poor, and the effect of aristocratic institutions in perpetuating and increasing monstrous inequalities of wealth.

The spirits of Madame de Sismondi gradually sank under the sorrows of exile, and for her sake the family determined, though at the risk of meeting again the political persecution from which they had fled, to return to their native land. They accordingly set out for Geneva in the summer of 1794, and again established themselves at their beloved abode at Châtelaine. But their misgivings proved to be too well founded; Switzerland could not yet afford a home to per-

sons of their moderation of principle, who still had some attachment for old associates and for an order of things which had passed away ; and this time, the bitterness of exile was enhanced by grief for the cruel murder of a friend. The four former syndics of Geneva had been proscribed by the Jacobinical party, and one of them, M. de Caila, an intimate acquaintance of the Sismondis, came to ask shelter and concealment from them, till he could escape from the territory. The request was instantly granted, and he was lodged in a shed at the bottom of the garden, communicating by a back entrance with the road leading to the French frontier. Young Sismondi was placed as a sentinel to watch over the safety of their aged guest during the night. At two o'clock in the morning, hearing the noise of coming hoofs and voices, he knocked and called in order to wake M. de Caila ; but the old syndic, who was deaf and sound asleep, did not answer. The gendarmes soon arrived, and Sismondi, attempting to resist their entrance, was struck down by a blow from the butt-end of a carbine.

“His last hope was, that the noise and tumult at the door might awaken Monsieur Caila, and that he might still escape ; he listened with a beating heart to hear the door open which led to France. The shriek of Madame de Sismondi, on seeing her son struck to the ground by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, did indeed awake M. de Caila, and he might still have fled, but disdaining a life to be purchased only by endangering those of his hosts, he generously presented himself to his executioners. Charles, still anxiously listening, had the anguish to hear the wrong door unlocked, and to see his revered friend led off to certain death. The day had scarcely broken on that painful night, when the family, still on their knees in prayer, heard the discharge of fire-arms, which finished the sufferings and the lives of the four virtuous magistrates.” — p. 26.

After this tragical event, the family had no heart to remain any longer in the neighbourhood of Geneva. Intending to bid it farewell for ever, they sold Châtelaine, which they ever afterwards called their *Paradise Lost*, and turned their weary steps towards Tuscany, the home of their ancestors. With the proceeds of the sale of their country-house, they intended to buy a farm, the product of which, with some economy, might suffice for their support. Young Sismondi was required to select the spot, and for this purpose he traversed

on foot many of the charming valleys which lie among the bends of the Apennines.

“The rich territory of Pescia in the *Val di Nievole*, between Lucca, Pistoia, and Florence, attracted his attention by the beauty and variety of its cultivation. Its verdant plain, watered with astonishing art, cut into almost equal-sized fields, covered with corn, or cultivated as meadow-land, gardens, orchards, all bordered with poplars intertwined with the branches of the vines; its hills formed in stages, where the ground, kept up by walls of trees and grass, displayed, according to the exposure of their slopes, cheerful alleys of vines, pale olive woods, groves of orange and citron trees; lastly, even the summits of the mountains crowned with forests of chestnuts, and ornamented with villages, filled him with admiration. He did not hesitate fixing his family in this beautiful industrious abode. He found, in a little valley called *Val Chiusa*, a country-house in an enchanting situation, standing halfway down the southern slope of the hill, from whence the eye wanders over the plain of Pescia, whose towers and steeples are outlined on the verdure of the opposite hill. It was in this agreeable abode, settled with his family, that Sismondi gave himself up to the care of its cultivation, and to the pleasure of deep study.” — p. 6.

This last removal took place in 1795, and the family remained for five years in their new resting-place. The father, indeed, soon returned to Geneva, leaving the farm at Val Chiusa under the charge of his son. The ground had been held on lease for thirty years by a peasant family, on what is called the *metayer* system, the landlord furnishing the stock and agricultural implements, the tenant performing the labor, and the products of the year, with a proper reservation for seed, being equally divided between the two at harvest. Land is universally cultivated upon this system in Tuscany and many other parts of Continental Europe; and its effect in maintaining the peasantry in a contented and prosperous condition, supplying the wants of all without ministering too much to the inordinate extravagance of a few, besides preventing the population from increasing faster than the means of subsistence, is unquestionable. Sismondi was an attentive observer of the workings of this plan of social economy, contrasting its results with those which he had lately seen in England, where the system of large farms, money rents, and pauper labor prevails, with its constantly accumulating train of evils. The comparison was a striking one, and naturally ex-

cited his curiosity as to the causes of the vast difference in the social condition of the two nations. His first attempts to solve the problem were unsuccessful ; and many years elapsed before he was able to shake off the old prejudices of the political economists, and to give the true explanation of this inequality in the distribution of happiness.

With his native kindness of heart, Sismondi became warmly interested in the happiness of the Tuscan peasantry. He liked to visit them and observe their household arrangements, to watch the management of their vineyards and farms, and to be present at their harvest and vintage feasts. His mother retained some of her aristocratic notions, but her benevolence quickly triumphed over the force of old associations, and she soon shared her son's delight in these rural enjoyments. The first fruits of the observations thus made appeared in the volume on the Agriculture of Tuscany, which Sismondi published at Geneva in 1801. His mind was now teeming with literary projects, and he pursued his political and historical studies with great ardor. But he was not permitted to follow them without interruption. Inoffensive as his life and character appeared, political persecution had hunted him from one city to another, and he found no refuge from it even in Tuscany.

At this period, the Austrians and the French alternately had command in this region, and a stranger in the land like Sismondi, not disposed to sympathize warmly with either party, naturally became an object of suspicion to both. Before he had been more than a year at Val Chiusa, he was seized by the Austrians, with sixteen other inhabitants of Pescia, and imprisoned during the whole summer of 1796. Thus equally harassed and oppressed by the friends and the opponents of liberal principles and free institutions, his mind was not apt to receive any improper bias in favor of either party. Persecuted and driven from one home to another by the former, he was now to learn, within the walls of an Austrian jail, that the Jacobins were not alone in the practice of tyranny and injustice ; but for the hardships he was now made to suffer, he might have renounced the generous enthusiasm of his boyhood. But his placable and unselfish disposition was not embittered by suffering ; he looked calmly upon the motives and proceedings of both parties, not suffering the abstract merits of principles to be darkened through

the outrageous conduct of those by whom they were professed. He never became an absolutist nor a radical, but adhered firmly to catholic opinions in politics throughout his life, arguing with equal earnestness against universal suffrage on the one hand, and unlimited monarchy on the other.

The confinement was hard to bear for one who entered so heartily into rural pleasures, and had so keen a relish for study and literary pursuits. The hardship was greater, for his jailers, with true Austrian policy, denied him the use of pen and paper, and his active mind was left to prey on itself under the corroding influence of solitary thought, which so often drives less richly furnished and happily balanced intellects to insanity. From the terrace of his sister's house the prison was visible, his songs could reach his mother's ear, and he could even converse with her by signs. Soon a more direct correspondence was opened between them by the aid of their faithful bailiff, Antonio, whose business it was to convey to the prisoner his food.

"Bits of paper, ends of pencil, were hidden in the candlestick, in the bread, in the meat, even in the bottles of wine; and the letters of Madame de Sismondi, safely received, were every day answered. The necessity of cheering and consoling his mother, and a lively attachment to those principles from which he never deviated, are apparent in all these little notes, in which Sismondi continually repeats, — 'Love me; do not afflict yourself; when I converse with you, and when I read, I feel myself really out of prison.'

"During the days of suffocating heat, so difficult to bear when air and space are meted out, a simple mark of the attachment and goodness of his bailiff cheered the solitude of Charles. Every evening ices were brought, as from Madame de Sismondi. The thanks of the prisoner, and the astonishment of the mother, discovered the affectionate fraud of Antonio to lighten, in his way, the captivity of his young master: in his simplicity he did not suspect that the notes he carried might betray his generous imposition." — p. 27.

He was released at the end of a few months, but was not allowed to enjoy his freedom long. The jealousy of the government, when once aroused, could not be quieted, and before a year had elapsed he was again arrested, though there was no definite charge against him, and doomed to a second term of imprisonment. This time, however, he was treated more leniently.

“He was confined in an airy convent at Pescia, and the means of writing were not denied him; he had permission to search the library of the monks, and, with this condition, imprisonment would not have appeared hard, if the health of his mother had not failed from vexations and anxiety. Examinations had not been able to produce a single charge against him, but still his promised enlargement was deferred from day to day, from month to month; this feverish expectation wore out the strength of Madame de Sismondi. With gay and gentle chat her son endeavoured to divert her grief.

“‘You do not know the history,’ wrote he, ‘of one of your English notes, found when they took away my pens and ink, and carried to the commandant, then to the vicar, who each did their utmost to find some learned philologist who could explain it. At last an abbé presented himself; but in vain had he recourse to the dictionary; understanding nothing of this conjuring book, he ended by declaring himself too orthodox to decipher the writing of a woman. Then they sent to Pistoia; the gentlemen translators could not understand how writing in English could only be about my dinner and my supper; in short, they understood nothing about it, because they wished to understand too much.’” — p. 28.

The mother of Sismondi had naturally enough conceived a strong prejudice against the principles of the French Revolution, the assumed regard for political freedom and the rights of man, which had caused her so much suffering. “She could not forget that it was the inroad of new ideas which had exiled her from her country, that a republican soldier had nearly killed her son before her eyes, that it was in the name of liberty that her guest, her friend, had been shot, almost in her presence.” Her son remonstrated and argued against this indiscriminate censure of a great cause on account of the unworthy conduct of those who advocated and upheld it; and his letters on this subject certainly lost none of their force from the circumstance that they came from the depths of an Austrian prison.

“‘If you could say, — These are tyrants, monsters, Frenchmen; they only do what it is their business to do; injustice triumphs, it is the lot of human kind; virtue will have its turn, — you would console yourself,’ wrote Charles to his mother. ‘But no, these are the favorites of your heart, those whom you so ardently wished for, those from whom you expected so many benefits, who deceive you with so much cruelty. You do not know

how to reconcile your opinions, your feelings, and your sufferings ; and till you are convinced that there is neither honor, justice, virtue, nor happiness for a country except in freedom, and that a counter-revolution is a hundred times worse than a revolution, you will doubly suffer.'

" 'Do not blaspheme philosophy,' he again writes, ' for she is gentle and consoling, and religion still more so. The sermon I read to-day enchanted me ; the text was, "The works of the wicked are deceitful." I read it in Italian to my priest, and I do not think the words have lost any thing of their eloquence, it is become so easy to me to translate as I read.' " — pp. 28, 29.

We know nothing of the circumstances which caused Sismondi, while in Tuscany, to be repeatedly imprisoned by both parties ; on this point, as on many others, the information afforded by M. Mignet's eulogy of him before the French Academy, and by the extracts from the unpublished memoir of his life and labors, is provokingly imperfect. He was the last person, we should suppose, to engage willingly in political agitations and conspiracies. He liked the quiet of a country life, his tastes were literary and refined, and at no period of his subsequent career did he ever betray the disposition of a demagogue, a seeker of court favor, or a revolutionist. But he was frank and decided in the expression of his opinions, and, refusing to side entirely with either party, was probably unreserved in his condemnation of both. " I am accused of no fact," he writes ; " the witnesses have only their opinions to allege." The following passages are taken from notes written in English, with a pencil, and sent secretly to his mother, while he was in prison, in January, 1796 : —

" Do you still blaspheme the noble English liberty, the habeas corpus, the trial by jury, and fixed laws ? Even the poor copy which the French have preserved of them would shelter us from the injustice under which I am suffering, if we were in France."

" I am not a Frenchman, I do not approve their actions nor their government, [at this time he had been arrested by the French party,] but I adhere more firmly than ever to the opinion, that without liberty there is neither honor, nor justice, nor virtue, nor happiness, and that a counter-revolution is still worse than the revolution which preceded it. I am not a friend to democracy, but I should be ashamed to call myself an aristocrat,

and to bear this name in common with the lower nobility of Pessia." — p. 29.

And again he writes : —

"As to politics, I would say little. My opinions on liberty are too steady ever to change : as to the French, what they make me suffer will not make me think worse of them, nor will it ever make me think better of kings and their satellites." — p. 30.

After 1797, it does not appear that Sismondi was ever again molested on account of his political opinions, and the rest of his life presents but few incidents besides those which usually mark the career of a person devoted constantly to literary and scientific pursuits. But his turn of mind was not that merely of a recluse scholar, uninterested in what was passing around him, and busied only with abstract speculations and the history and literature of the past. On the contrary, his studies and successive publications all had a practical aim ; even his researches in history, which absorbed so much of his attention, were undertaken only with a view to investigate the causes which affect the present condition of mankind, and to elucidate the political and social economy of states by the experience of former ages. He was no dreamer, no mere enthusiast, though he retained to the last the generous sympathies, the quick and warm-hearted benevolence, which were first developed in the political fancies of his boyhood ; he was constantly in search of the means of eradicating vice and misery from the community, and of providing for the comfort and independence, the general well-being, of all classes in society. The spirit of a comprehensive and judicious philanthropy is the characteristic feature of all his writings, and gives them an interest far beyond that of the subjects of which they respectively treat.

In 1796, the year after his removal to Italy, Sismondi began his *Inquiries into the Constitutions of Free Nations*, a task which occupied most of his time for five years, though it was never completed or published. The subject at that time had unusual interest, as the French had hardly ceased making experiments upon it on a grand scale at Paris, and some of the strongest heads in Europe and America were still affected, through their hopes and fears as to the result of these trials, with a sort of political delirium. Sober good-

sense, a great aversion to extremes, and much historical research, the fruits of which were skilfully applied to illustrate and confirm his doctrines, were displayed in the only portions of this extensive work which ever saw the light ; that is, in some political essays which were published in 1836, as the first volume of his *Studies in the Social Sciences*. His original design was very comprehensive. "In the first two books were contained the exposition of my principles of liberty and government, in the third the analysis of the British constitution, in the fourth that of the French republic, in the fifth the ancient constitutions of Spain, in the sixth those of the Italian republics ; the four following, on Sweden, Poland, the Hanseatic towns, and the United States of America, were scarcely sketched out." We may well suppose that a person engaged in such speculations became an object of suspicion to the despotic government of Austria, then wrestling with the athletic young democracy of France for the preservation of her power in Italy. But her fears were unfounded ; so temperate an exhibition of political doctrine, not gilded by rhetorical ornament or fervid declamation, nor seasoned by appeals to popular prejudices, need not have alarmed either the legitimatists or the radicals. Sismondi would have been too soon, by at least a quarter of a century, in setting forth his calm and philosophical view of the matter ; it was well that the publication even of a part was deferred till the storm had subsided.

The labor bestowed on this unpublished work, in one respect at least, was not without results ; it gave a new direction to his studies, and finally led him to undertake one of the two great histories with which his name is inseparably connected. In 1798, he writes, "My inquiries into the constitutions of the Italian republics obliged me to study their history, and from this period are dated my endeavours to become master of it, and my resolution to write it." But his appearance before the public as the historian of the Italian republics was still long delayed from the difficulty of finding a publisher, and from the extent and intricacy of the inquiries which formed the necessary preliminaries to so great an undertaking. Meanwhile, his pen was not idle, and his thoughts recurred to those great problems in the social condition of man which were ever the leading objects of his attention. His taste and feelings ever inclined more to political and econom-

ical speculations than to narrative and historical research ; if he did not always excel in them, perhaps the only reason was that he felt too strongly ; the warmth of his heart sometimes blinded his judgment.

About the year 1800, Sismondi returned to Geneva, where he was appointed secretary to the Chamber of Commerce. For this restoration to his native place he was indebted to the discernment and clemency of the First Consul, who quickly saw that there was nothing to be feared from one of his temperament. When he became very intimate with Madame de Staël, however, there is reason to believe that Bonaparte watched his conduct with some suspicion. At Geneva, after the essay on the Agriculture of Tuscany, the appearance of which has been already mentioned, Sismondi published, in 1803, his work on Commercial Wealth, in three volumes octavo. Upon this treatise he set little value afterwards ; at the time of its publication he was a zealous disciple of Adam Smith, and wished to apply the whole theory of political economy to France, of which the canton of Geneva was now a department. He advocated entire freedom of trade, and the destruction of monopolies, of the protective system, and of all restraints upon industry. Afterwards, when he began to suspect that the mere production of wealth did not always tend in an equal ratio to promote the well-being of a community, he recalled many of the opinions he had hurriedly expressed in this work, and in fact substituted doctrines for them which went to place the whole science of political economy on a new footing.

When this work came from the press, however, it was favorably received, and added considerably to the reputation of its author. The professorship of political economy was then vacant in the university of Wilna, and it was offered to him with a handsome salary. The narrowness of his present means inclined him to look favorably on this proposition, and it is probable he would have accepted it, if he had not been checked by a regard for the wishes and health of his mother, who was still at Val Chiusa. She, indeed, besought him to listen only to his own interests, reminding him "that foreigners, scholars, and men of letters are better received in the North than in other parts of Europe, that they find more roads to fortune open to them, and that they often make rich marriages." But the alarm and depression of spirits of the poor

mother, frightened at the prospect of a long separation from her son, were easily seen through this mask of composure ; and Sismondi, rightfully considering his duty to her as first in importance, declined the professorship.

Obliged to seek occupation of some kind as a means of support, Sismondi now thought of entering upon public life, and of finding employment under the administration of the First Consul, for which he was well fitted by early training in the habits of business, and by facility in the use of his pen.

“ But the prudence of Madame de Sismondi turned him from this design. She knew her son better than he knew himself. His bold convictions, which he would never have been able to bend to the varying exigencies of politics ; his generous sentiments, which it would have been as difficult for him to sacrifice as to satisfy ; an absolute love of right, which would not easily admit of temporizing or delay ; that deep pride, which causes embarrassment in the presence of others when it does not give the power to govern them ; the enthusiasm of a thinker, the awkwardness of a recluse, the candor of an upright man, little flexibility, no address, but a strong intellect, high talent, constant meditation on right and useful things, rendered M. de Sismondi less suited for public affairs than intellectual labor. His mother persuaded him to become an historian. He followed this advice, which was also in accordance with his own taste, and also because he had not found it possible to publish his manuscript on the Constitutions of free nations, of which he had brought the first part to Pescia. Theories did not meet with the same favorable reception which they had formerly done. Their time seemed to be gone by,—that of history was come.” — p. 8.

The great defect of the subject which he had chosen, the history of the Italian republics, was its want of unity ; Sismondi was aware of this, and exerted all his art, by tracing out the common features of their origin, progress, and fall, to weave together their intricate annals, and the effects produced on each by local peculiarities and the characters of their distinguished citizens, into one consistent and uniform whole. Of course, the thread of his inquiries was the progress and decline of liberty in these active and turbulent civic communities, and its general effect on the social condition of the Italians. Portions of the subject were splendid, and required but little skill on the part of the historian

to make the exhibition of them produce a strong effect on the mind of the reader. But there were many obscure dissensions and unimportant wars, many intricacies of local politics, which occupied much room on the canvas without contributing to the magnificence or impressiveness of the picture as a whole. These needed to be but lightly sketched and thrown into the background, so that the attention of the observer should not be diverted from the grand features of the story. Sismondi's patient and long-continued study of the subject exalted every portion of it in his estimation, and led him to spend too much labor upon its unimportant details.

It might have been expected, then, that the portion of his task which he was obliged to pass over with the widest generalizations, crowding the events together, and bringing out into full relief only the principal characters and most striking features of the age, would be the most successfully executed. This was the case with the first six chapters, in which he gives a rapid sketch of the history of Italy, from the reign of Odoacer, its first barbarian monarch, in the latter part of the fifth century, up to the peace of Worms between the Church and the Empire, which was made six hundred years afterwards. This period was only the introduction to the history of the Italian republics, the proper task of Sismondi, which begins late in the tenth century, and extends to the early part of the sixteenth, when Charles V. was crowned at Bologna. The earlier period, to which the preliminary chapters relate, is an obscure one, especially towards its close; profound darkness seems to rest over the whole peninsula, broken only by faint gleams of light from the expiring Roman civilization, and by an uncertain dawn that preceded the revival of letters by the moderns. At its commencement, says Sismondi, "the nation had reached the last stage of degradation to which despotism can reduce a civilized people; at its close, it had recovered all the energy, all the independence of character, which the struggle with adversity can give to a barbarous nation." His object was to give a brief view of this transition, to show how the infusion of fresh and vigorous blood from the North had resuscitated and strengthened the lifeless remains of Italian greatness, after the Roman empire in the West had rather died out than suffered conquest.

“His introduction had satisfied both Madame de Staël, who heard it read with lively interest, and Madame de Sismondi, who mixed with her praises the counsels of the most delicate taste. ‘Take care,’ she wrote to her son, ‘to avoid every thing which approaches at ever so great a distance the manner of the philosophical haranguers of 1789, who thunder as soon as they open their mouths; warmth must come from development. It is agreeable to perceive the fire under the ashes before the explosion, and the reader more willingly shares the opinions of the author when they come to him by degrees.’” — p. 32.

The beginning of his history Sismondi wrote and rewrote with great ardor and rapidity; his enthusiasm was kindled by the novelty of his task, and by the inspiring views which he gained of the destinies of the race from this turning-point in the annals of mankind. But as he went deeper and deeper into the obscure chronicles of these dark ages, as he traced with difficulty the course of petty wars and confused politics, his ardor cooled, his task seemed feebly done, and he began to despond. “His father and grandmother had listened coldly to the first chapters of his history, and Madame de Staël, so delighted with the introduction, treated what followed as dry and wanting life.” He repeated his attempts with unwearied perseverance, going over the ground again and again, but remaining still uncertain as to the success of his efforts; a young and sensitive author, if really possessing taste and talent, usually finds it more difficult to satisfy himself than to please the public. His mother, from whom not one of his feelings or thoughts was hidden, tried to divert and sustain him, mingling excellent advice with her encouragements. “These exhortations were seconded by less sedentary habits, by excursions to Coppet, where Sismondi often staid several days, by journeys to the glaciers, and lastly, by the lively and animating conversation of Madame de Staël, and of the chosen society that she attracted around her.”

He commenced writing his history in 1803, but the first two volumes were not published till 1807, when they appeared both in French and German, from the press of Gessner at Zürich. They do not seem to have had brilliant success, but worked their way gradually to quite a high place in the public favor, so that the author was encouraged to persevere. The third and fourth followed in the course of the next year;

and in 1809, Gessner being dead, Nicolle, of Paris, published the next four volumes, and a new edition of the former ones. Three more appeared in June, 1815, and five others, which concluded the work, were issued at Paris in January, 1818.*

In the preface to the finished history, Sismondi speaks with honest pride of the consistency, in language and opinion, which he had maintained throughout. During the twenty-two years which he had given to this task, Europe had undergone the most violent convulsions; the fall of the French republic, the rise and fall of Napoleon, the hundred days, and the final restoration of the Bourbons, were all comprised within this period; and of these events Sismondi had been no unconcerned, often not an inactive, spectator. But during this time, he says, "I have followed but one direction, I have constantly used the same language, and the political principles which I avowed in the first volume are found without alteration in the sixteenth." His object had been, not to recommend to the nations of Europe any precise form of government, "but to make them feel the importance, the necessity, of liberty, in order to preserve the virtue and the dignity, no less than the happiness, of man. And this liberty," he adds, "may exist in monarchies as well as in republics, in confederations or in a city which is one and indivisible."

The amount of labor which he had given to the work was immense. "In a task," he writes, "which has continued for at least eight hours a day during twenty years, I was obliged constantly to read and think in Italian, or in Latin, and occasionally in German, Spanish, Greek, English, Portuguese, and Provençal." He makes this statement, however, while apologizing for the faults of his style in French, and does not mean to assert that all this toil was devoted to the composition of his history alone; for a portion of these twenty years, as we shall see, was occupied

* This account is taken from a postscript which Sismondi added to the preface when he had completed his work; and as elsewhere in this preface he speaks of having devoted twenty-two years to this history, which fixes the commencement of his researches for it in 1796, though he did not begin to write till 1803, it must be correct. Yet in the chronological list of his writings, which he drew up a few weeks before his death, he places the publication of the last five volumes, from the 12th to the 16th, in 1815.

by other literary undertakings. But these were of secondary importance, and all grew out of his studies in Italian history, or were suggested by them. Of the researches which he had undertaken, to secure the fidelity of his narrative, he speaks as follows : —

“I have lived in Tuscany, the country of my ancestors, almost as much as at Geneva, or in France ; I have nine times traversed Italy in different directions, and have visited nearly all the places which were the theatre of any great event. I have labored in almost all the great libraries, I have searched the archives of many cities and of many monasteries. The history of Italy is intimately connected with that of Germany ; I have made the tour of the latter country also, in order to seek out historical documents. Finally, I have procured at any price the books which throw light upon the period and the people that I have undertaken to commemorate.”

A work executed with so much zeal and industry, and pervaded by an excellent spirit, could not fail to obtain a high place in the public estimation. It is trustworthy, complete, and judicious ; the writer's judgment is neither blinded by prejudice, nor warped by fondness for original speculations. M. Mignet's opinion of it is very favorable, and few will be inclined to make any deductions from the praise that he has awarded it.

“M. de Sismondi has treated this subject in a manner at once learned and brilliant. He has gone back to the origin of those numerous cities, proudly erected into republics on the ruins of the imperial power, or of feudal establishments ; he has described their constitutions, shown their interior existence, related their struggles, exhibited their end. Turbulent Genoa, heroic Milan, mournful Pisa, prudent and powerful Venice, democratic Florence, and all those republics which, confined in a small space, had during a short period more animated life, more intoxicating passions, more varying vicissitudes, than the kingdoms of the continent ; and which have all fallen sooner or later under an ambitious usurper, because they were too free, or under the attacks of foreigners, because they were too weak ; this is the long and grand history which has been retraced by M. de Sismondi. He has drawn it with vast knowledge, in a noble spirit, with vigorous talent, considerable art, and much eloquence. The interest which he gives to it comes, as it always does, from the interest he takes in it. He does not

merely relate the events; he passes judgment on them, he is moved by them; we feel the heart of the man beat in the pages of the historian. He carries us on with animation, his coloring is free, his thoughts are judicious." — p. 10.

During most of the time occupied in the composition of this work, Sismondi resided at Geneva, enjoying the society of that place and its vicinity, which was then very brilliant, and making frequent journeys to Paris and Italy. He was intimate with Necker, and was a frequent guest at Coppet, which the genius of Madame de Staël had then made a centre of attraction to the most distinguished literary and scientific men in Europe. Here he often found Benjamin Constant, and Müller, the learned historian of Switzerland, and the elder Schlegel, besides De Candolle and Cuvier, then occupied by those researches in the natural sciences which have since immortalized their names. Sismondi profited largely by intercourse with such men, without losing the simplicity of his character, or having his taste corrupted by the somewhat affected brilliancy and theatrical turn of mind which are the only drawbacks from the fame of the illustrious woman in whose house they assembled. His good-sense and sound discretion, which seemed to indicate that he was of English, rather than French or Italian parentage, remained unharmed by the petty vanities and jealousies, the love of glitter and tendency to display, which are apt to be manifested in a literary *clique* otherwise so splendid and imposing. He appreciated the talents and virtues of Madame de Staël, without being blind to her faults; and she gave him her friendship and confidence without reserve, entering warmly into all his literary plans, and sustaining his spirits amid the many discouragements to which a young author is exposed.

His mother appears to have been doubtful about the value of the influence and advice which he was thus receiving; perhaps she was a little pained by observing her son so much devoted to the society of another woman, however illustrious, though the source of attraction was only intellectual, founded on sympathy in common pursuits. "Promise me," she writes, "at least before you publish, to consult some clever person not of the court of Madame de Staël." In 1805, it was arranged that Sismondi should be the companion of Madame de Staël in her excursion to Italy, a journey so well remem-

bered from its having furnished the materials for her celebrated novel, *Corinne*. Madame de Sismondi was a little uneasy at this, though she saw that her son could not fail to profit from a journey performed under auspices so favorable. She did not discourage the project, but warned him against expecting too much from it, and against some of the dangers of travelling with so distinguished a companion.

“Ah!” writes she, “you are going, then, to travel with Madame de Staël! You are only too happy to have such a companion. But take care, travelling is like a short marriage: always, always together, people see too much of one another; defects have no corner in which they can hide themselves; the spoiled child of nature and the world, as she is, must have in the mornings moments of fatigue and *ennui*; and I know who is revolted by a defect in those he loves. He should therefore be doubly attentive to open his eyes to his own defects, and to keep them steadily shut to those of his companion. How curious I am to know how she will get on in society in that country! No doubt she will form particular intimacies only with those who know French; for how can she express her thoughts in Italian? she! it is impossible. However well she may understand it, know it, read Dante better than three quarters of his countrymen, she will never find the means, in that language, of making conversation flow as it ought. How can words be found in the language, when opinions and ideas are yet unborn? You will see that she will not like the Italian prosody either. However, she will be admired, and she will excite fanaticism (*fera fanatismo*), as we say.” — pp. 34, 35.

It is amusing to find that her prediction was exactly fulfilled. Sismondi writes from Rome, — “Madame de Staël pleases everywhere, but she finds nothing which pleases her; she is angry at this fine-sounding language, which says nothing. In the poetry of which they boast to her she finds no ideas, and in conversation no sentiment.” She had certainly chosen her companion not because he could share her enthusiasm for the arts, or could lose himself in the poetic reveries in which she so much delighted when standing upon ground that was hallowed by the recollections of the past. Sismondi came to Italy, not as a student of the beautiful and the picturesque, not even to revive his classical associations, but as a philanthropist, to study the present condition of the Italians, to investigate the causes of the degradation and misery of

their lower classes, and to suggest plans for rescuing them from poverty and debasement. In the eloquent and gloomy picture, which he afterwards published, of the Roman Campagna, he frankly confesses his want of taste, and his lack of sensibility to the wonders of nature and art.

“Painters,” he says, “are thrown into ecstasies by the warm and rich tints which are reflected from these desert fields, and by the beauties which they lend to the landscape. I must confess that all these sensations, all these emotions, are unknown to me; defects in my organs of sense deprive me of nearly all the enjoyments which others find in the arts. The rich colors of the Campagna of Rome, that I hear spoken about, entirely elude my sight, as the red ray is invisible to my eyes. I am more impressed by the masterpieces of architecture; but among the ancient monuments, though some of them remind me of the glorious period of wisdom and virtue, far the greater number; and those which are most imposing from their size, and even from their beauty, remind one only of the opulence of those masters of the world, who had subdued nature because they had enslaved man, and who thought the work of a hundred thousand arms was not ill employed, if it procured for them the enjoyments of a moment. Thus my defective sight and the thoughts which I am most accustomed to indulge act together in annihilating, so far as I am concerned, all the charm which allures other travellers to Rome.” — *Études sur l'Économie Politique*, II. 8, 9.

This is a manly avowal, which shows the straightforward honesty of the man, and his hearty dislike of pretension and false sentiment. It is not wonderful that he should have written thus, though we are surprised that one like Madame de Staël should have chosen him for a travelling companion. But he had eyes to see and a heart to feel for the depopulation of the country, and the wretchedness of those who cultivated the soil, especially when he contrasted their condition with the general well-being of the peasants of Tuscany. The picture which he drew of the Campagna surpasses in moral effect the most glowing descriptions by his companion, the eloquent and all-gifted Corinne.

The travellers returned to Geneva in the summer of 1805, and after rather more than a year's interval devoted to their respective literary occupations at home, Madamé de Staël invited Sismondi again to accompany her in a visit to Germany, an excursion no less fruitful than the former one, as in it she completed her preparations for that work which first raised

German literature to the high estimation which it now enjoys in France and England. The first two volumes of his history were now published, and his companion was charmed to present to every one, as she said, "the new historian, preceded by his fame." She occupied a house at Vienna during the winter, and all the choice society that this gay capital could afford was collected at her evening parties. Surrounded by persons of eminent rank or great talents, who were noted for their polished manners and sparkling conversation, Madame de Staël strove to forget Paris and the sorrows of her exile.

But through all the splendor and festivities by which they were surrounded, Sismondi saw the feeble and depressed condition of Austria, which seemed to be waiting only for the final blow from the resistless power of Napoleon. He saw the desperate state of the finances, the uncertainty of private fortunes, the languor of the government, and the general anxiety and distress of the people. His active mind could not rest without attempting to investigate the cause of these evils, and to find a remedy for them; though the result of his speculations could hardly have been satisfactory even to himself. He wrote and published a tract on Paper Money, which attracted considerable attention at the time, though it was not calculated to add much to his fame as an economist. He pointed out the abuses of credit, and argued strenuously in favor of the suppression of paper as a medium of exchange, and the restoration of a metallic currency. This advice may have been good enough, as far as it went; but the adoption of it would have been a very insufficient restorative for an empire that was apparently sinking into dissolution. His anonymous biographer's estimate of it is quite too favorable. "Strongly supported by the Prince de Ligne, considered, discussed, and praised by the ministers of Austria and Prussia, presented to the Archdukes John and Charles, approved by the Archduke Renier, attentively read in manuscript by the emperor, and afterwards printed at Weimar, the paper of Sismondi, which for a moment raised the hopes of commerce, had no other result than to give its author the satisfaction of having thrown light on an important subject, and having conscientiously labored for the interests of the community."

Returning to Geneva, Sismondi again applied himself with indefatigable ardor to historical studies and the labors of the

desk. About a year before, he had engaged to furnish the publishers of the *Biographie Universelle* with all the lives of distinguished Italians which were required by the plan of their work, this being a task for which he was particularly fitted by his knowledge of Italian history and literature. He wrote them all, and sent them to Paris, long before the first volume of this excellent biographical work appeared, in 1811. As soon as this labor was completed, he undertook another subsidiary task, to fill up the intervals of time that were not required for his history, as the only relaxation that he allowed himself was a change of employment. He prepared a course of lectures on the Literature of the South of Europe, which he delivered at Geneva in the winter of 1811-12. Being well qualified for the work by his thorough knowledge of all the languages of Latin derivation, and by his researches in history, which were so extensive as to render him familiar with the literature of all the countries in which these languages were spoken, he soon found that his materials were far more copious than he could use in the lectures, and that they might be woven together into a literary and critical history of some magnitude. He labored upon it during his residence in Italy in 1813, and published it in the following year, in four volumes octavo.

The work rose at once to quite a high place in public favor, and has retained its popularity ever since. "Many of my readers," says Hallam, "must be acquainted with the *Littérature du Midi*, by M. Sismondi; a work written in that flowing and graceful style which distinguishes the author, and succeeding in all that it seeks to give, — a pleasing and popular, yet not superficial or unsatisfactory, account of the best authors in the Southern languages." But this sound English critic objects, and with some reason, to Sismondi's occasional tendency — probably derived from his recent visit to Germany and his acquaintance with German literature — to over-refinement in criticism, and to contrive strange hypothetical explanations of the nature and design of some of the masterpieces of great authors. Thus, he adopts the hypothesis, that Cervantes did not intend, in *Don Quixote*, to write a satire upon knight-errantry, but to make his hero a man of noble heart, high purposes, and a fine imagination, whose brain was somewhat over-heated by the sight of daily oppression and wrong, which he vainly attempted to re-

dress ; in short, he would have us believe, that the worthy knight of La Mancha was only a sort of Tancred or Rinaldo *manqué*, “fallen on evil tongues and evil days.” This is of a piece with some recent follies in Shakspearian criticism, the authors of which would fain persuade us that the great dramatist did not intend to present Falstaff as a coward, or Macbeth as a tyrant and a murderer. It is right to say, however, that Sismondi did not often fall into this strange perversion of ingenuity.

We have seen that the conclusion of the *History of the Italian Republics* was published in January, 1818 ; and as early as May in the same year, its author had determined to undertake his still larger work, the *History of the French*, which afforded him his chief occupation for the rest of his life. His preparations for this great task were made with the same thoroughness and conscientious diligence which he had shown in all his previous undertakings. He immediately began to collect the necessary books ; the purchase of an extensive library, formed without regard to expense, had become necessary to him, and he set about the collection of one with great ardor. “I look upon these quartos,” he remarked, “with a sort of respect and fear, when I reflect that I must go through them all, and must make myself as familiar with them as I have long been with the collection of Muratori.” Hitherto, he had worked chiefly by means of borrowed books, and had been obliged, therefore, to write out copious extracts. The ownership of the volumes enabled him to change this plan ; instead of copying at length, he prepared annals in which the memorable events of each year were entered, with full references, as he drew them from the original sources. This mode led to a rigid comparison of the different chroniclers, their several accounts of the same transaction being placed side by side, and the discrepancies were consequently detected with ease.

After three years spent in preparation, the first three volumes of the work were published, in 1821 ; the others followed, usually three at a time, at intervals of every two or three years, till 1842, in which year the twenty-ninth and last volume was published, after the death of the author. He wrote the concluding sentence of it only five weeks before he died. The work properly begins with the reign of Clovis, though some preliminary chapters relate to the condition of Gaul

under the Romans, and it ends with the accession of Louis XVI., thus comprising a period of about thirteen centuries. As a whole, it is pronounced with quite general consent to be by far the ablest and most trustworthy history of France that has yet been written. Other historians may have shown more art in composition and greater command of style ; their narratives may be more flowing and spirited, their descriptions more vivid and picturesque, their philosophy more comprehensive and profound. But no one has been more cautious and thorough in the investigation of facts, or more accurate and conscientious in the exhibition of them. Freedom from prejudice and loyalty to truth might be inscribed on the work as its motto. Sismondi regarded history as the foundation of the social sciences, and as most precious from the perpetual illustrations it affords to moral, political, and economical truths. "No one has so well shown," says Mignet, "the influence which economical changes, taking place in the interior condition of a nation, have exercised on the form of its government and the crises of its existence." He complains, however, that Sismondi has judged the state of manners and the actions of men in every age, not by estimating the ideas and the wants of that age, but according to a moral rule which is absolute and inflexible ; but this quality many readers will consider as an excellence. He says, also, that we sometimes perceive the spirit of the Protestant and the republican citizen of Geneva in the severity of the historian towards Catholicism and royalty. But he concludes with the following high praise, which may be admitted to be a fair estimate of the work.

"In spite of these imperfections, the History of France is a vast monument raised to the honor and for the instruction of our country, by a man who loved it, though he was sometimes severe towards it: a man of immense knowledge, of sound and steady judgment, of great ability, of scrupulous honesty ; who, belonging to two distinct eras, has marked the transition between the school of the eighteenth century, whose generous principles he has followed up without its scoffing levity, and that of our own time, whose knowledge he possessed without having all its freedom of mind." — pp. 20, 21.

After the abdication of Napoleon in 1814, Geneva, which had been annexed to France, recovered her independence ; and Sismondi, being chosen a member of the supreme council,

assisted in the work of reorganizing the little republic. But his joy at the reëstablishment of his country's independence was darkened by many perplexities and fears ; the wretched policy of the restored Bourbons, and the doubts as to the future disposition which the Allies might make of the territories that had been wrested from France, cast a gloomy cloud over the future. Sismondi had been no Bonapartist ; if no other cause had given him a bias against Napoleon, he must have imbibed one from his long intimacy with Madame de Staël. He must have shared her feelings towards the man who had inflicted on her so many slights and petty persecutions. But neither was he a loyalist, and he dreaded the consequences of the subjugation of France upon the great cause of political freedom throughout Europe. When he visited Paris in January, 1815, to superintend the publication of the 9th, 10th, and 11th volumes of his *Italian Republics*, he found the authorities there, instead of busying themselves about measures for the restoration of commerce, industry, and the national tranquillity, were occupied in celebrating the funeral obsequies of Louis XVI. The people deemed this an insult, the army had grievances of its own, and every thing appeared ripe for an explosion.

Sismondi, then, was not surprised by the return of Napoleon from Elba in March of that year ; perhaps he welcomed the event, as the accession to power of a man who, having found how hollow were the alliances of kings, would now be disposed to throw himself into the arms of the people, and to strengthen his own throne by protecting their liberties. After the publication of the *Acte Additionnel*, which his old friend and fellow-citizen, Benjamin Constant, had assisted in inditing, and which appeared to him a better constitution than any which France had yet received, and especially after two decrees had been issued, abolishing the slave-trade and restoring the freedom of the press, Sismondi gladly came forward as a supporter of the government of Napoleon. The patriotic party generally seemed inclined to rally round the man who was now disposed, either from policy or conviction, to lend a hearty support to their cause. Intimations were also sent, it is said, to Madame de Staël, inviting her to return to Paris, on the ground that her advice was needed respecting a new constitution ; but she coldly replied, " He has done without me and without a constitution for twelve years ; and even now,

he has no liking either for the one or the other." She could not yet pardon the author of her exile.

In a series of articles published in the *Moniteur*, Sismondi endeavoured to prove that the *Acte Additionnel* offered sufficient security for the liberties of France, and that the interests of the people now required that they should support the Emperor. Napoleon was pleased by these articles, and the more so because they were written by one who had never experienced his favor nor courted his protection. As a token of his satisfaction, the cross of the Legion of Honor was offered to Sismondi; but he declined it, "that by preserving his approbation disinterested, it might have more power." Napoleon then invited him to *l'Élysée Bourbon*, the palace which he occupied at that time, as he wished to converse with him. Sismondi went, and the Emperor talked to him in private for nearly an hour, speaking with great frankness of his own position and projects, of Italy and Switzerland, and even of literature, and receiving the free but respectful remarks of his guest with perfect good-nature. Immediately after leaving him, Sismondi wrote down in his private journal all that he could recollect of the conversation, and this record is now published. We can extract but a small part of it.

"He asked me how we were pleased with our constitution at Geneva. I told him that the theory of it was very bad, but that it did not act badly, and that we were very much attached to our independence. 'The Genevese,' said he, 'have the spirit of wisdom, and the habit of liberty; but is it, then, an hereditary aristocracy which has been established there?'

"I gave him rapidly an idea of our constitution. On this subject he spoke to me of J. J. Rousseau; he said he did not like him much, he found much pretension in him, and a style constantly on the stretch. I said to him, that it resembled that of a living author, Chateaubriand, whose style was brilliant, but without simplicity. 'Yes,' said he, 'he aims at effect; one feels that he is occupied about his phrases, and that beneath these there is no maturity of thought. I have not read the whole of the *Genius of Christianity*; it is not in my way; it is a system which I do not believe; but, for example, in what he has written against me there is no thought, nothing solid, it is all for effect; however, he is certainly a man of talent.' I told him that I preferred his talent and his character to that of another celebrated man of his time, M. de Fontanes. 'Ah, as to him,' said he, 'he is entirely on the system of reaction; he conceives nothing but the ancient

régime ; he sees all that in his imagination, and he has not a mind which can apply itself to real things.' He then spoke to me of English novels, of Richardson and Fielding, and asked me some questions about the Italian and Spanish novels, in the same line as *Gil Blas*, or in that of *Pigault le Brun*. I showed my surprise at his knowing these things. 'It is because I read a great deal in my youth ; I worked hard, and read many novels also. In my youth I was much more discreet than I am now ; till my first campaign in Italy, I dared not look a woman in the face ; I should not say so much for myself now. During that time, also, I went through a course of law, and when afterwards we were working on the *Code Civil*, the councils of state were quite surprised to find that I knew their business. I told them it was because I had studied it.' 'Ah,' cried I, 'that is what makes great men ; it is having successively applied their mind to every thing ; it is because they have struggled hand to hand with difficulties ; it is what princes want, and which renders them at this time so incapable of extricating themselves from such perplexing difficulties.' 'Ah, it is the fault of the system,' replied he ; 'but it is irremediable. The Duke of Orleans is the only one of the French princes who has been put to this proof ; during his exile he ceased to be a prince, to become a man, therefore he is the only one who has profited by adversity. So they say.' But he then broke off the conversation on that subject. He spoke to me of the popes, who had at all times prevented the Italians from becoming a nation. I said to him, that 'people had had at first a great opinion of Pius VII., but that he showed afterwards that he had the obstinacy of a monk, and not the courage of a great man.' 'Yes, his firmness has been much boasted of ; I had the air of persecuting him ; he said to me himself that he was, that he wished to be, a martyr to the faith. But, answered I, how is that, holy father ? — you are well fed, well clothed, lodged in a palace, and you call that martyrdom ; but you are not disgusted with life.' Then he laughed. Again returning to the praises of the French nation, and comparing them to another nation, he called the French *we* (*nous autres*) with quite a national feeling. We had already walked nearly three quarters of an hour ; at the two last turns he was much heated, he took off his hat, and his forehead was bathed in sweat. At last he turned towards the palace, we entered his room, he said he was charmed to have made acquaintance with so distinguished a man. He bowed to me, and I retired." — pp. 59 – 61.

The battle of Waterloo followed, and Sismondi retired to Geneva, unwilling to witness the completion of measures which tended to the degradation and misery of a country

which he loved as much as his own. Madame de Staël received him, on his return, with as much kindness as ever, but his friends at Geneva looked coldly upon him ; with all their esteem and respect for his motives, they could not soon forget his momentary adhesion to the cause of the Emperor. Conscious of the purity of his own intentions, and of his steadfast attachment to the cause of freedom, Sismondi did not attempt to justify himself, but sought refuge in his work. " I have always endeavoured to forget myself," he said ; " and, thanks to my studies, I can live in other ages than my own." But he never suffered the habits of a recluse or the tastes of a student to deaden his sympathies, or lessen his interest in public affairs. He was no politician, not even a political gossip ; but whenever a crisis arose in the affairs either of his own country or of any other, in which he thought the interests of humanity or the well-being of the poorer classes were concerned, his voice and influence were sure to be exerted to the utmost. He wrote warmly against the slave-trade in 1817, he advocated powerfully the emancipation of Greece six years afterwards. " The love of the human race was in him so sincere, so lively, so universal, that it had the power of giving him the greatest delight and the deepest affliction. It governed him to such a degree, that it affected the theories of his mind as well as the dispositions of his soul."

A severe affliction was at hand for him in the loss of a friend who had contributed more than any one, except his mother, to his enjoyment and to the direction of his thoughts and character. In July, 1817, he was called to Coppet, whither had just been brought the body of her who had so long been its chief attraction, and who had been to him as a guide and a sister. No one out of her own family grieved more deeply than he for the death of Madame de Staël.

" There is something confusing," wrote Sismondi to his mother, " in a misfortune which has taken place at a distance ; at first, one sees nothing changed around one, and it is only slowly and by degrees that one learns to know one's own grief. It is over, then, for me, — this abode where I have lived so much, where I always felt myself so much and so happily at home ! It is over, — that animating society, that magic-lantern of the world, which I there saw lighted up for the first time, and where I have learned so much ! My life is grievously changed ; there

was no one, perhaps, to whom I owed more than to *her*. How I suffered on the day of her funeral! A discourse by the minister of Coppet at the bier, in presence of Madame de Broglie and Miss Randall kneeling before the coffin, had begun to soften my heart, to make me feel the full extent of my loss, and could not restrain my tears.' " — p. 39.

Four years afterwards he was called to suffer a still greater bereavement. While at Geneva, in September, 1821, the news arrived that his mother was dying at Pescia. He immediately set out, and travelled night and day to join her, but arrived too late. On the 30th of that month, feeling the approach of death, Madame de Sismondi had caused herself to be raised and carried to the window of her room, where, in sight of the rich landscape gilded by the setting sun, and with no regret but for the absence of her child, she expired. His father had died suddenly about eleven years before, and the only object of affection in his own family who now remained to Sismondi was a married sister, who resided at Pescia, to whom he was greatly attached, while he watched over the welfare of her children with constant and tender solicitude. His avocations, however, did not permit him to reside near them, and fortunately his own home now was not a solitary one. Two years before he had married Miss Jessie Allen, whose elder sister was the wife of his friend, Sir James Mackintosh. In her he had a devoted and intellectual companion, who sympathized with him in his pursuits, while her accomplishments and sweetness of disposition were a constant source of cheerfulness and solace to him for the rest of his days.

He had purchased a country-house near Chêne, about three miles from Geneva, where he resided after his marriage. Except occasional journeys to France, Italy, and England, he passed the last twenty years of his life at this place, devoted assiduously to his literary employments, and entertaining many visitors, especially those who had been driven from their own homes by their exertions in the cause of freedom. The Genevese were proud of him, and many distinguished foreigners were drawn to his doors by his widely diffused reputation. The larger portion of the day was given to his studies and labor with the pen, the remainder to the exercise of walking, and to numerous correspondents in all the countries of Europe, and the evening always

to conversation, "which he could keep up in the language of each of his guests." He had refused, in 1819, a chair of political economy which had been offered to him in France, because it would have prevented him from passing a portion of each year, as was his habit, with his mother and sister in Tuscany. Sixteen years afterwards, he declined also the title of special professor of history, which the Genevese Council of State had awarded to him. He was never ambitious of mere titular honors, though, in 1838, he accepted with pleasure the distinguished compliment paid to him by the French Institute, in making him one of the five foreign associates of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. He also accepted, in 1841, the cross of the Legion of Honor, which he had declined when it was proffered to him by Napoleon.

In 1822, Sismondi published what was in form an historical novel, in three volumes, called *Julia Severa, or the Year 492*; but it was in truth an historical and antiquarian disquisition, which had grown out of his studies for the beginning of his *History of the French*. Its object was to show the condition of Gaul under Clovis by a series of dramatic pictures, which might convey in a pleasing form all necessary information respecting the institutions, the manners, and customs of the Franks. Ten years afterwards, he inserted in Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia* an abridgment of his *History of the Italian Republics*, in one volume, and at the same time published this abridgment in French, under the title of *Histoire de la Renaissance de la Liberté en Italie*. In the winter of 1821, he gave a course of lectures at Geneva on the history of the first half of the Middle Ages; and in 1835, he published in Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, and also in French, the substance of these lectures, under the title of *A History of the Fall of the Roman Empire, and the Decline of Civilization, from the year 250 to 1000*.

The works of which we have already enumerated the titles make an aggregate of about sixty volumes, to the composition of every one of which great labor and research were necessary, and which are all executed with an equal measure of conscientious diligence, fidelity, and taste. They are all standard works, and if he had published nothing else, would have secured a brilliant and lasting celebrity for his name. But we have yet hardly alluded to that class of his

works which he valued most highly, as they contained the fruits of the observations and theories which were most peculiarly his own, and in which he was most deeply interested, because they were related most intimately to the subject at all times nearest his heart, the well-being of all classes of society, the causes of the evils which they suffered, and the means of improving their condition. We refer to his publications on Political Economy after he had ceased to be a disciple of the common English school in that science, and had, indeed, openly revolted from the authority of Adam Smith. His works on this subject, written before the change of opinion here alluded to, and published at the very beginning of his career as an author, have already been briefly mentioned. The first work which betrayed the alteration of his opinions was the article on Political Economy which he furnished for Dr. Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, in 1815. Four years afterwards he republished the substance of this article in French, somewhat altered, and with material additions, in three volumes octavo, entitled *New Views of Political Economy, or Wealth considered in its Relation to Population*. In 1827, the work passed to a second edition, and was greatly enlarged. In 1836–38, appeared the three volumes of his *Studies in the Social Sciences*, two of which were devoted to *Studies in Political Economy*, and contained additional proofs and illustrations of the doctrines he had formerly advanced. They were among the latest labors of his life, and he looked for the reception of them by the public with keener interest and anxiety, perhaps, than he had ever before felt on the appearance of any of his works at the bar of public opinion.

Sismondi had enjoyed singular advantage as a political economist, — not, perhaps, for excelling in the theory of the science, but for noting by observation the effect of different systems, when reduced to practice, on the welfare of the people. He had lived in Tuscany, Rome, and Geneva, in France and England; he had witnessed the effects of the *metayer* system, of the minute subdivision of the land in France, and of its aggregation into monster farms in England; and he had been no inattentive observer of the workings of what may be called one of the great characteristic features of modern civilization, the manufacturing system. His studies in history, moreover, had carried him over the

period of transition from the theory and practice of the ancients to those of the moderns, had led him to investigate the causes of the depopulation of the fields of Italy under the Roman empire, and of the changes brought about by the invasion of the barbarians, the effects of the establishment of the feudal system, the reasons of the prosperity and the decay of the Italian commercial republics, and of the various degrees of comfort enjoyed by the peasantry of the several subdivisions of Italy in modern times. Certainly, few had ever possessed more abundant means for informing his theories on this subject by the light of experience.

The peculiarities of his views may be attributed in part to this fact, that his conclusions were formed *a posteriori*, or under the guidance of actual observation, and not by logical deduction from abstract principles, after the manner of Ricardo and his followers. But they were derived in a still greater degree from the qualities of his heart; he was more of a philanthropist than a man of science; the great object of his speculations was to point out the means of ameliorating the condition of the laboring classes. Hence he utterly rejected the common definition of political economy, that it is the science which treats only of the production and consumption of wealth; he maintained, on the contrary, in accordance with the etymology of the phrase, that the object of political economy is the political regulation of society as if it were a household, — that is, with a view to the general well-being, the equal distribution of happiness among all its classes and members. He asserts that the proper appellation of the science which the English economists have exclusively studied is *Chrematistics*, — ἡ τέχνη χρηματιστική, — a phrase applied by Aristotle to *the art of money-making*. Ricardo and his disciples, while professing to separate the two objects, have really confounded them; looking, in truth, merely to the creation of value, they have tacitly assumed that this was the only interest of society, the only end which legislation should have in view. No sooner do they arrive at a principle, than they demand the immediate application of it, — that it should be incorporated into the laws, and made binding upon the people. The proposition on which they act, though they seldom directly enunciate it, is, that the augmentation of the national wealth is at once the sign and the measure of national prosperity. Sismondi admits

that it is so, *if the wealth be distributed with some approach to equality among the people.* But if the vast majority of the nation is beggared, while enormous fortunes are accumulated by a few, if pauperism increases at one end of the social scale as rapidly as wealth is heaped up at the other, then, even though the ratio of the aggregate wealth to the aggregate population is constantly growing larger, the tendency of things is downward, and sooner or later, unless a remedy be applied, society will rush into degradation and ruin.

The great merit of Sismondi as an economist consists in this attempt to give a new direction to the science by holding up the general welfare, the material prosperity of all classes, as its chief aim and purpose, and by considering the mere production of wealth only as subsidiary to this end. His leading doctrine, that the distribution of riches is a matter even more important than their rapid increase, he illustrated by a vast collection of facts and arguments, and urged it upon the attention of the public with the most passionate earnestness. He made a twofold application of it, the first to landed property and the condition of the peasantry, the second to commercial wealth and the condition of the inhabitants of towns. He was far more successful in the former case, as his observations had been made chiefly in the country, and he was but little acquainted with the theory and effects of the commercial and manufacturing systems. He protested against the aggregation of land into vast estates, and its cultivation in large farms, tracing to these causes the misery and final disappearance of the peasantry, and the depopulation of the country. The illustrations of these doctrines which he found in England and Italy are very striking, and are set forth with more animation and eloquence than are often found in his other writings. His account of the Campagna of Rome is a vigorous and highly colored sketch, written in parts with great pathos and beauty, and showing by a very clear deduction of historical facts the causes of the present desolateness of this magnificent plain. To the *latifundia* of the Roman nobles in Pliny's time, and to the princely domains of opulent landholders in our own day, the preference of pasturage to tillage, and the natural decay and impoverishment of the true cultivators of the soil, whose places are gradually filled by im-

mense herds of cattle, are naturally attributed. Then passing to happy Tuscany, the place of refuge of his early manhood, and of which, notwithstanding his frequent imprisonments there, he had so many pleasant recollections, he draws an Arcadian picture of the happiness of its peasantry, cultivating with minute care their small farms, and paying rents in kind and proportionate to the amount of their harvests. The contrast is a striking one, and is drawn by one who had a heart to appreciate the vast difference between the two cases, and a mind capable of tracing this difference to its true causes. In the last number of this Journal, we borrowed his eloquent account of the depopulation of the Scottish Highlands by the heartless Duchess of Sutherland and her noble coproprietors.

On the subject of manufactures and the wretchedness of the laboring classes in towns, as we have intimated, Sismondi is not so successful. He shows, indeed, with great clearness and vigor the extent of the evil, the deplorable state to which the operatives with their families have been reduced, and the necessity of applying some remedy, so as to prevent alarming outbreaks, and even the utter disorganization of society. But he is not happy in tracing out the origin and nature of the evils complained of, nor in finding the remedy which all admit to be necessary. The subject of over-production is a difficult one; Ricardo, Mill, and McCulloch contend that a general glut is impossible, as every article brought to market is a source both of supply and demand, the owner of it being always desirous of exchanging it for something else of equivalent value, and thus contributing, by his desire to purchase, to lighten the market to precisely the same extent to which he burdened it by his desire to sell. This theory is ingenious, but unsound; it overlooks the important fact, that the demand and supply of one capital article, food, are regulated by causes peculiar to itself, wholly irrespective of the presence or absence, the high or low prices, of other commodities. The *consumption* of agricultural products depends on the number of appetites to be satisfied, and can be enlarged only by an increase of the population; the *supply* of these products is determined by the quantity of land capable of cultivation, and by improvements in the modes of husbandry. Neither of these sources of supply can be increased at will, or on demand;

the land is all occupied or owned, and the number of acres is limited ; improvements in agriculture are made by the progress of discovery and invention, and not merely because they are needed to feed the people. Now, manufactures must be exchanged for food, and consequently may be produced in too great abundance ; there is no limit to their increase, but there is a limit to the supply of the only article for which they can be bartered. And we cannot here say, as the English economists are fond of saying in the case of a particular glut, “ Transfer your industry from the article of which there is a surplus to that of which there is a deficiency.” Industry *cannot* be transferred from manufactures to agriculture ; the land is all owned and held at a monopoly price, and the landlords refuse to employ more labor upon it, even if a greater amount of food should be produced by the introduction of more hands. They find, or think that they find, that a greater *net* product remains to themselves when few hands are employed than when there are many. Hence, they endeavour to get rid of the agricultural laborers, instead of increasing their number. The policy of English landlords, as we have recently shown, is to depopulate their estates, to make the peasantry give place to flocks and herds, to imitate the system which has been practised for centuries on the Roman Campagna, which reduced the fields of Italy in the age of Pliny to a desert, and subsequently surrendered them to the Northern barbarians because there were no men left to defend them. The dispossessed peasantry are driven into manufacturing industry, and thus the glut of manufactures is increased by the very causes which diminish the supply of food. The present distress of England is attributable, not to the manufacturers, but to the landlords.

To cry out, then, as Sismondi did, against over-production and the displacement of human labor in manufactures by machines, is to mistake the cause and the birthplace of the evil. The distress of the poorer classes is more manifest in the manufacturing than the agricultural districts, it is true ; but it had not its origin there. It is created in the country, though it appears in the most aggravated form in the cities, as the poor fly thither for refuge ; it is caused by such landlords as the Dukes of Sutherland and Buccleuch, and the Earl of Kenmare, to whose policy in the management of their vast estates may be applied the indignant re-

proach which was uttered by Galgacus against the Romans, that "they make a solitude, and call it peace." The evidence of statistics on this point is so clear, that the conclusion is irresistible. In England, only one fifth of the population is engaged in agriculture, while in France at least two thirds, and in the United States more than three fourths, derive their subsistence immediately from the soil. In respect to the ownership of the land, to its division among a greater or smaller number of proprietors, the disproportion between these three countries is even greater. And this enormous, this fatal difference for England is attributable entirely to her aristocratic institutions, her laws of primogeniture and entail. The system which leads to these results is advocated by such economists as Ricardo, McCulloch, Alison, and Chalmers ; the great merit of Sismondi is, that he was the first strenuously to protest against it. Their favorite maxim, *laissez faire*, he interpreted in its true meaning ; *laissez faire la misère ; laissez passer la mort*. "What !" he cried, answering Ricardo in a long conversation which they had at Geneva shortly before Ricardo's death ; "is wealth, then, every thing ? Are men nothing ?"

It is impossible to do justice to the earnestness with which Sismondi labored and wrote upon this subject, without extending our extracts beyond the proper limits of an article. The following is taken from a letter which he wrote after the publication of his *Studies in Political Economy*.

"It is possible that the self-love of an author may have some share, without my being aware of it, in the earnest thirst I feel to attract the attention of the public ; but this thirst seems to me nothing but the feeling of the immense sufferings of humanity, — sufferings which we all contribute, without thinking of it, to increase, by a conduct which in its details we figure to ourselves as indifferent. I cry, Take care, you are bruising, you are crushing, miserable persons who do not even see whence comes the evil which they experience, but who remain languishing and mutilated on the road which you have passed over. I cry out, and no one hears me : I cry out, and the car of Juggernaut continues to roll on, making new victims." — p. 455.

We must borrow one paragraph, also, from the conclusion to his *History of the French*, which he wrote, as already observed, but five weeks before his death.

"My life has been divided between the study of political

economy and that of history ; thus the economist must often appear, in this long recital, by the side of the historian ; I have endeavoured not to let those lessons be lost which are given by experience, as to what contributes to create and to maintain the prosperity of nations. But above all, I have always considered wealth as a means, not as an end. I hope it will be acknowledged by my constant solicitude for the cultivator, for the artisan, for the poor who gain their bread by the sweat of their brow, that all my sympathies are with the laboring and suffering classes.” — p. 49.

The following extract from his anonymous biographer is interesting, as it shows that Sismondi was no radical, and that he rejected with contempt the silly theories which have recently been broached about a new organization of society, and which have found a few advocates among ignorant and enthusiastic persons in our own country.

“It was painful to Sismondi, after having repudiated the economical theories which England was teaching to France, still to have to repel the different systems which connected themselves with the demand for industrial organization. He rejected in turn the coöperative systems of Owen, the Saint Simonians, and the disciples of Fourier. ‘To attempt to suppress personal interest, and to think that the world can go on without it,’ he said to some of them, ‘is sufficiently bold ; but to imagine that all the labor of the community, the conducting of all its interests, can be determined at any moment of the day by the plurality of suffrages, is acting like a society of fools.’ He accused others of ordering a body to walk, after having taken away all the muscles, all the stimulus of individual interest. ‘They take away from you hope, liberty, family affection,’ cried he, sorrowfully, ‘all to make you happy ! Alas ! there is nothing true in their books but the evil they would remedy.’” — p. 43.

The temperate and catholic character of his political opinions, also, appears from a letter which he wrote in the summer of 1835.

“I have not given up any of my youthful enthusiasm ; I feel, perhaps, more strongly than ever the desire for nations to become free, for the reform of governments, for the progress of morality and happiness in human society. I hope that I have gained in theory and in experience, if, on the other hand, I have been disenchanted of what I hoped in almost all the men I have known : but this *disinganno* does not affect the ideas and the sentiments

dear to my heart, because my own flag has never been carried into the midst of the conflict. I am a liberal ; still more, I am a republican ; but never have I been a democrat. I have nothing in common with that party which alarms you by its violence and its wild theories, any more than with that which is intoxicated with the love of order and furious for tranquillity. My ideal, in respect to government, is union ; it is the agreement of the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical elements ; it is the Roman republic, in short, in its best days of virtue and of strength, and not the modern principles, which I do not acknowledge to be principles." — p. 452.

The health of Sismondi began to fail in 1840 ; the disease, a cancer in the stomach, which finally carried him off, caused him intense suffering, but did not interrupt his labors as a historian, or the fulfilment of his duties towards his country. " During two years he continued writing the history of France under the anguish of this terrible complaint, which was accelerated in its progress by the troubles that overthrew the constitution of Geneva in 1841." That constitution, as we have seen, he had contributed to make, in 1814, acting with Dumont and others, and aiming to render it as liberal as a wise regard to previously existing institutions, the habits of the people, and the necessities of the times would permit. The radical party found that it was not sufficiently democratic, and, having kept the government in anxiety for a long time, they broke out in insurrection in March, 1841, violently overthrew the constitution, and caused a constituent assembly to be called for the purpose of carrying their political theories into effect. " Sismondi was elected a member of it, and, notwithstanding his state of suffering and weakness, he caused himself to be carried to the place of meeting to defend to the last the old and salutary institutions of his country. Alone he dared to resist the popular torrent, alone he combated the changes proposed by the victorious party." On the 30th of March, 1842, in spite of the alarming state of his health, he pronounced before the assembly the last words that he ever uttered in public. " This *impromptu* speech, full of good-sense, moderation, and power, was interrupted by painful convulsions, and he was carried home in a state of the greatest exhaustion."

His only desires, now, were to finish his history, and then " to go to Pescia to die beneath the beautiful sky of Tuscany,

amid the flowers, the fruits, and the trees which he had planted, and with the recollections of the mother who had watched over and matured the promise of his youth." The former hope was accomplished, but the progress of his disease made the fulfilment of the latter impossible. His mind was still vigorous, and his desire and capacity for intellectual labor remained undiminished ; but the frail tenement in which the strong spirit was lodged gave evident tokens of approaching dissolution. On the 9th of May, he wrote the last sentence of his history, and during the latter part of the month he drew up a detailed catalogue of his works, which is in some measure an autobiography. On the 8th of June, he corrected the first four proof-sheets of the 29th volume of his history.

"On the 10th, he wrote two letters, one to the son of his old bailiff, at Val Chiusa, to remind him that a small pension which this peasant had engaged to pay to his mother, who was a widow, was due. The other letter, which gave to a Bordelais, employed on a History of the Vaudois, the list which he had asked him for, of the authors which he ought to read, ended with the words of the gladiator to Cæsar, *Moriturus te salutat*. On the 13th, the dying man still corrected proofs. On the 14th, he added a codicil to his will, in which, 'acknowledging the blessings which Providence had heaped upon him, he surrenders his soul into the hands of God, and begs his wife, and all those who bestowed their affection on him, to see him depart with love, but without regret, as he himself quits this world, and all in it which he held dear.'

"On the 25th of June, he continued lying down, motionless, and without speaking till about one o'clock ; then he asked to get up. He was dressed and laid on a sofa, where he remained quiet, and at three o'clock in the afternoon he ceased to breathe."
— p. 50.

It is not necessary to make any elaborate attempt to draw the character or write the eulogy of such a man, after furnishing even the most imperfect sketch of his life and undertakings. Those who wish to know more of him must seek information from his own writings. But to show the estimation in which he was held in France, even by those who were not the most capable of appreciating such works as his, we may borrow the conclusion of M. Mignet's *éloge*, read before the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences on the 17th of May, 1845.

“M. de Sismondi is one of those men who have done most honor to literature by the greatness of their labors and by the dignity of their lives. No one has more earnestly considered the duties of intellect. Amiable in his private relations, devoted in friendship, indulgent towards others, severe to himself, endowed with an activity which never at any time relaxed, with a sincerity which never on any occasion belied itself, he possessed in the highest degree the love of justice and a passion for good. With these noble sentiments he has imbued politics, history, social economy; he made these contribute to the cautious progress of the institutions of states, to the instruction and well-being of nations. For half a century he has thought nothing that was not honorable, written nothing that was not moral, wished nothing that was not useful; thus has he left a glorious memory, which will be ever respected. In him the Academy has lost one of its most eminent associates, Geneva one of her most illustrious citizens, humanity one of its most devoted defenders.” — p. 24.

ART. III. — 1. *The Dramatic Works of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. With a Biographical and Critical Sketch.* By LEIGH HUNT. London: Edward Moxon. 8vo. pp. 153.

2. *Speeches of the RIGHT HONORABLE RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.* Edited by a Constitutional Friend. London: Henry G. Bohn. 3 vols. 8vo.

THE elegant edition of Sheridan's dramatic works, published by Moxon, betrays one strange blunder, by including the entertainment of *The Camp*, a feeble farce written by Sheridan's friend Tickell, and altogether unworthy of preservation in any form. The biography furnished by Leigh Hunt possesses little merit beyond an occasional luckiness of phrase and an occasional felicity of criticism. It is written with more than his usual languid jauntiness of style, and with less than his usual sweetness of fancy. Indeed, that cant of good feeling and conceit of heartiness, which, expressed in a certain sparkling flatness of style, constitute so much of the intellectual capital of Hunt's sentimental old age, are as out of place, in a consideration of the sharp, shining wit, the elabo-

rate diction, and polished artifice of Sheridan's writings, as in the narration of the brilliant depravities and good-natured good-for-nothingness of Sheridan's character. Like all Hunt's essays, however, it is exceedingly amusing, even in its vivacious presumption and genial pertness ; but a man like Sheridan, the dramatist, the orator, the politician, the boon companion,

"The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall,"

deserved a less supercilious consideration. Hunt's sketch conveys a far more vivid impression of himself than of his subject.

The prominent qualities of Sheridan's character were ambition and indolence, the love of distinction and the love of pleasure ; and the method by which he contrived to gratify both may be said to constitute his biography. From the volatility of his mind and conduct, it would be a misuse of language to say that he had good principles or bad principles. He had no principles at all. His life was a life of expedients and appearances, in which he developed a shrewdness and capacity made up of talent and mystification, of ability and trickery which were found equal to almost all emergencies. He most assuredly possessed neither great intellect nor great passions. There was nothing commanding in his mind, nothing deep and earnest in his heart. A good-humored selfishness and a graceful heartlessness were his best substitutes for virtue. His conduct, when not determined by sensuality, was determined by vanity, the sensuality of the intellect ; and in both he followed external direction. Yet, such as he was, the son of an actor, indolent, immoral, unlearned, a libertine and a drunkard, without fortune and without connections, he achieved high social, literary, and Parliamentary distinction. His life was one long career of notoriety and sensuality. At the age of twenty-six he had written some of the most sparkling comedies in the English language. From that period he became a politician, and eventually was ranked with Burke, Fox, and Pitt, among the most accomplished orators in the House of Commons. No man with such moral habits, joined to such slender acquirements, ever raised himself to such an elevation by pure force of tact and talent. It might be said that Fox was as dissipated ; but then Sheridan, unlike Fox, had not been educated for a leg-

islator ; and more than all, he had none of Fox's power of impassioned argumentation, none of his greatness and generosity of soul. Burke, like Sheridan, attained a prominent position in the most aristocratic of parties, without the advantages of birth and connections ; but then he had the advantage of being the greatest statesman of his country, and Sheridan could make no pretensions to Burke's force of character and amplitude of comprehension, to his industry, his learning, or to that fiery and flexible imagination which penetrated all with vital life. It must be allowed that Sheridan approached neither of these men in solid reputation, but as his ambition was but one side of his love of pleasure, the notoriety which immediately succeeded his efforts was all he desired. His vanity fed and his senses gratified, there was little left for ambition to seek or pleasure to crave. All that there is in immediate fame to intoxicate the possessor, all that there is in fame which can be *enjoyed*, he obtained with the smallest possible scorning of delights, and the smallest possible living of laborious days.

Sheridan was essentially a man of wit. By this we do not mean that he was merely a witty man, but that wit was as much the predominant element in his character as it was the largest power of his mind. From his habit of looking at life and its duties through the medium of epigram, he lost all sincerity of thought and earnestness of passion. From his power of detecting what was inconsistent, foolish, and bad in the appearances of things, he gradually came to estimate appearances more than realities, and to do every thing himself for effect. His intellect became an ingenious machine for the manufacture of what would tell on the occasion, without regard to truth or falsehood. The consequence was a wonderful power of contrivance, of shrewdness, of *finesse*, of brilliant insincerity, without any vitality of thought and principle, without any intellectual character. His moral sense, also, gradually wore away under a habit of sensual indulgence, and a habit of overlooking moral consequences in ludicrous relations. His conscience could give him no pang which a jest could not heal. Vice, therefore, appeared to his mind as pleasantry as well as pleasure, and wit "pandered will." For instance, he was notoriously unfaithful to his marriage vow. To no man could adultery wear a more jocose aspect. "In marriage," he says, "if you possess any thing good, it makes

you eager to get every thing else good of the same sort." He made no scruple of cheating his creditors, but to his mind dishonesty was merely a practical joke. It was the same with every thing else. Crime appeared to him as a kind of mischievous fun, and Belial always reeled into his meditations hand in hand with Momus. Blasphemy, intemperance, adultery, sloth, licentiousness, trickery, — they were mere jests. No man ever violated all the common duties of life with such easy good-nature and absence of malignant passions. He became un-moral rather than immoral.

In considering Sheridan's career, we continually meet this wit as a disposition of character as well as a power of mind. It gives a lightness and airiness to the many rascalities and insincerities of his life. No man's vices have been more leniently treated, because their very relation provokes a smile. He fascinates posterity as he fascinated his contemporaries. Falsehood, heartlessness, sensuality, *finesse*, all those qualities which bring contempt on other men, in him wear an attractive aspect ; and in consideration of his being such a "good fellow," the common rules by which we judge of character have been waived in his case by general consent.

It would be impossible to set forth the talents of this remarkable adept in mystification and Regius Professor of appearances, without some sketch of his life. He was the son of Thomas Sheridan, the actor and elocutionist, and was born in Dublin, in the month of September, 1751. His father was a man of no mean capacity, but spoiled by an obstinate conceit of his powers, which made his talents pass with others for less than they were worth. His mother, whom Dr. Parr pronounced quite celestial, was the writer of two or three plays, the novel of Sidney Biddulph, and the Tale of Nourjahad. Her nature was much finer than her husband's, a fact she contrived to conceal almost as much from herself as from him. Richard early displayed an indisposition to learn ; and rather than relinquish the sports for the studies of boyhood, he endured with heroical resignation the stigma fastened upon him by his father, of being an "impenetrable dunce." In 1762, he was sent to Harrow, then under the direction of Dr. Robert Sumner, and having for one of its under-masters no less distinguished a person than Dr. Parr. Neither of these eminent scholars could overcome, either by command or persuasion, his indolence and indiffer-

ence, though their exertions were prompted by the conviction that his mind was naturally of no common order. The fact that some of his aristocratical school-fellows taunted him with being "a player's son," however much it might sting his sensitive vanity, could not rouse in him the spirit of emulation. He preferred to make both masters and pupils his friends by his good-humor and engaging manners, and was soon the most popular person in the school. The boys emulously prompted him in the recitations of the class; and his brilliant mischievousness as often amused as provoked the masters. He seems to have escaped the discipline of the rod even under such a believer in the birch as Dr. Parr. That good-natured audacity and that fascinating address, which captivated so many in his subsequent career, and rarely forsook him in the wreck of character and fortune, were partially developed in his youth. But he was not happy at school. He was constantly in that state of wretchedness which results from the struggle of vanity with indolence; — for years always behind his companions, and trusting to momentary expedients to escape the consequences of idleness.

At Harrow he remained until his seventeenth year, and left it with but a distant acquaintance with any branch of knowledge, imperfectly versed even in grammar and spelling, but still with some dexterity in English verse, and some knowledge of polite literature. We should judge that Pope and Wycherley had been his favorite authors, not merely because his rhymes were modelled on the one and his plays betray the influence of the other, but because he always pretended to dislike Pope and to be ignorant of Wycherley. He never seems thoroughly to have mastered the mystery of spelling. At the age of twenty he spelt thing, *think*, whether, *wether*, which, *wich*, where, *were*, and appeared to take a malignant delight in interfering with the domestic felicity of double *m*-s and *s*-s. At Harrow he was not considered vicious by Dr. Parr, who charged his subsequent irregularities upon his being thrown upon the world without a profession. At the period of his leaving school he was strikingly handsome, with that fire and brilliancy in his eyes which afterwards added so much to the effect of his oratory.

He was not sent to the university, either from his father's inability to bear the expense, or from a despair of its effect in making him a student. The elder Sheridan took him

home, and undertook to complete his education under his own eye ; but Richard proved as indocile a pupil there as at school, and carelessly followed his own tastes. At Harrow he had formed a friendship with a vivacious school-fellow, named Halhed, who was afterwards a judge in India, and in connection with him had translated into English verse some of the poems of Theocritus. Halhed went to Oxford, but kept up a correspondence with Sheridan at Bath. They projected various works, among which was a farce entitled *Jupiter*, a volume of loose stories to be called *Crazy Tales*, and a translation of *Aristænetus*. The latter was completed, though Sheridan's portion was long delayed by his indolence, and the incessant references he was compelled to make to his dictionary. It was published in 1771, but failed to bring either the fame or profit which the juvenile book-makers had anticipated. The book in itself is worthless, both in the original and translation, but the latter is curious as indicating the light and libertine tone of thought, and the command of florid commonplaces of diction, which Sheridan had acquired at the age of nineteen. Neither in its morality nor composition does it give any promise of future excellence in life or letters.

But the peculiar character of his mind, and the style in which he was eventually to excel, are well displayed in a small ironical essay, written about the year 1770, and devoted to a mock assignment of reasons why the Duke of Grafton should not lose his head. The meanness, fickleness, unpunctuality, and licentiousness of the noble duke are quite felicitously caricatured. The position is gravely taken, that his Grace's crimes are not of such a nature as "to entitle his head to a place on Temple Bar"; and to the charge of giddiness and neglect of public duty the author triumphantly opposes some undoubted facts.

"I think," he observes, "I could bring several instances which would seem to promise the greatest steadiness and resolution. I have known him to make the Council wait, on the business of the whole nation, when he had an appointment to Newmarket. Surely, this is an instance of the greatest honor ; — and if we see him so punctual in private appointments, must we not conclude he is infinitely more so in greater matters? Nay, when Wilkes came over, is it not notorious that the Lord Mayor went to his Grace on that evening, proposing a scheme, which, by securing this fire-brand, might have put an end to all the troubles he has

caused ? But his Grace did not see him ; — no, he was a man of too much honor ; — he had *promised* that evening to attend Nancy Parsons to Ranelagh, and he would not disappoint her, but made three thousand people witnesses of his punctuality.”

We perceive here that covert, sharp edge of ingenious wit, which was silently fashioning Sheridan’s mind and character.

During the first few years after leaving school, Sheridan seems to have lived in his father’s family, without any definite purpose in life, and only varying the monotony of gayety and idleness with occasional experiments in composition. In 1771, he published a poem called *Clio’s Protest*, or the *Picture Varnished*, in which the principal beauties of Bath are celebrated in some four hundred rather loose-jointed octosyllabic lines. There is one couplet, however, which has become classic : —

“ You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing ’s curst hard reading.”

In this poem, also, there are eight lines which altogether exceed any other poetical attempts of Sheridan, where the least pretension is made to sentiment.

“ Marked you her cheek of rosy hue ?
Marked you her eye of sparkling blue ?
That eye in liquid circles moving ;
That cheek abashed at man’s approving ;
The one Love’s arrows darting round ;
The other blushing at the wound :
Did she not speak, did she not move,
Now Pallas, now the Queen of Love ? ”

At Bath, Sheridan fell in love with Miss Linley, a fascinating young singer of sixteen, whose beauty and accomplishments had turned the heads of the whole town. In his management of the affair he displayed as much *finesse* as passion. Among a crowd of suitors he seems to have been the only one who had touched her heart, and the only one whose intentions were concealed. His brother, Charles Francis Sheridan, and his friend Halhed, were among his rivals, yet both were ignorant of his passion, and both made him their confidant. The father of Miss Linley seems to have looked upon her from an exclusively business point of view, and would, of course, naturally oppose her engagement to a penniless idler like Sheridan. His project of her life

was simply this : money was to be made by her profession as a vocalist, and her singing was to lead the way to a profitable marriage. Indeed, he had already engaged her hand to an honest-hearted elderly gentleman by the name of Long, but she escaped from the engagement just before the period set for the marriage, by secretly representing to him the impossibility of his ever gaining her affections. He magnanimously broke off the alliance, without betraying the reason, and when Mr. Linley threatened a prosecution, generously settled £ 3,000 upon her to satisfy the father's demands. Romance has hardly a nobler instance of disinterestedness, and certainly Miss Linley never possessed, in lover or husband, so true and unselfish a friend.

Then followed her elopement and the scandal about Captain Mathews. This portion of domestic history is still involved in perplexing contradictions. As far as we can glean the facts, they are these. Miss Linley had become disgusted with her profession, partly from the intrigues of Sheridan to push his suit, partly from her being pestered with the dishonorable advances of a married libertine by the name of Mathews. It has been asserted that the latter had touched her heart as well as awakened her fears, and also that Sheridan assisted or prompted his addresses, probably as a refined stratagem to force her into a position which would make his services necessary to her peace and honor. In that tumult of mind springing from the conflict of various fears and passions, she formed the romantic determination, advised or supported by Sheridan, of eloping to France, and entering a convent. He offered to be her protector in the journey, was accepted, and the design was at once carried into effect. On arriving at London, he raised the necessary funds for the expedition from an old brandy merchant, a friend of his father, by representing that he was running away to France with an heiress. At Calais, according to the most trustworthy accounts, he persuaded her that her character was so compromised by her elopement, that its salvation depended on an immediate marriage with him. They were accordingly secretly united, in March, 1772. Mr. Linley overtook them at Calais, but not before the ceremony had been performed, and after some explanation of the affair from Sheridan, in which the private marriage does not appear to have been mentioned, took his daughter back to England. Sheridan

also returned, to brave an exasperated father, and to fight a couple of duels with Captain Mathews, in the last of which he was seriously wounded. But with all his fine-spun intrigues and their unpleasant results, there did not appear to be any hope of his being able to claim his wife. The elder Sheridan and Mr. Linley were both opposed to the union, and both seemingly ignorant that a marriage had occurred. Every precaution was employed to keep the lovers apart. Mr. Thomas Sheridan made his son take an oath never "to marry" Miss Linley. Mr. Linley cautiously watched his daughter. A year's war of cunning and contrivance ensued, in which Sheridan was of course victorious. Among other expedients to see her, he at one time disguised himself as a hackney-coachman, and drove her home from the concert-room. They were finally married, according to the English fashion, in April, 1773, — having fairly outwitted their parents in all their schemes, and at last obtained their consent or connivance to the union. The elder Sheridan, however, discarded his son, and was not reconciled to him for years.

During this excited period of his life, Sheridan did not sacrifice his characteristic indolence and habit of procrastination. A shamefully libellous account of his second duel with Captain Mathews was published in a Bath paper. Indignant at this impudent lie, he resolved to answer it immediately, but first told his friend Woodfall to publish it in his paper, in order that the public might see the charge and the refutation. Woodfall followed his directions, circulated the scandal through his columns, but never could induce Sheridan to write the promised exposure of the calumny. This is in perfect character, — to hazard his life in two duels, and then bear the imputation of cowardice rather than take the trouble of writing a letter!

The circumstances which attended his courtship and marriage gave him great notoriety. His own talents and fascinating manners, together with the musical and personal accomplishments of his wife, naturally brought him into much society. For nearly two years, he subsisted, after his own mysterious fashion, with no known income except the interest on the £ 3,000 settled by Mr. Long on Mrs. Sheridan. Though he was entered as a student in the Temple, neither his intellectual nor social tastes would admit of a serious study of the law. But during this period he wrote the ex-

hilarating comedy of *The Rivals*, which was produced at Covent Garden in January, 1775. It failed on the first night, from the stupidity or indifference of the actor who performed Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Another having been substituted in this part, the play was very successful, and has been popular ever since. It placed Sheridan, at the age of twenty-three, at the head of living dramatists. Nothing so brilliant had been brought out on the English stage since Farquhar; and while its wit and hilarity suggested the old school of comic dramatists, it was open to no objection on the score of decency.

The design of Sheridan in *The Rivals* was not dramatic excellence, but stage effect. In seeing it performed, we overlook, in the glitter and point of the dialogue, the absence of the higher requisites of comedy. The plot is without progress and development. The characters are overcharged into caricatures, and can hardly be said to be conceived, much less sustained. Each has some oddity stuck upon him, which hardly rises to a peculiarity of character, and the keeping of this oddity is carelessly sacrificed at every temptation from a lucky witticism. The comic personages seem engaged in an emulous struggle to outshine each other. What they are is lost sight of in what they say. Sparkling sentences are bountifully lavished upon all. Fag and David are nearly as sparkling as their masters. The scene in the fourth act, where Acres communicates to David his challenge to Beverley, is little more than a brilliant string of epigrams and repartees, in which the country clown plays the dazzling fence of his wit with all the skill of Sheridan himself. When Acres says that no gentleman will lose his honor, David is ready with the brisk retort, that it then "would be but civil in honor never to risk the loss of a gentleman." Acres swears, "odds crowns and laurels," that he will not disgrace his ancestors by refusing to fight. David assures him, in an acute *non sequitur*, that the surest way of not disgracing his ancestors is to keep as long as he can out of their company. "Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste — with an ounce of lead in your brains — I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are a very good sort of folks, but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with." No dramatist whose conception of character was strong would fall into such shining inconsistencies.

The truth is, in this, as in Sheridan's other comedies, we tacitly overlook the keeping of character in the blaze of the wit. Every body laughs at Mrs. Malaprop's mistakes in the use of words, as he would laugh at similar mistakes in an acquaintance, who was exercising his ingenuity instead of exposing his ignorance. They are too felicitously infelicitous to be natural. Her remark to Lydia, that she is "as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile," — her scorn of "algebra, simony, fluxions, paradoxes, and such inflammatory branches of learning," — her quotation from Hamlet, in which the royal Dane is gifted with the "front of Job himself," — her fear of going into "hydrostatic fits," — her pride in the use of "her oracular tongue and a nice derangement of epitaphs," — are characteristics, not of a mind flipperantly stupid, but curiously acute. In the scene where Lydia Languish tells her maid to conceal her novels at the approach of company, the sentimentalist is lost in the witty rake; "Lord Ainsworth" being ordered to be thrust under the sofa, and "The Innocent Adultery" to be put into "The Whole Duty of Man."

Sir Anthony Absolute is the best character of the piece, and is made up of the elder Sheridan and Smollet's Matthew Bramble. Doubtless Sheridan had many a conversation with his father, of which the first scene between Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute is but a ludicrously heightened description. The scenes, also, where the doctrine and discipline of duelling are discussed, and in which Acres and Sir Lucius shine with so much splendor, the author may have obtained in the course of his difficulties with Captain Mathews. Falkland is a satire on a state of mind which Sheridan himself experienced during his courtship of Miss Linley. The fine talk of Falkland and Julia is as unintentionally ludicrous as any comic portion of the play. We can easily imagine how the author himself might have made Puff ridicule it. Indeed, Sheridan's attempts at serious imagery rarely reached beyond capitalizing the names of abstract qualities, or running out commonplace similes into flimsy and feeble allegories. His sentiment, also, is never fresh, generous, and natural, but almost always as tasteless in expression as hollow in meaning. The merit of *The Rivals* is in its fun and farce; and the serious portions, lugged in to make it appear more like a regular comedy, are worse than the attempts of Holcroft, Morton, and Reynolds in the same style.

The farce of *St. Patrick's Day*, which Sheridan brought out a few months after *The Rivals*, though written in evident haste, bears, in a few passages, marks of that elaborate and fanciful wit in which the chief strength of his mind consisted. In the second scene of the first act, the dialogue between Lauretta and her mother, on the relative merits of militia and regular officers, is keen and sparkling. "Give me," says Lauretta, "the bold, upright youth, who makes love to-day, and has his head shot off to-morrow. Dear ! to think how the sweet fellows sleep on the ground and fight in silk stockings and lace ruffles." To this animated burst of girlish admiration, Mrs. Bridget contemptuously replies : — "To want a husband that may wed you to-day and be sent the Lord knows where before night ; then in a twelve-month, perhaps, to come home like a Colossus, with one leg at New York and the other at Chelsea Hospital !" This is one of the most startlingly ludicrous fancies in Sheridan's works.

The success of *The Rivals* seems to have inspired Sheridan with industry as well as ambition, for during the summer of this year he wrote the delightful opera of *The Duenna*. It was produced at Covent Garden in November, 1775, and had the unprecented run of seventy-five nights, exceeding even the success of *The Beggar's Opera* by twelve nights.

The diction of *The Duenna*, and the management of its character and incident, evince a marked improvement upon *The Rivals*. The wit, though not so intellectual as that of *The School for Scandal*, is so happily combined with heedless animal spirits, as often to produce the effect of humor. It glitters and plays like heat-lightning through the whole dialogue. Epigram, repartee, and jest sparkle on the lips of every character. The power of permeating every thing with wit and glee — love, rage, cunning, avarice, religion — is displayed to perfection. It touches lightly, but keenly, on that point in every subject which admits of ludicrous treatment, and overlooks or blinks the rest. The best of the songs are but epigrams of sentiment. There is a spirit of joyous mischievousness and intrigue pervading the piece, which gives a delicious excitement to the brain. Little Isaac, the cunning, overreaching, and overreached Jew, is the very embodiment of gleeful craft, — "roguish,

perhaps, but keen, devilish keen." The scene in which he woos the Duenna, and that which succeeds with Don Jerome, are among the most exquisite in the play. The sentiment of the piece is all subordinated to its fun and mischief. The scene in the Priory with the jolly monks is the very theology of mirth. Father Augustine tells his brothers of some sinner who has left them a hundred ducats to be remembered in their masses. Father Paul orders the money to be paid to the wine-merchant, and adds, "We will remember him in our cups, which will do just as well." When asked if they have finished their devotions, their reply is, "Not by a bottle each."

The wit of *The Duenna* is so diffused through the dialogue as not readily to admit of quotation. It sparkles over the piece like sunshine on the ripples of running water. There are, however, a few sentences which stand apart in isolated brilliancy, displaying that curious interpenetration of fancy and wit, in which Sheridan afterwards excelled. Such is Isaac's description of the proud beauty, — "the very rustling of her silk has a disdainful sound"; and his answer to Don Ferdinand's furious demand to know whither the absconding lovers have gone : — "I will, I will ! but people's memories differ ; some have a treacherous memory : now mine is a cowardly memory, — it takes to its heels at the sight of a drawn sword, it does i' faith ; and I could as soon fight as recollect." In the same vein is Don Jerome's observation on the face of the Duenna : — "I thought that dragon's front of thine would cry aloof to the sons of gallantry ; steel-traps and spring-guns seemed writ in every wrinkle of it." The description of the same old lady's face, as "parchment on which Time and Deformity have engrossed their titles," was omitted in the published copy ; though brilliant, he could afford to lose it. The Duenna's delineation of little Isaac, after that deluded Jew has called her as "old as his mother and as ugly as the Devil," reaches the topmost height of contemptuous hyperbole. "Dare such a thing as you," she exclaims, "pretend to talk of beauty ? a walking rondeau ! — a body that seems to owe all its consequence to the dropsy ! — a pair of eyes like two dead beetles in a wad of brown dough ! — a beard like an artichoke, with dry, shrivelled jaws which would disgrace the mummy of a monkey !" But perhaps the most purely

intellectual stroke of pleasantry is the allusion to Isaac, — who has forsworn the Jewish faith, and “has not had time to get a new one,” — as standing “like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament.”

Mr. Moore has given a few sentences from the manuscript of *The Duenna* which do not appear in the printed copy. Among these is the following fine soliloquy of Lopez, the servant of Don Ferdinand : —

“A plague on these haughty damsels, say I : — when they play their airs on their whining gallants, they ought to consider that we are the chief sufferers, — we have all their ill-humors at second-hand. Donna Louisa’s cruelty to my master usually converts itself into blows by the time it gets to me ; she can frown me black and blue at any time, and I shall carry the marks of the last box on the ear she gave him to my grave. Nay, if she smiles on any one else, I am the sufferer for it ; if she says a civil word to a rival, I am a rogue and a scoundrel ; and if she sends him a letter, my back is sure to pay the postage.”

Sheridan’s brilliant success as a dramatist led to his investments in theatrical property, — a fertile source of pecuniary difficulties to him in after years. In June, 1776, he purchased a portion of Garrick’s share in the patent of Drury Lane Theatre. For this property he paid £10,000. How he obtained the money has never been ascertained. Hunt conjectures that it was borrowed from some wealthy nobleman. But the mysterious principles of Sheridan’s science of finance, or *finesse*, have never been laid open. He afterwards, in 1778, bought Mr. Lacy’s moiety for £45,000, and thus having the control of the theatre, he made his father the manager, — a reconciliation having taken place a short time before. In raising all this money Sheridan must have displayed a power of persuasion and management which would have done honor to a Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is doubtful if even Mr. Pitt, who performed miracles in the way of loans, ever equalled it.

The first fruit of Sheridan’s new interest in the drama was *A Trip to Scarborough*, altered, with but few additions, from Sir John Vanbrugh’s *Relapse*. This was really a service to the cause both of comedy and decency, for the original play, though one of the most richly humorous in the language, and in Lord Foppington, Sir Tunbelly Clumsey,

and Miss Hoyden, containing characters which could not well be lost to the stage, was still conceived in so libertine a spirit, and deformed with so audacious a coarseness of expression, that it must soon have passed from the list of acting plays. This comedy shows us at once the superiority of Vanbrugh to Sheridan in humor and dramatic portraiture, and his inferiority in wit and polish. Sheridan could not have delineated with such consistency of purpose that prince of coxcombs, Lord Foppington. As an illustration of the difference between the manner of the two dramatists, we extract a portion of the dialogue between Young Fashion and his brother, on the return of the former to his native country, a penniless adventurer : —

“*Fashion.* Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour’s audience with you.

“*Lord Fop.* Faith, Tam, I must beg you ’ll excuse me at this time, for I have an engagement which I would not break for the salvation of mankind.

“*Fash.* Shall you be back to dinner?

“*Lord Fop.* As God shall judge me, I can’t tell; for it is possible I may dine with some friends at Donner’s.

“*Fash.* Shall I meet you there? For I must needs talk with you.

“*Lord Fop.* That I ’m afraid may n’t be quite so proper; for those I commonly eat with are a people of nice conversation; and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large. But there are other ordinaries in town, very good beef ordinaries, — I suppose, Tam, you can eat beef? — However, dear Tam, I ’m glad to see thee in England, stap my vitals!”

This is the perfection of coxcombical heartlessness and egotism, — the sublime of ideal frippery. It is easy to distinguish here between the hearty exaggeration of humor and the hard caricature of wit.

Sheridan reached the height of his dramatic fame in May, 1777, by the production of *The School for Scandal*, a comedy which still occupies the first place on the stage, and which will ever be read with delight for the splendor, condensation, and fertility of its wit, the felicitous contrivance of some scenes and situations, the general brilliancy of its matter, and the tingling truth of its satirical strokes. As a representation of men as they appear, and manners as they are, it has the highest merit. The hypocrisies of life were

never more skilfully probed, or its follies exposed to an ordeal of more polished scorn. It was triumphantly successful from the first, and during its long run exceeded most other attractions of town life. Probably no comedy ever cost its author more toil, or was the slow result of more experiments in diction and scenic effect. It was commenced before *The Rivals*. With his usual sagacity, Sheridan contrived that it should appear, in a great measure, as the hasty product of an indolent genius, spurred into activity by the pressure of business engagements. Mr. Moore, in his life of the author, has introduced us into the workshop of the literary mechanic, shown us the scattered limbs of the characters, the disjointed sentences of the dialogue, and the little grains of diamond dust as they first sparkled into substantial being. Every portion was elaborated with the nicest care,—not to purchase elegance by dilution, but to fix the volatile essence of thought in the smallest compass of expression, to sharpen the edge of satire to the finest point, to give scorn its keenest sting. Beginning with weakness and verbiage, he did not end until he had reduced his matter to the consistency as well as glitter of the most polished steel.

The last contribution of Sheridan to dramatic literature was the farce of *The Critic*, produced in 1779; we say the last, for his adaptations of *Pizarro* and *The Stranger*, twenty years after, were contributions neither to literature nor the stage. *The Critic* excels every thing of its kind in the English language, for it is to be compared with *Buckingham's Rehearsal* and *Fielding's Midas*, not with *Beaumont's Knight of the Burning Pestle*. The wit always tells and never tires.

Thus, at the age of twenty-eight, Sheridan, the “impenetrable dunce” of his first schoolmaster, had contrived to enrich English letters with a series of plays which are to English prose what Pope's satires are to English verse. We may now pause to consider the nature and extent of his comic powers, and his claim to be ranked among the masters of comic genius.

Sheridan's defects as a dramatist answer to the defects of his mind and character. Acute in observing external appearances, and well informed in what rakes and men of fashion call life, he was essentially superficial in mind and

heart. A man of great wit and fancy, he was singularly deficient in the deeper powers of humor and imagination. All his plays lack organic life. In plot, character, and incident, they are framed by mechanical, not conceived by vital, processes. They evince no genial enjoyment of mirth, no insight into the deeper springs of the ludicrous. The laughter they provoke is the laughter of antipathy, not of sympathy. It is wit detecting external inconsistencies and oddities, not humor representing them in connection with the inward constitution whence they spring. The great triumphs of comic genius have been in comic creations, conceived through the processes of imagination and sympathy, and instinct with the vital life of mirth. Such are the comic characters of Shakspeare, of the elder dramatists generally, of Addison, Goldsmith, Fielding, Sterne, Scott, and Dickens. A writer who grasps character in the concrete gives his creation a living heart and brain. His hold upon the general conception is too firm to allow his fancy to seduce him into inconsistencies for the sake of fine separate thoughts. Every thing that the character says is an expression of what the character is. Such a creation impresses the mind as a whole. Its unity is never lost in the variety of its manifestation. This is evident enough in the case of Falstaff, for the living idea of the man impressed on our imaginations gives more mirthful delight than his numberless witticisms. The witticisms, indeed, owe much of their effect to their intimate relation with the character. But the principle is no less true, though less evident, of Mercutio, Beatrice, and the airier creations of mirth generally. We conceive of them all as living beings, whose wit and humor do not begin with their entrance, or cease with their exit from the scene, but overflow in fun, whether we are by to hear or not. Such creations represent the poetry of mirth, and spring from profound and creative minds.

Now Sheridan's comic personages display none of this life and genial fun. They seem sent upon the stage simply to utter brilliant things, and their wit goes out with their exit. Every thing they say is as good as the original conception of their individuality, and character is therefore lost in the glare of its representation. In truth, Sheridan conceived a character as he conceived a jest. It first flashed upon his mind in an epigrammatic form. In his *Memoranda*, published by

Moore, we find the hints of various dramatic personages embodied in smart sayings. Thus, one is indicated in this significant sentence : — “ I shall order my valet to shoot me the first thing he does in the morning.” Another is sketched as “ an old woman endeavouring to put herself back into a girl ” ; another, as a man “ who changes sides in all arguments the moment you agree with him ” ; and another, as a “ pretty woman studying looks, and endeavouring to recollect an ogle, like Lady —, who has learned to play her eyelids like Venetian blinds.” In all these we perceive the wit laughing at external peculiarities, and subjecting them to the malicious exaggerations of fancy, but not the dramatist searching for internal qualities, and moulding them into new forms of mirthful being. The character is but one of the many pleasantries it is made to speak. In those instances where Sheridan most nearly produces the effects of humor, it is done by the coöperation of brisk animal spirits with fancy, or by adopting and refining upon the delineations of others.

We would not, in these remarks, be considered as underrating Sheridan's real powers. He is undoubtedly to be placed among the wittiest of writers and speakers. His plays, speeches, and the records of his conversation sparkle with wit of almost all kinds, from the most familiar to the most recondite. Though seldom genial, it is never malignant ; and if it rarely reaches far beneath the surfaces of things, it plays over them with wonderful brilliancy. No English comic writer, who was not also a great poet, ever approached him in fineness and remoteness of ludicrous analogy. In delicacy of allusion, in exquisite lightness and certainty of touch, in concise felicity and airiness of expression, his wit is almost unmatched. It has been asserted that he had not a fertile fancy, and that he gained much of his reputation by the care with which he husbanded his stores. He was doubtless often complimented for his readiness when he least deserved it, and was cunning in the concealment of preparation. But we think he was so entirely a wit as to be choice to daintiness in what he employed, and to aim at perfection in its verbal expression. He would not always trust to a mere flow of animal spirits to fashion the light idea of the minute ; for his object was not mere hilarity, but the keen, subtle, piercing strokes of the intellect. We believe he suppressed more sparkling jokes than he ever wrote or

uttered ; that the fertility of his fancy was great, but that its expression was checked by his taste. There are as many stories of his readiness as of his premeditation. His calling Whitbread's image of the phoenix "a poulterer's description of a phoenix," and his objecting to a tax on mile-stones as unconstitutional, because "they were a race who could not meet to remonstrate," are as happy as any of his most elaborated epigrams.

Brilliant as had been the success of Sheridan as a dramatist, he commenced, shortly after the production of *The Critic*, a still more brilliant career as an orator and politician. His powers of conversation and his delight in social pleasures brought him into terms of intimacy with many prominent members of the Whig opposition, who could appreciate both his talents and good-fellowship. Through Lord John Townsend, he became acquainted with Mr. Fox, and they were mutually pleased at their first meeting. Fox declared Sheridan the wittiest man he had ever known. An introduction to Burke soon followed. He soon became one of the most welcome visitors at Devonshire House, "where politics was made to wear its most attractive form, and sat enthroned, like Virtue among the Epicureans, with all the Graces and Pleasures for handmaids." At Brooks's Club-house, where the Whig politicians blended conviviality with business, he soon shone preëminent among the hardest drinkers and wittiest talkers, — the very man to do honor to that

"liberal Brooks, whose speculative skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid."

There his spirits were repressed by no attempt on the part of his associates, noble by birth or genius, to assert the lord or the Right Honorable. The usual style of address was Jack Townsend, Ned Burke, Tom Grenville, Dick Sheridan, and the like. The ease and familiarity of the Whigs in their social intercourse, and those signs of the times which indicated their approaching change from opposition to administration, offered stimulants both to Sheridan's love of pleasure and to his ambition. He joined the party, and, with a few exceptions, was faithful to its creed and leaders through life. His brilliancy and adroitness made him an able coadjutor of Burke and Fox in assailing the corruptions of the court, and defend-

ing the liberties of the people. He was to be a thorn in the side of Toryism.

After performing some minor services to his party, he was sent to the House of Commons as member for the borough of Stafford, in October, 1780. The nation was suffering under the calamities of the American war, and Lord North's administration was assailed with every weapon of argument and invective, by an opposition strong in popular favor and aristocratic connection, but bitterly hated by the king. Sheridan's first speech was a comparative failure. It was on the subject of a petition complaining of the undue election of himself and his colleague. He launched into an indignant vindication of his constituents. When he had concluded, Mr. Rigby, a member of the Tory administration, coolly ridiculed his elaborated rage. Sheridan was not prepared to reply; but Fox came to the rescue of his friend, and informed the right honorable gentleman that "those ministerial members who chiefly robbed and plundered their constituents might afterwards affect to despise them, yet gentlemen who felt properly the nature of their trust would always treat them and speak of them with respect." In an assembly where such language as this was the commonplace of debate, it was evident that a man, to keep his position, must learn to think quick and strike hard; and Sheridan felt that he had much to learn before he could rank high in his new profession. He asked his friend Woodfall to tell him candidly what he thought of his first attempt, and received the discouraging reply, that speaking did not appear to be in his line, and that he had much better have adhered to his former pursuits. "It is in me, however," said Sheridan, after a short pause, "and by —, it shall come out!" From this moment his training as a debater commenced, and he spared no effort to perfect himself in his art.

He had many personal advantages suitable to an orator, — a powerful frame, a face which, though coarse in some of its features, was capable of great variety of expression, a deep, clear voice, and an eye of piercing brilliancy, which never winked. Beneath all his indolence and sensuality, he possessed a desire for distinction, and an ambition for effect, which inspired him with sufficient industry to master the details of particular questions, and prepare sparkling declamation to delight his audience. He had not that depth of feel-

ing and earnestness of purpose by which the great orator identifies himself with his subject ; but he could imitate those qualities admirably. His sly, subtle intellect was always on the watch for occasions for display, and he seized them with exquisite tact. Besides, he had a long training in the House of Commons ; and though as a debater he never reached the first rank, from his lack of perfect readiness and his want of familiarity with principles, he still developed in the end a sturdy political courage, and a command of expedients, which enabled him to meet without flinching the fiercest attacks of the treasury bench, and to bear bravely up even against the arrogant scorn of Pitt.

During the first few years of Sheridan's political life, he produced but a small impression, but he was steadily feeling his way into notoriety. Enjoying the friendship of Fox, Burke, and all the prominent Whigs, he was insensibly educating himself into a politician. On the overthrow of Lord North's administration, and the formation of the Marquis of Rockingham's, in March, 1782, he was appointed one of the under-secretaries of state. This office he occupied but four months. The death of Lord Rockingham split the Whig party into two divisions. One of these, the Rockingham confederacy, led by the Duke of Portland and Mr. Fox, and to which Burke and Sheridan belonged, was the traditional Whig party, the heir of the principles of the Revolution, and was supported by the strength of the old Whig families. It was essentially aristocratic in its constitution, and derived much of its power from the wealth, stability, and Parliamentary influence of the great Whig lords. The other was the remnant of Lord Chatham's party, who had combined with the Rockinghams in the opposition to Lord North, and, on the overthrow of the latter, had received a share of the spoils. It was led by Lord Shelburne, father to the present Marquis of Lansdowne, and was more popular in its character than the other division of the Whigs. George the Third, who bitterly hated the Whig oligarchy, seized the opportunity presented by the death of the Marquis of Rockingham of dealing it a heavy blow. He appointed Lord Shelburne, instead of the Duke of Portland, prime minister. Shelburne, without consulting his colleagues, accepted. Fox, Burke, and the other "old Whigs," immediately resigned, and went into opposition.

There were thus three parties in the House of Commons, the Tory adherents of Lord North making the third. To carry on the government, it was necessary for two of these to unite. After some negotiations between the two divisions of the Whigs, which resulted in nothing, Fox formed a coalition with Lord North, and, after a short, sharp struggle, came into power. This was the most imprudent thing, judged by its effects, ever done by the Whig party ; for by the great body of the nation it was considered a scandalous contempt of public principle, and it fixed an odium on Fox and Burke from which they never wholly recovered. Sheridan, who, from his lack of strong passions and high purposes, often excelled his greater contemporaries in his judgment of the temper of the people, strenuously opposed the coalition. He could not appreciate the objects of Fox and Burke, but he was shrewd enough to discover the inefficiency of their means.

In the new ministry Sheridan was made secretary of the treasury, and gained thereby some knowledge of arithmetic, which he often paraded afterwards in discussing the financial measures of Mr. Pitt. The Coalition ministry did not long exist ; it was detested both by the king and people. The most ridiculous and atrocious falsehoods were manufactured with regard to the objects of its leaders. Its fate was sealed when Mr. Fox's East India Bill was introduced. This great measure passed the House of Commons by a large majority, but it was defeated by intrigue and treachery when it came to the House of Lords. On the failure of the bill, Fox and his colleagues were instantly dismissed by the king, although they still possessed a majority of votes in the lower house. William Pitt, then just entering upon his political career, was made prime minister, — fought for three months, against a majority of the House of Commons, one of the greatest Parliamentary battles on record, — and on the dissolution of Parliament, and the election of a new House of Commons, found himself firmly seated in power. The Whigs went into long and hopeless opposition.

This was one of the most exciting periods in English political history, but its consideration belongs rather to the biography of Burke and Fox than of Sheridan. One of his most felicitous retorts, however, occurred in an early scene of this hurried drama. While Pitt was serving under Lord

Shelburne, Sheridan fired some epigrams into the ministry, which would have shone bright among his happiest dramatic sallies. Pitt, in that vein of arrogant sarcasm for which he was afterwards so much distinguished, informed him, that if such dramatic turns and epigrammatic points were reserved for their proper stage, they would doubtless receive the plaudits of the audience ; but the House of Commons was not the proper scene for them. Sheridan, who was morbidly sensitive to any allusions which connected him with the stage, determined to silence such insinuations for ever. He felt, he said, flattered and encouraged by the right honorable gentleman's panegyric on his talents, and if he ever engaged again in the compositions to which he alluded, he might be tempted to an act of presumption, — to attempt an improvement on one of Ben Jonson's best characters, — the character of the *Angry Boy* in the *Alchemist*. Nothing could have been better and bitterer than this retort ; and it pleased Sheridan so much, that he made a cast of the whole play, assigning each of the prominent opponents of his party a character in harmony with the Whig doctrine regarding his disposition. Lord Shelburne was Subtle ; Lord Thurlow, Face ; Mr. Dundas, Doll Common ; Mr. Rigby, Sir Epicure Mammon ; General Conway, Dame Pliant ; and His Majesty himself was honored with the part of Surly.

In an extravagantly burlesque sketch of Sheridan, written by his friend Tickell in a copy of *The Rivals*, there is a fine, ludicrous account of the popular clamor against the leaders of the Coalition ministry, the humor of which will be appreciated by all who know the political history of the time, and the means used to prejudice both king and people against the connection. It contains also a pertinent allusion to Sheridan's devotion to the bottle, and, through the exaggeration of caricature, enables us to judge of his habits and character at this period.

"He [Sheridan] was a member of the last Parliaments that were summoned in England, and signalized himself on many occasions by his wit and eloquence, though he seldom came to the House till the debate was nearly concluded, and never spoke unless he was drunk. He lived on a footing of great intimacy with the famous Fox, who is said to have concerted with him the audacious attempt which he made, about the year 1783, to seize the whole property of the East India Company, amounting at

that time to about £ 12,000,000 sterling, and then to declare himself Lord Protector of the Realm by the title of Carlo Khan. This desperate scheme actually received the consent of the lower house of Parliament, the majority of whom were bribed by Fox, or intimidated by his and Sheridan's threats and violence ; and it is generally believed that the Revolution would have taken place, if the lords of the king's bedchamber had not in a body surrounded the throne, and shown the most determined resolution not to abandon their posts but with their lives. The usurpation being defeated, Parliament was dissolved, and loaded with infamy. Sheridan was one of the few members of it who were reëlected ; — the burgesses of Stafford, whom he had kept in a constant state of intoxication for three weeks, chose him again to represent them, which he was well qualified to do."

The fact of his reëlection, mentioned in the last sentence of this fine caricature, is the more to be noted, as a hundred and sixty members of the old Parliament, favorable to Fox and North, were defeated. These called themselves, with much truth as well as pleasantry, "Fox's Martyrs."

In following Mr. Fox into opposition, Sheridan soon became one of his most efficient supporters. Mr. Pitt's administration found in him a powerful opponent, and he was especially felicitous in ridiculing the pretensions of the Tories, and galling them with pointed declamation. Incapable of projecting leading measures, and deficient in those higher qualities of mind which made Burke and Fox great statesmen, he was the most effective of partisans. When pressed to speak on topics which required extensive knowledge, or an appeal to authorities, he would say humorously to his political friends, "You know I'm an ignoramus, but here I am ; instruct me, and I will do my best." As a man of wit, of wit not only as a power of mind, but as a quality of character, he detected weak points in argument, or follies in declamation, with an instinctive insight. In the habit of recording in a memorandum-book his most ingenious thoughts as they occurred to him, he had ever at hand some felicities to weave into every speech. A few of his brilliant ideas absolutely haunted him, and he took especial pleasure in varying their application, and making them tell on different occasions. One of these is well known. In his private memoranda he speaks of one "who employs his fancy in his narratives, and keeps his recollections for his wit." This idea was afterwards directed against a composer of music turned wine-merchant, — a

man, he said, "who composed his wine and imported his music"; and was finally shot off, in a seemingly careless parenthesis, in a speech in reply to Dundas, — a right honorable gentleman, ("who depends on his imagination for his facts, and his memory for his wit,") &c. Again, he had a great love of a witty metaphor drawn from the terms of military science. It first appears as a kind of satire on his own reputation for extempore jests. "A true-trained wit," he says, "lays his plan like a general, — foresees the circumstances of the conversation, — surveys the ground and contingencies, — and detaches a question to draw you into the palpable ambushcade of his ready-made joke." In another memorandum he sketches a lady who affects poetry. "I made regular approaches to her by sonnets and rebuses, — a rondeau of circumvallation, — her pride sapped by an elegy, and her reserve surprised by an impromptu; proceeding to storm with Pindarics, she, at last, saved the further effusion of ink by a capitulation." Exquisite as this is, it is even exceeded in the shape in which he presented the general idea in the House of Commons. Among the members of the Whig party who had ratted, and gone over to the administration, was the Duke of Richmond, a man who had been foremost in the extreme radical ranks of his former connections. In the session of 1786, the duke brought forward a plan for the fortification of dock-yards. Sheridan subjected his Report to a scorching speech. He complimented the duke for the proofs he had given of his genius as an engineer.

"He had made his Report," said Sheridan, "an argument of posts; and conducted his reasoning upon principles of trigonometry as well as logic. There were certain detached data, like advanced works, to keep the enemy at a distance from the main object in debate. Strong provisions covered the flanks of his assertions. His very queries were in casements. No impression, therefore, was to be made on this fortress of sophistry by desultory observations; and it was necessary to sit down before it, and assail it by regular approaches. It was fortunate, however, to observe, that notwithstanding all the skill employed by the noble and literary engineer, his mode of defence on paper was open to the same objections which had been urged against his other fortifications; that if his adversary got possession of one of his posts, it became strength against him, and the means of subduing the whole line of his argument."

From 1780, the period of his entering Parliament, to

1787, Sheridan, though he had spoken often, had made no such exhibition of his powers as to gain the reputation of a great orator. But about this time the genius and moral energy of Burke started a subject, which not only gave full expression to his own great nature, but afforded the orators of his party a rare occasion for the most dazzling displays of eloquence. We refer, of course, to the impeachment of Hastings. In all matters relating to the affairs of India, Burke bore sovereign sway in his party. It was he who projected the unsuccessful India Bill, on which the Coalition ministry was wrecked. Defeat, however, was not likely to damp the energies of a mind like his, when it had once fastened on an object; and he kept alive among his associates the determination to bring the spoilers of India to a public account for their misdeeds, and to hold them up to hatred and execration as worthy successors of Cortés and Pizarro, in plundering and depopulating the empire they had conquered. Burke was the only man in England in whom the prosecution of Indian delinquency and atrocity was a fixed passion as well as a fixed principle. By his ardor and complete comprehension of the subject, he communicated his enthusiasm to his party, — a party which always appeared best when it had public criminals to brand and public corruptions to expose. In bringing forward in the House of Commons the various charges against Hastings, the charge relating to the spoliation of the Begums was allotted to Sheridan. He was probably well supplied by Burke with materials, and he resolutely determined to give the subject that attention which would enable him to make an effective speech. Of all the men engaged in the prosecution, he was perhaps the most superficial in the feeling with which he regarded the crimes against which he was to declaim. His conscience and passions were not deeply stirred against the criminal. Hunt says, in his light way, that the inspiration of Burke in this matter was a jealous hatred of wrong, the love of right that of Fox, “and the opportunity of making a display at somebody’s expense that of Sheridan, without any violent care either for right or wrong.” With regard to the latter, at least, the remark is just. We can conceive of nothing more ludicrous than the idea of Sheridan sitting down with his bottle and documents, and, by dint of hard drinking and cautious reading, concocting ingenious epigrams out of the frauds, and framing

theatrical thunder against the crimes, of the great oppressor of India.

However, the event was such as to reward all his diligence. His speech was made on February 7, 1787, and occupied five hours and a half in the delivery. All parties agreed in its extravagant praise. Fox said, that all he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapor before the sun. Burke and Pitt declared it to be unequalled in ancient or modern eloquence. Logan, who had written a defence of Hastings, went that evening to the House with the strongest prepossession against Sheridan and in favor of Hastings. After the former had been speaking an hour, he observed to a friend, — “All this is declamatory assertion, without proof.” When he left the House, at the end of the speech, he exclaimed, — “Of all monsters of iniquity the most enormous is Warren Hastings.” Windham, who was no friend to Sheridan, said, twenty years afterwards, that, in spite of some faults of taste, it was the greatest speech within the memory of man. The most significant sign of its effect was the adjournment of the House, on the ground that the members were too much excited to render a fair judgment on the case, — a ground that Burke very happily ridiculed. The practice of cheering at the end of a good speech commenced with this splendid effort of Sheridan.

There can be little doubt that this was, on the whole, the greatest production of Sheridan’s mind. There is no report of it deserving the name. Although he had the speech written out, he would never publish it. With his usual sagacity, he judged that the tradition of its effects would give him more fame than the production itself. To account for his success is difficult. A great deal is to be referred to the materials which his subject presented for oratorical display, to his beautiful delivery of particular passages, to the care with which he elaborated the whole, and to the surprise of the House at its superiority over all his previous speeches. He most certainly did not possess that deep feeling of horror and detestation for the crimes of Hastings which animated the breast of Burke. Several years afterwards, when the Prince of Wales introduced him to Hastings, he had the meanness to tell the latter that he had attacked him merely in the way of his vocation as a Whig politician, and trusted

that it would not be considered as a test of his private feelings. Hastings did not condescend to answer him, but turned scornfully away. If the passion was thus in a great measure simulated, it certainly was not expressed, as far as we can judge from passages here and there in the imperfect printed report, in a style very much above verbiage and fustian. The passages which would have best vindicated the eulogies it received were probably the epigrammatic portions; and these must have been of surpassing brilliancy, not only from the ingenuity of Sheridan's mind, but from the startling contrasts with which the subject itself was replete. Thus, the most felicitous passage which can be gleaned from the printed report is that in which reference is made to the sordid spirit of trade which blended with all the operations of the East India Company as a government, and disgraced even their boldest achievements, which showed the meanness of peddlers and the profligacy of pirates.

"Alike," he says, "in the political and military line could be observed auctioneering ambassadors and trading generals; — and thus we saw a revolution brought about by affidavits; an army employed in executing an arrest; a town besieged on a note of hand; a prince dethroned for the balance of an account. Thus it was they exhibited a government which united the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre and the little traffic of a merchant's counting-house, — wielding a truncheon with one hand, and picking a pocket with the other."

On the 3d of June, 1778, Sheridan, having been appointed one of the managers of the impeachment of Hastings, delivered before the Lords in Westminster Hall another oration on the same charge he had so brilliantly urged in the House of Commons. The fashionable excitement caused by this great state trial is said to have reached its height on the occasion of his speech. Fifty guineas were known to have been paid for a ticket. The oration, including the examination of evidence, occupied four days; and although it did not wring the hearts and overpower the understandings of the audience, like the impassioned and comprehensive orations with which Burke opened the impeachment, it still produced the liveliest sensation. Burke, whose whole soul was in the success of the cause, and who was delighted with every thing which helped it forward in popular estimation, was heated with admiration during its delivery. "There," he exclaimed to

Fox, while listening to some passages, "there, that is the true style ; something between poetry and prose, and better than either." Fox replied, that he thought the mixture was likely to produce poetic prose, or, what was worse, prosaic poetry.

On the fourth day, Sheridan strained his powers to the utmost, to charm and dazzle his auditory. In referring to one crime of Hastings, he made an allusion to the great historian of the age. Gibbon was present, and in his *Memoirs* has recorded the pleasure he experienced in receiving such a compliment before all that was great and noble in the nation. "Not in the annals of Tacitus," said Sheridan, "not on the *luminous* page of Gibbon, could be found described such a monstrous act of cruelty and treachery." At the conclusion of the speech, he sunk back in the arms of Burke, as if overcome with fatigue and emotion. One of his prosaic Whig friends came up to him, and said, — "Why, Sherry, did you compliment that Tory, Gibbon, with the epithet *luminous*?" "I said *vo-luminous*," answered Sheridan, in a hoarse whisper.

It is commonly believed that the speech in Westminster Hall was substantially the same as that delivered in the House of Commons, although, in its diffusion through two days, Fox and many others considered it inferior to his first effort. Burke, however, in his celebrated eulogy on the oration, said, that from poetry up to eloquence, there was not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not be culled from it. Now there is extant a *verbatim* report of the speech ; and Mr. Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, has quoted all those passages which even the partiality of a biographer could pronounce excellent. It is scarcely necessary to say, that there is hardly a page in Burke's own works which is not worth the whole of Sheridan's fine writing, as far as eloquence can be estimated from the written composition. Burke's extravagant praise is to be referred partly to the magnanimity of a rival orator, emulous to outdo all others in hearty recognition of another's merits, and partly to his intense enthusiasm for every effective speech delivered on his side of the subject. In him, the success of the impeachment swallowed up every desire for personal notoriety or fame in its prosecution, and he naturally exaggerated the merit of all arguments and eloquence

which illustrated or enforced his own views. Sheridan cared little for the impeachment, but cared much for the reputation of a brilliant speech. Posterity has dealt fairly with both. Burke has succeeded in fixing an ineradicable brand of guilt on the brow of an able and unprincipled public criminal, whose great capacity and great services seemed to overawe the world's moral judgment, and has consigned him to an immortality of infamy in orations as imperishable as literature. Sheridan has succeeded in gaining the reputation of an infinitely clever and dexterous speaker, the records of whose speeches are read only in a vain attempt to discover by what jugglery of action such ingenious combinations of words ever imposed upon an audience as the genuine language either of reason, imagination, or passion.

As an orator, Sheridan belongs to a peculiar class. He was certainly the most artificial of speakers, when his ambition led him to imitate Fox in impassioned declamation, or Burke in luminous disquisition and imaginative expression. Moore, in a strain of exquisite flattery, celebrates him as one

“ Whose eloquence, brightening whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave.”

Nothing, as Moore well knew, was more incorrect than the impression of spontaneousness which this eulogy conveys. The private memoranda of Sheridan's speeches show the exact place where the “ Good God, Mr. Speaker,” is to be introduced ; and exhibit painfully elaborated “ bursts ” of passion, into which it was his intention to be “ hurried.” With regard to imagery, those figures which start up in the mind of the true orator in the excitement of the moment, instinct with the life of the occasion, were in Sheridan's case carefully fashioned out beforehand and bedizened with verbal frippery, cold and lifeless in themselves, but made to tell upon the audience by grace and energy of manner. It has been repeatedly noticed, that in the notes of Burke's speeches nothing is observable but the outline of the argument and the heads of the information ; in the notes of Sheridan's, little is seen but images, epigrams, and exclamations.

Sheridan has been often classed with Irish orators, that

is, with orators having more feeling and imagination than taste. Irish oratory, it is very certain, is not confined to Hibernians, neither does it comprehend all Irish speakers. Its leading characteristic is sensibility. But this sensibility is good or bad, according to the mental powers by which it is accompanied. In Burke, it appeared in connection with an understanding and an imagination greater than any other orator ever possessed, and second, if second at all, only to Bacon among statesmen. In Grattan, it took the form of fiery patriotism, stimulating every faculty of his intellect, and condensing the expression of thought and fancy by pervading both with earnest passion. In Curran, it quickened into almost morbid action one of the readiest and most fertile, though not comprehensive, minds ever placed in a human brain. In Shiel, it is seen in the rapidity, intensity, and intellectual fierceness given to the expression of blended argument and fancy. In all of these, sensibility is more or less earnest and genuine, penetrating thought with fire, and thus giving force to the will as well as persuasion to the understanding. In another class of Irish orators, of which Phillips was once considered the representative, this sensibility is little more than the boiling over of warm blood, without corresponding power of thought or imagination; and it runs into all excesses of verbose declamation and galvanized commonplace. Execrable as it is, however, and doomed to instant damnation in a tempest of hisses as soon as it is printed, it is still not without effect upon uncultivated or excited audiences. This style of oratory is sometimes called imaginative, although its leading absurdities are directly traceable to a want of imagination. It is no more imaginative than Swift's mock reasoning to prove that Partridge was dead is argumentative.

Now to neither of these classes of Irish orators does Sheridan belong; for genuine sensibility, either in the expression of reason or nonsense, does not enter into the composition of his speeches. He feels neither like Burke nor like Phillips. In serious declamation, he simply attempts an imitation of intense and elevated feeling; and his passion, as artificial and as much made up as the thunder of Drury Lane, finds suitable expression in a diction curiously turgid, in meretricious ornaments, and in a style of imagery plastered upon the argument, instead of growing out of it. If, as a

speaker, he had used this florid style without stint, he must have failed. We believe that it did not please his contemporaries much more than it does posterity, and that it was generally held by them to bear about the same relation to the peculiar merits of his speeches which the fine talk of Falkland and Julia bears to the fun of Acres and the wit of Captain Absolute. What placed him by the side of Burke, Fox, and Windham, as an orator, was not his earnestness of feeling, but his equalling them in the felicity with which they exposed crime, corruption, sophistry, and hypocrisy to ridicule and contempt. His most successful imitations of Burke consist in the employment of verbal paradoxes and ironical fancies, in which the opinions and statements of an opponent are exaggerated into a kind of gigantic caricature and then scornfully eulogized. Pretence of all kinds soon collapses, when subjected to this ordeal of wasting ridicule. The bubble bursts at once, and "is resolved into its elemental suds." As far as we can judge of Sheridan's great speech on the Begums, his most effective weapon of attack was a sarcastic mockery of Hastings's assignment of patriotic motives for his crimes, an epigrammatic expression of hatred and scorn for oppression and rapine, and a singular felicity in dragging down the governor of a vast empire to the level of the common herd of profligates and criminals, by connecting his greatest acts with the same motives which influence the pickpocket and the cutthroat. By bringing the large conceptions and beneficent aims which should characterize a ruler of nations into startling contrast with the small personal objects which animate the heroes of Hounslow heath, he had an opportunity to play the dazzling fence of his wit with the most brilliant effect. Many of his most swollen comparisons and strained metaphors are redeemed from absolute contempt only by the presence of this mocking spirit. That his great strength consisted in this power of viewing every thing under its ludicrous relations is seen in the rapidity with which he ever extricated himself from the consequences of failure in his florid flights. Mr. Law, the counsel for Hastings, very successfully ridiculed one of the hectic metaphors of his speech. "It was the first time in his life," replied Sheridan, "he had ever heard of special pleading on a metaphor, or a bill of indictment against a trope. But such was the turn of the

learned counsel's mind, that when he attempted to be humorous, no jest could be found, and when serious, no fact was visible." This retort is worth a thousand such tropes as occasioned it.

Up to the impeachment of Hastings, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan were closely united ; but the illness of the king, which soon followed, brought a question before Parliament, which, while it seemed to promise the accession of the Whigs to power, resulted only in sowing the seeds of distrust among their leaders. George the Third became insane, and it devolved upon the legislature to appoint or recognize a regent. The Prince of Wales, a selfish debauchee and spendthrift, was the person that would naturally be appointed ; and the Prince, hating his father and hated by him, was a Whig. Mr. Pitt and the Tories were determined to restrict his prerogative ; the Whigs struggled to have him endowed with the full powers of majesty. A fierce war of words and principles was the consequence, in which Fox and Burke gave way to unwonted gusts of passion, and Burke, especially, indulged in some unwise allusions to the king's situation. Sheridan, who for a long time had been the companion of the Prince in his pleasures, and in some degree his agent in the House of Commons, was suspected by his friends of intriguing for a higher office than his station in the party would warrant. The king's recovery put an end to the debates, and to the hopes of each. A portion of the disappointment which Burke and Fox experienced was transmuted into dislike of each other, each feeling that the violence of the discussion had injured the party, and each placing the blame upon the other. Both were suspicious of Sheridan, also, and doubted his honorable dealing in the matter.

This slight feud would probably have been soon healed, if the breaking out of the French Revolution had not given an immediate occasion for all the discontent in the party to explode. Burke, from the first, looked upon that portentous event with distrust ; Fox and Sheridan hailed it as an omen of good. The debate on the Army Estimates, in 1790, was the first public sign of the schism between the leaders of the Whigs. Sheridan, who seems to have foreseen that Fox and Burke must eventually dissolve their connection, took this opportunity, in an animated but indiscreet speech against Burke's views, to hasten the separation ; but he only suc-

ceeded in bringing Burke's wrath down upon his own head, and a public disavowal of their friendship. The progress of the Revolution, however, soon brought on the final division of the Whig party, upon which a majority of its most influential members went over with Burke to the support of the ministry. Fox and Sheridan, not on the most cordial terms themselves, were left to battle, in the House of Commons, both against their old enemies and a powerful body of their old friends.

There is no portion of Sheridan's political life which is more honorable than his services to freedom during the stormy period between 1793 and 1801. It was a time of extreme opinions. The French Revolution had unsettled the largest intellects of the age, and seditious and despotic principles clashed violently against each other. The Tories, to preserve order, seemed bent on destroying freedom; and the radicals, enraged at the attacks on freedom, or deluded by the abstract commonplaces of the French school, overlooked order in their struggle against oppression. Fox, Sheridan, Grey, Tierney, Erskine, were the nucleus of a legal opposition to the ministry, and, at the head of a small minority of Whigs, defended the free principles of the constitution against the court, the administration, and popular clamor. Sheridan adhered generally to his party, though he contrived to escape some of their glorious unpopularity by giving a hearty support to the government on a few trying occasions. His various speeches during this period display his usual brilliancy, with passages here and there of powerful declamation. It is needless to say that his dissipation and debts were on the increase. His patriotism was not allowed to dull the edge of his sensuality. In his habits of mystification, too, in the preparation of his speeches, he displayed his customary cunning. In 1794, when called upon, as one of the prosecutors of Hastings, to reply to Mr. Law, he spent two or three days in such close application to reading and writing, as to complain to a friend of having moles in his eyes. When he entered Westminster Hall, he was asked by one of his brother-managers for his bag and papers. He answered, that he had none, and must get through with his speech as he best might; — "he would abuse Ned Law, ridicule Plumer's long orations, make the court laugh, please the women, and, in short, go triumphantly through his task." Much to the surprise of the managers, he succeeded admirably.

In 1792, Mrs. Sheridan died. She was a woman of fine mind, warm heart, and uncommon beauty, entering with zeal into her husband's interests, and making his home as happy as the home of a libertine could be, who was gifted with good-nature rather than principle, with affectionate sensations rather than a heart. In 1795, Sheridan married again. The lady was Miss Ogle, daughter of the Dean of Winchester, and represented as young, accomplished, and thoroughly in love. Sheridan's powers of fascination neither dissipation nor the reputation of a *roué* could weigh down.

During this stormiest period of English politics, Sheridan preserved the same virtue in his speeches and the same self-indulgence in his conduct which characterized his whole life. When Pitt resigned, and the Addington ministry was formed, in 1801, he, following the example of a few other Whigs, gave that feeble government, with its toothless Toryism, a kind of support. But the inflated incapacity of that administration could not fail to draw laughter from him, the prince of laughers. Addington was nicknamed "The Doctor." When one of his measures was suddenly opposed by the Scotch members, usually loyal to ministers, Sheridan set the House of Commons in a roar by addressing the premier, from Macbeth, — "Doctor, the thanes fly from thee!" On the return of Pitt to power, Sheridan went again into opposition. Of all his later speeches, his most celebrated is one which he made in 1805, on his motion for repealing the Defence Act. It was written during the debate, at a coffee-house near Westminster Hall, and was full of the fiercest attacks upon the premier. Pitt, commonly so insensible, is said to have writhed under its declamatory sarcasm; and many who were present thought they discerned at times in his countenance an intention to fix a personal quarrel upon his flashing adversary. After the death of Pitt, in 1806, and the formation of the Fox and Grenville ministry, Sheridan was appointed Treasurer of the Navy, an office which he deemed altogether below his deserts, and which indicated that his position in the party had not advanced since 1789. The administration was dissolved shortly after the death of Fox, owing to the determination of Lord Grenville to push the Catholic claims. Sheridan, though an Irishman himself, and with every feeling of nationality arrayed on the side of Catholic emancipation, was still vexed at the ministry for committing itself to the measure,

from his selfish fear of losing office. He knew the king would not consent to it, and he had not the high Roman feeling of Lord Grenville, who was indisposed to shape his course according to the path marked by the bigotry of the monarch. "He had heard," Sheridan said, "of people knocking out their brains against a wall; but never before knew of any one building a wall expressly for the purpose."

After his loss of office, Sheridan's efforts in Parliament were not frequent. He became engaged in various intrigues regarding the formation of new administrations, in which he lost the confidence of his political friends. His intimacy with the Prince of Wales, and his declining health and reputation, seem equally to have hurried him into dishonorable tricks and insincerities. At last, in 1812, rendered desperate by the loss of his theatrical property, embarrassed in purse and almost bankrupt in character, he closed a brilliant political life by an act of treachery which will ever stain his name. On the death of Mr. Perceval, great difficulty was experienced in forming an administration. There was a probability of the Whigs again coming into power; overtures were made to Lords Grey and Grenville to form a ministry. They would not accept, unless the household were dismissed. Lord Yarmouth, one of this number, requested Sheridan to convey to the two Whig lords their intention to resign, rather than be an obstacle to the formation of a ministry. Had Sheridan done this, the political history of England might have been essentially different, and measures of reform might have dated from 1812, instead of 1832. But he betrayed his trust, partly because he was aware that the Prince Regent did not really desire the accession of the Whigs, and partly because he disliked the inflexible character of the lords who would have been at the head of affairs. He not only did not communicate the offer of Lord Yarmouth, but, when a rumor of it had transpired, offered to bet five hundred guineas that it was not in contemplation. His treachery was discovered too late to be repaired. Lord Liverpool, "common-place and loving place," obtained the premiership, and held it during fifteen years of Tory rule.

Closely following this shipwreck of character, Sheridan lost his seat in Parliament. This was almost equivalent to a loss of his personal liberty, for he was no longer safe from arrest. From this time to his death, he gathered in the harvest of

long years of indolence, extravagance, and vice. Disease was secretly wearing away his originally powerful constitution. His face, once so full of intelligence and beauty, had become deformed and bloated with intemperance. His old friends looked coldly upon him. Brilliant powers of conversation and fascinating address no longer characterized the faded wit and shattered debauchee. The Prince Regent, for whom he had so often sacrificed his interest and honor, left him "naked to his enemies." All the mortifications which could result from wounded pride and vanity, and the sense of decaying intellect, thickened upon him. His ruin was swift and sure. His creditors seized upon every thing which the pawnbroker had not already taken. Even Reynolds's portrait of his first wife as Saint Cecilia passed from his possession. In the spring of 1815, he was arrested and carried to a sponging-house, where he was retained two or three days. His life sufficiently shows that his sense of shame was not quick, but he was deeply humiliated at this arrest, feeling it as "a profanation of his person."

And now came the misery of his last scene. He appeared to feel that his life was drawing to a close. To some sharp remonstrances from his wife on his continued irregularities, he replied in an affecting letter. "Never again," he wrote, "let one harsh word pass between us during the period, which may not perhaps be long, that we are in this world together, and life, however clouded to me, is spared to us." His last illness soon followed. Even his dying bed was not free from the incursions of writs and sheriffs. He was arrested, and would have been taken away in his blankets, had not his physician threatened the officer with the consequences of committing murder. At last, on the seventh of July, 1816, in his sixty-fifth year, he died.

Then came the mockery of a splendid burial. Dukes, royal and noble, bishops, marquesses, earls, viscounts, right honorables, emulously swelled the train of his funeral. "France," said a French journalist at the time, "is the place for an author to live in, and England the place for him to die in." In the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, the only spot remaining unoccupied was reserved for the body of him whose death-bed was not safe from the sheriff's writ. Tom Moore, in a fine strain of poetical indignation, published just after Sheridan's death, thus cuttingly refers to the noble lords who "honored" the funeral: —

“ How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow !
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow ! ”

The task of lightening the misery of Sheridan's last hours was left to such commoners as Samuel Rogers, Thomas Moore, and good Doctor Bain.

The moral of Sheridan's life lies on the surface, and we shall not risk any commonplaces of ethical horror in commenting upon its hollowness and its sins. The vices for which he was distinguished are generally reprobated, and their position in the scale of wickedness is sufficiently marked ; but they are not the darkest kind of vices. We are not of that number who select him from his contemporaries, and expend upon his follies and errors the whole strength of their indignation. Allowing him to have been as bad as his nature would allow, we believe he was a much better man than many of his contemporaries who are commonly praised as virtuous. The man who brings misery upon himself and his family by intemperance and sloth is justly condemned, but he is innocent compared with one who, from bigotry or lust of power, would ruin or injure a nation. George the Third is praised as a good king ; but the vices of Sheridan's character were mere peccadilloes compared with the savage vices which raged and ruled in the heart of his Majesty. In a moral estimate which included all grades of sin, Sheridan would compare well even with Lord North, William Pitt, or Spencer Perceval, with all their social and domestic merits. The American war and the war with France originated, or, at least, were continued, in a spirit which approaches nearer to the diabolical than the sensuality of Sheridan ; and we feel little disposed to chime in with that morality which passes over all the rats and liberticides, the servile politicians and selfish statesmen, the bad and bigoted spendthrifts of blood and treasure, during a whole generation, to hurl its heaviest anathemas upon one poor, weak, volatile, brilliant, and hard-pressed *roué*.

But while we thus remember that there are natures which have continued to indulge darker passions than he ever dreamed of, without coming under the ban of either historian or moralist, and while we therefore have little sympathy with one class of Sheridan's judges and critics, we do not join in the absurd sentimentality of another class, who strive hard to

class his case among the infirmities and calamities of genius. The sources of his errors were not those which have sometimes hurried large and unregulated minds into evil, and there is something ridiculous in placing him by the side of the Otways, the Savages, the Chattertons, the Burnses, and the Byrons. With regard to his calamities, there is hardly another instance in literary history of a man who enjoyed so much fame with such moderate powers, and who was enabled to run so undisturbed a career of sensuality from manhood to within three years of his death. What commonly goes under the name of enjoyment of life he had in full measure, not only without the check which comes from means limited by honest scruples, but almost without the remorse with which conscience usually dashes unhallowed pleasure. And with respect to the desertion of which he complained in the last years of his life, it was, as far as regarded his political connections, the result of his political treachery ; and as his personal friendships sprang from the fellowship of vice rather than feeling, he had no right to expect that the rakes and good-fellows, his companions of the bottle and the debauch, would be the bankers of his poverty, or the consolers of his dying hours.

ART. IV. — *Modern Painters*. By a Graduate of Oxford. First American from the third London Edition, revised by the Author. New York : Wiley & Putnam. 1847. 12mo. pp. 422.

THIS is a book written by a well-educated man, a close and intelligent observer of nature, familiar with the best works of art, and himself a practical, though, as we understand him, not a professional, artist ; thus seeming to combine qualifications for writing well on this difficult subject, which are not often found united. That he is not a professional artist does not the less entitle him to our attention ; such persons being very apt to become too much absorbed in the mere difficulties of their pursuit to preserve the breadth of mind necessary to comprehend the whole subject. The best works on art that were ever written are Sir Joshua Reynolds's desultory Notes

and Discourses ; and he was by profession only a portrait-painter. In historical and fancy compositions he was little more than an amateur. He painted them experimentally, and more from the love of it than for gain. His profound knowledge of high art lay in theory and observation ; his practice in it was not enough to narrow his mind down to any particular system or manner. He saw and appreciated what was good in all manners, and excused nothing because it flattered his vanity or his indolence. Though he could not have written as he did if the pencil had not been more familiar to his hand than the pen, neither could he have done so if he had spent in the solitude of his studio, and in the severe practice that Art demands of her followers, the time which he passed in galleries and in the society of the most intellectual men of his day.

It cannot be denied, therefore, that the author before us, if he announces any thing new, however startling, is entitled to a respectful hearing ; and if, upon examination, he appears to have lent his advantages to the support of errors, or to have endeavoured upon no sufficient ground to shake well-established opinions, he ought the more carefully to be corrected.

The book is written with great ability of manner, though in a style somewhat loose and declamatory, and infected with the modern cant which uses new phrases to cover up obscure meaning. It contains many very acute and frequently novel observations upon nature, and much sound discussion of the general principles of art. But the sole purpose of the book, to which all this is sometimes subordinate and sometimes quite irrelevant, seems to be to maintain the strange proposition, that the old landscape-painters of the seventeenth century were very mean and ordinary artists, and that Mr. Turner and certain other modern English painters are immeasurably their superiors, and have indeed carried the art almost to perfection. So fiercely is it devoted to this object, and so extravagantly does it condemn on the one hand and exalt on the other, that it is difficult to believe it to be done in good faith. It would seem, that, if we acquit the author of being, from whatever motives, a mere personal partisan, we must regard him, notwithstanding his evident knowledge of the subject, as wholly deficient in a true feeling for art. It is difficult to come to either of these conclusions. It will be safer and more candid to leave him on the middle ground of prejudice ;

and we think we perceive to what this is to be attributed, as we shall presently have occasion to state. That the attempt is a total failure will be the immediate judgment of all those who have seen and understood the works thus condemned ; and even those who have not, however they may at first be carried away by the confident tone and plausible exaggerations of the author, would find, on a review of the book, that its conclusions rest on no basis but unsupported statements, contradicted by the uniform judgment of all who have seen those works before him. They would find many things palpably inconsistent, many of which it requires no knowledge of art to perceive the absurdity, some things absolutely false in fact, and nothing which can justly lay claim to be considered as any new discovery upon which opinions so old should be overthrown.

But most persons to whom the subject is not already familiar will rest satisfied with the first impression made by such a book. It has already acquired great popularity, having passed through three editions in England, and been reprinted here. We happen to know, too, that it has excited more attention than it deserves among persons interested in the arts. In Europe, where the works of the old masters continually speak for themselves, such a book can do no lasting harm ; but here, where those works are unknown except to those who see them abroad, unfrequently or at long intervals, there is danger that the effect may be more permanent. It leads the public mind in the way in which it is already too apt to go, especially among ourselves. We are not too willing admirers of antiquity in any thing, for long past time seems to us to belong to the nations of the Old World, and the present to be more fitly represented by our own ; the *ignotum pro mag-nifico* is not the error to which we are most prone. In this very matter of the supremacy of the old masters, there has always been a rebellious doubt among those who have never seen their works, and a suspicion that those who have seen them praise them for that reason. It is a very natural doubt ; for, in the first place, nobody has ever yet given any good reason why there should have been so much better artists in those days than in our own ; though we think a careful examination of the difference in the condition of society and the extent of literary education at the first of these two periods and at any subsequent time would furnish an easy and very

interesting answer. In the next place, it is almost impossible to convince one wholly unlearned in the art, that it requires much more than a mere resemblance to nature, of which he will consider himself to be as competent a judge as the most learned. It is this last notion particularly that this book is adapted to flatter. The "truth of nature" is the constantly recurring phrase by which the author estimates the value of art. If he had confined his conclusions within as narrow limits as he has his reasons for them, the question would be comparatively of little importance, because this mere fidelity to the detail which marks individual nature is of far less value than the other requirements of art, and is much less apt to mark the superiority of one school or period over another. But when, because Claude, Gaspar, and Salvator make the trunks of their trees taper when they should not, or more than they should, and because Mr. Turner imitates with marvellous exactness the reflection of a signpost in the water under some extraordinary circumstances, such distinctions are made the basis of the most sweeping denial of all merit on the one side, and of the most extravagant laudation on the other, the true purpose of art is overlooked; which is not simply to put into gilt frames that which can be seen at any time, or even but occasionally, by looking out of doors; but to select the finest realities of nature and combine them into one consistent ideal scene, in which all things and all parts of things shall be omitted that contribute nothing to the general effect of physical beauty and moral sentiment, — such a scene as possibly might, but certainly never did, exist, but of which nature furnishes the inexhaustible materials.

We are aware that the author in his preface denies that he draws such general conclusions against the old masters from this want of the truth of nature; and this denial is not less discreditable to him from its disingenuousness, than is the error for which it attempts an apology.

"Of the old masters I have spoken with far greater freedom; but let it be remembered that only a portion of the work is now presented to the public, and it must not be supposed, because in that particular portion and with reference to particular excellences I have spoken in constant depreciation, that I have no feeling of other excellences of which cognizance can only be taken in future parts of this work. Let me not be understood to mean more than I have said, nor be made responsible for conclusions,

when I have only stated facts. I have said that the old masters did not give the truth of nature ; if the reader chooses thence to infer that they were not masters at all, it is his conclusion, not mine." — *Preface*, p. ix.

Now let us see what he has said of these old masters, and how far he has left a way open for taking cognizance of any of their excellences in a future part of this work ; and whether there is any danger of his being understood to mean more of them than he has said, and whose conclusion it is that they were not masters at all. It is first, however, to be observed, that by the term, old masters, he has explained that he means, not the great historical painters of the first half of the sixteenth century, but that later generation which, beginning with the Carracci, includes all the great French, Italian, Dutch, and Flemish landscape-painters. Now it may be remarked in passing, that although the former class, with one exception, painted no landscapes, and therefore are not included in the author's general condemnation, yet the same faults might be found with their historical works as are here so much insisted on against those of the landscape-painters ; for they frequently, whether from error or design, violated this truth of nature in parts of their pictures ; and if the same judgment were passed on them on the same grounds, Raphael and his contemporaries would fall in the same heap with Claude and Salvator.

We should be inclined to think unfavorably of a person's capacity for judging correctly of works of art, who appeared insensible to the personal qualities of the artist. There is so much of the man in the works of the painter, that we always seem to have known his heart as well as his hand. A critic who could take pleasure in repeating the calumnies that have been made to darken the early death of Raphael can have no feeling for the sublime tenderness of his Madonnas ; and we should, on the other hand, think the better of his taste who was inclined to search narrowly into the defects of works which so evidently display a ferocious temper as those of Caravaggio and Ribera. We confess that we felt a kind of prejudice against this author, when we read his sweeping and bitter denunciation of the gentle Domenichino, who has preserved to the present time that *soubriquet* of endearment which he received from his master when he exhibited his first work ; who, born in the decline of art, rose to an eminence that provoked the fatal hostility of rivals, and drew from the profound Nicolo

Poussin the praise of having produced the second picture in the world ; whose sublime Communion of St. Jerome stands now uneclipsed by the side of the Transfiguration in the Vatican ; and who, with all who have entered deeply into the history of art, stands next to Raphael in their affection for his gentle and yet lofty genius. In an evil hour for his fame, if this author can dispense it, he attempted landscape ; and though Turner and all the water-color men in England might esteem themselves most fortunate when they could equal the dewy freshness of the grove in which Diana holds up to her nymphs the prize for archery, and may well despair of ever approaching the twilight grandeur of his more solemn scenes, yet nothing less than the sacrifice of his entire fame can satisfy this ardent partisan.

“I once supposed that there was some life in the landscape of Domenichino, but in this I must have been wrong. The man who painted the Madonna del Rosario and the Martyrdom of St. Agnes, in the gallery of Bologna, is *palpably incapable of doing any thing good, great, or right in any field, way, or kind whatever.*” — p. 87.

Now what room is there left here for taking cognizance of other excellences in a future part of this work ? Who states here the fact, and who draws the conclusion, whether Domenichino is any master at all ? There is no fact stated as to his landscape, but that the author once thought, as every body else still does, that there was life in it, until he saw certain of his inferior historical works, and from them he reverses his own judgment of his landscape, and denies the possibility of his doing any thing good, great, or right in any field, way, or kind whatever.

“In Salvator there is no love of any kind for any thing ; his choice of landscape features is dictated *by no delight in the sublime*, but by mere animal restlessness or ferocity, guided by an imaginative power of which he could not altogether deprive himself. *He has done nothing which others have not done better, or which it would not have been better not to have done.*” — p. 88.

Now is this merely denying that Salvator gives the truth of nature ? And what room is left in the forthcoming continuation of this work to show that he is, notwithstanding all this, a master ?

Again, of those who have been universally allowed to excel all others in rendering the truth of water : —

“The water-painting of all the elder landscape-painters, excepting a few of the better passages of Claude and Ruysdael, is so execrable, so beyond all expression and explanation bad, and Claude and Ruysdael’s best are so cold and valueless, that I do not know how to address those who like such painting ; I do not know what their sensations are respecting sea. I can perceive nothing in Vanderveelde or Backhuysen of the lowest redeeming merit ; no power, no presence of intellect, or evidence of perception, of any sort or kind ; no resemblance, even the feeblest, of any thing natural ; no invention, even the most sluggish, of any thing agreeable.” — p. 324.

After this, the author need not be afraid of being thought to mean more than he has said ; the danger is, that, saying so much, he will be thought to mean nothing at all ; which, perhaps, would be his best apology.

Of Claude, Salvator, and Gaspar : —

“There is no evidence of their ever having gone to Nature with any thirst, or received from her such emotion as could make them even for an instant lose sight of themselves ; there is in them neither earnestness nor humility ; there is no simple or honest record of any single truth ; none of the plain words nor straight efforts that men speak and make when they once feel.” — p. 76.

And much more of such general denial of all capacity for what they undertook, which, even where the denial is limited in terms to their truth, is attributed to an incapacity which leaves no room for the acknowledgment of any other merit.

The author claims to have formed these strange opinions, if such words really denote any, from a “familiar acquaintance with every important work of art from Antwerp to Naples” ; and yet, by his own admission, he was ignorant, when he wrote the last of the foregoing extracts, of one of the most important pictures of Ruysdael in the Louvre ; and one of the very character in which he had sagacity enough to know that Ruysdael could paint well enough to compel praise even from him. “I wish Ruysdael had painted one or two rough seas. I believe, if he had, he might have saved the unhappy public from much *victimizing*, both in mind and pocket ; for he would have shown that Vanderveelde and Backhuysen were

not quite sea-deities." After the first edition had been published, Murray's Hand-Book, the commonest traveller's guide, pointed out to him just the picture he had wished for ; and just where every body else who had visited the Louvre had stopped to admire it. Of its size, and it is not small, there is not one in the gallery more conspicuous, either in position or character. Not the grandest effort of Italian art ever filled us more completely with the conception of the artist and the sentiment of the subject. The irresistible power of the waters ; the blinding violence of the wind ; the lonely isolation of the inhabitants of the cottage, close shut against the storm, which scatters the spray over its thatched roof ; the peril of the vessel near the shore, and the noble resistance of the one in the offing, are all as plainly told as if we heard and saw the scene itself. Now, why did not the author see this before ? Simply because he was not looking for excellence among the Dutch masters, — not even in sea painting. " He had passed many days in the Louvre before the above passage was written, but had not been in the habit of pausing long anywhere except in the two last rooms containing the pictures of the Italian school." And if it was so in the Louvre, which is rich in Dutch pictures, was it not so in other galleries ? and if so, why did he not confine himself to a condemnation of the Italian school ? We do not admit his excuse, when he says of this omission, that " he does not consider it as in any wise unfitting him for the task he has undertaken, that for every hour passed in galleries he has passed days on the sea-shore." We admit and feel that he is a good judge of nature ; but we want what he undertakes in this book to give ; we want his careful and candid judgment of pictures. Having admitted, by way of prophesying, this power in Ruysdael, when he supposed it had never been exercised, it is amusing to observe the unwilling praise with which he follows up this discovery of it in his last edition : —

" There is a sea piece of Ruysdael's in the Louvre, which, though nothing very remarkable in any quality of art, is, at least, forceful, agreeable, and, as far as it goes, natural ; the waves have much freedom of action and power of color ; the wind blows hard over the shore ; and the whole picture may be studied with profit, as a proof that the deficiency of color and every thing else in Backhuysen's works is no fault of the Dutch sea." — p. 340.

He really seems to forget that this Dutch sea was painted by one of those two painters whose best works he still persists in pronouncing so cold and valueless, that he knows not how to address those who like such painting, nor what their sensations are respecting the sea. We want no better, though we should like a little heartier, praise of a sea storm, than he has given to this picture ; and being admitted to be so good, we think it might be "studied with profit, as a proof" that this author is a very inconsistent and prejudiced critic.

His inconsistencies arise partly from carelessness and a passionate impatience of revisal, and partly from his laboring to make out a case rather than to find out the truth. We do not charge this to any worse motive than prejudice. We have no doubt that he has a very earnest, though very ill-considered, conviction of the truth of his cause ; and if he had not been afraid to give his book an honest and cool revision, his asperities and extravagances might have disappeared under the influence of his better judgment. But standing, as they do, uncorrected after two editions, they ought entirely to destroy our reliance upon the mere opinions of the author, because they show a state of mind wholly unfitted for the task he has undertaken. He proposes to overthrow the judgment of centuries and of all civilized nations upon a question which, so far as it is one of fact, must yet depend on mere opinion ; for resemblance to nature, though a fact, cannot be proved, — but is chiefly a question of pure taste. Now, before we can have any confidence in the result of such an inquiry, we must feel that it is pursued in perfect good faith ; in that good faith which includes freedom from violent prejudice and passion, as well as from intention to deceive. Certainly, no opinion, whether upon a point of fact or of taste, is too old to be questioned ; but things that the world has long acquiesced in are entitled to a strong presumption of their correctness, and nothing more so than a mere question of taste. Facts are handed down from generation to generation, often without examination, and as they stand on evidence, posterity frequently gains new means of correcting them. But in matters of taste, every generation passes a fresh judgment upon the whole case, and after long concurrence of opinion, they should be questioned with great modesty. The whole early Roman history has been in our own days pronounced to be

fabulous, and no one impeaches the learned author of presumption ; but it would be a very different thing to deny the genius of Shakspeare or Milton. And to begin, or even to end, the most ingenious argument to the point, by calling them fools and blockheads, would be mere impudence, and would only show the author to be a very unfit person to enter upon any such inquiry. There is abundance of talent in this book to insure it a careful consideration, however fearlessly, if modestly and fairly, it might have examined established opinions. But it does no such thing. It does not consider them worth examining. It simply asserts, dictates, and dogmatizes in a very heated and clever style ; heaps epithets of contempt upon the works and understandings of the old masters, and treats all who differ from the author as absolute idiots ; and if it treats them with any respect, it is that “ due to honest, hopeless, helpless imbecility.” It makes great pretensions, indeed, to demonstrating these opinions in a manner “ which ought to involve no more reference to authority or character than a demonstration in Euclid.” But there is not, and from the nature of the case there cannot be, a word of demonstration in the whole of it, — taking the word, as he uses it, in the sense of proof. The subject is obviously all a matter of taste and judgment. Even the question of mere fidelity of imitation is notoriously one of opinion only, in which we continually hear people differ in judging of the same work of art. A fact agreed on or a fact proved is itself a proof of opinions or of other facts ; but a fact asserted is no proof of any thing. Now the difficulty with this author’s facts is, not only that they are neither admitted nor proved, but that many of them are absolutely untrue.

For example, the old landscape-painters are loudly and repeatedly condemned as having been convicted of a want of the truth of nature because they made the trunks of their trees taper from the ground to the lowest branch, and their branches from fork to fork ; whereas the author states, as an unquestionable fact, that a tree in its natural growth never tapers at all, but simply divides its bulk as it throws off branches. He states the fact thus : — “ Neither the stems nor the boughs of any of the ordinary trees of Europe taper, except where they fork. Wherever a stem sends off a branch, or a branch a lesser bough, or a lesser bough a bud, the stem or the branch is on the instant less in diameter by the exact quantity

of the branch or bough they have sent off, and they remain of the same diameter, or, if there be any change, rather increase than diminish, until they send off another branch or bough. This law is imperative and without exception," &c. Now this is what the author calls demonstration; and so far as it goes, which is little enough if true, it sounds very like it, to those who believe the fact to be as stated. But the weakness of the proof is simply the falsehood of the fact. It is not true, that, either universally or generally, trees do not taper in their trunks and branches, — but quite the reverse. Let any one, if he does not already know by daily observation and cannot see it the moment he looks, measure fifty trees, and he will hardly find one that does not taper; not regularly, indeed, because many accidents give irregular and highly picturesque forms to trees; but he will find the law of the natural growth of a tree to be, that from the time it leaves the ground it begins to taper, and tapers out to its extremities. Near the ground, it diminishes rapidly; near the insertion of the lowest branches, it frequently increases as rapidly, but still gradual diminution is the general law.

We speak of this fact with confidence, because we have for this purpose, unnecessary as it may seem, observed and measured a great number of trees, and we confess, without any fear of provoking a repetition of the author's shining remark on that subject to another of his critics, that some of them were birch-trees. If he had contented himself with objecting to the unnatural degree in which those particular trees of Claude and Gaspar which he specifies are made to taper, we should have agreed with him, that it was faulty in taste; but nothing less than a charge of violating a universal law of nature satisfies his eagerness in fault-finding. Yet he does not quite venture to leave the matter as he has stated it; and as he knows that every eye which looks at nature will detect the error, and that any one may see it even in the engravings of Turner's illustrations so often cited in this book, he admits, that as branches and buds put forth and decay, they give a slight and delicate *appearance* of tapering to the trunk, and a much greater one to the branches, leaving only slight excrescences to denote the cause of it. Now the fact is not true even thus modified, for trees do ordinarily taper where there are no excrescences whatever to mark decayed branches. And if it were not so, does not the admission take away the

whole force of the objection? If the tree *appears* to taper, it should be painted tapering, whatever be the cause of the appearance, or rather of the fact.

This may seem too trifling a matter to be pursued at such length, but it is a specimen of the kind of assertion that runs through the whole book, and which is called demonstration. It consists of the denial of the truth of the works of the old masters, and the assertion of that quality in Turner's, in a great variety of particulars. Now this is perhaps the most difficult, though not, as it is here discussed, the most important, question in art. What is truth? There are certain physical and scientific truths involved in painting, about which there can be no dispute. But that truth which consists in mere resemblance must for ever be liable to question. Resemblance, especially in landscape, can never be perfect; or at most, only in a few subordinate objects. If any one does not see that the sky in any one of its phases, its unfathomable depth of blue, or its glorious company of clouds, or the sea, or even the most insignificant rivulet, cannot be truly painted, let him look attentively at a tree, — one of our wide-spreading, low-drooping elms, for example, — and say whether all the skill that could be learned, and the labor that could be bestowed, in the compass of any one life, could imitate with exactness its complexity of form and mystery of color, its thousand arms branching in every direction, yet all preserving the same specific character of departure and of tendency, its mass of foliage of perhaps a hundred feet in depth, and yet so loose that the light sparkles through the very centre, and the birds pass without ruffling a feather. The human face, in all its variety of expression, presents not half the difficulty of execution.

Now as this, and all other principal objects in landscape, cannot be imitated exactly, the attempt to give a greater degree of resemblance to insignificant things, such as stones and flowers, would only defeat the purpose of the artist, by making us more sensible of the deficiency where it is more important. "As selection and generalization," says Mr. Eastlake, "are the qualities in which imitation, as opposed to nature, is strong, so the approach to literal rivalry is, as usual, in danger of betraying comparative weakness." A stone, a flower, or the trunk of a tree in the foreground may, by the exercise of a very ordinary kind of dexterity, be so imitated that the deception shall be almost perfect. But every good artist

would purposely avoid any such degree of resemblance, because it would be impossible to carry it through the picture ; and the deficiency is never felt, even in the roughest sketch, if all parts have the same degree of finish, “and could imitation be carried to absolute perfection, we should only be reminded that life and motion were wanting.” Resemblance, then, is necessarily imperfect throughout the picture. But how much of it is necessary, or even admissible, to constitute the truth of art, is obviously a very difficult question. Now on this it becomes no man to dogmatize ; it is a question of taste and feeling as well as of judgment, and can be settled only by a wide and long consent.

And to make the little more or the little less of this resemblance the criterion of art is just the mistake made by the author now under consideration. He denies the merit of the old landscape-painters because they are not “true to nature,” — because their clouds are not such as he sees daily pass over his head, — because their mountains have not the outline which geology requires, and their rocks have not the proper indications of their mineralogical class, — because their trees taper too much in the trunks, and do not form their heads in geometrical curves. Now all this may in a degree be true, and yet those works may deserve all that ever has been claimed for them ; because they may have excellences infinitely more important than this “truth of nature.” If they have not, we give them over to the author’s condemnation, and not even the most perfect fidelity to this truth ought to save them. If there be nothing better in landscape-painting than this kind of likeness-taking of clouds, rocks, and trees, it is of very little importance who does it best ; — it is not worth doing at all, except as a gentleman may fancy to have his prospect painted, as he would his dog or his horse ; in all which cases he is but adorning his house with a better kind of upholstery. This is not art. Art is nature, but it is something more and better than nature, — as much better as the work of a creative mind is better than the work of accident. For the purpose of pictorial composition all natural effects are but accidents ; and though sometimes we think we see them so perfect that art could add nothing to their excellence, yet every artist knows that nature never made a landscape from which something should not be taken away, or to which something should not be added, to present in its most perfect form the prevailing sentiment of the scene.

Violations of physical laws, however, are not in our author's judgment necessarily faults. It depends in a great degree upon the person who commits them. Of all that later generation of old masters which comprehends the landscape-painters, Rubens is the only one of whose landscapes he speaks with respect. Now we think that no one, who has examined the works of the two, can fail to have formed the opinion that Turner is indebted to Rubens for his peculiar system. It is the system of a great colorist carrying the whole force of a palette set for flesh, and gorgeous draperies, and jewels into the broad fields of air and earth. Color runs riot over the landscapes of Rubens. Every thing is in joyous motion, like the fresh-breaking waves of the sea. He never seems willing to part with the successive hues of earth, but often runs his horizon up until he loses all perspective. Turner never commits this fault; but his daring use of color upon subjects which, to other artists, have seemed not to admit of it,—his substitution of color for light, we might almost say his absolute manufacture of light,—we think he owes to an attentive study of Rubens. In this particular of the use of color for light, the author does gross injustice to Turner, and betrays his own poverty of eye, when he praises him for adopting white for the highest light and black for the deepest shade. Nothing can, to our judgment, be less characteristic of Turner, who is, both by nature and by system, a great colorist. What led us to make these remarks was the very different manner in which the author speaks of Rubens and of Claude, when they both paint physical impossibilities. Of Rubens he says, in the offensive slang in which much of this book is written, that the licenses taken by him are as bold "*as his general statements are sincere,*"—that in one of his landscapes the horizon is an oblique line, in another, many of the shadows fall at right angles to the light, and in another, a rainbow is seen by the spectator at the side of the sun. "These bold and frank licenses," he says, "are not to be considered as detracting from the rank of the painter; they are usually characteristic of those minds whose grasp of nature is so certain and extensive as to enable them fearlessly to sacrifice a truth of actuality to a truth of feeling." And again:—"I have before noticed the license of Rubens in making his horizon an oblique line. His object is to carry the eye to a given point in the distance. The road winds

to it, the clouds fly at it, the trees nod to it, a flock of sheep scamper towards it, a carter points his whip at it, his horses pull for it, the figures push for it, and the horizon slopes to it. *If the horizon had been horizontal, it would have embarrassed every thing and every body.*" Now this may be a good parody on the history of A — Apple-pie ; but as sober criticism, it is very ridiculous.

But let us see what our author thinks of these licenses, when taken by those who happen not to be in favor with him. In another part of the book, in describing a landscape of Claude, he says that "the setting sun casts a long stream of light upon the water obliquely from the side to the centre of the picture." It is true that this is a thing impossible, because the stream of reflected light is always a continuation of the perpendicular line from the sun to the horizon. But Claude, whatever his other faults may have been, cannot be accused of not having studied the effect of the setting sun on water, as his pictures abound with it ; this, however, is attributed at once to his ignorance : — "But if this had been done as a license, it would be an instance of most absurd and unjustifiable license, as the fault is detected by the eye in a moment, and there is no occasion nor excuse for it." Now, so far from this mistake or license, be it which it may, being so palpable as to be detected by the eye in a moment, we doubt if half the world now knows that it is wrong ; and the author himself states, in a note on the very same page, that it has been defended as a truth by a man of much taste and information, and also in a recent publication. But we imagine that a rainbow by the side of the sun, shadows at right angles to it, and a slanting horizontal line, would be detected by any eye, and would hardly find a defender as "truths of actuality." So true it is that one man may steal a horse, where another may not look over a hedge.

Besides this inconsistency as to obvious departures from nature, it is impossible to find in this book any fixed principle on the subject of what is called the truth of nature. Who can tell what are the author's notions of the propriety of minute detail in subordinate parts, on comparing such passages as these ? After praising Titian for painting every stamen of the wild roses in the foreground of his Ariadne, and Raphael for expressing every leaf and blossom of the colewort in that of his Miraculous Draught of Fishes, he says, — "It

appears, then, not only from natural principles, but from the highest of all authority, that thorough knowledge of the lowest details and full expression of them is right even in the highest class of historical painting ; that *it will not take away from nor interfere with the interest of the figures*” ; and much more to the same purpose ; and that Sir Joshua Reynolds is false in principle, when he praises Titian because, in the foreground of the Peter Martyr, the plants are discriminated just as much as was necessary for variety, and no more. Yet, in another place, he says, that, if we paint a piece of drapery as part of the dress of a Madonna, “ all ideas of richness or texture become thoroughly contemptible, and unfit to occupy the mind at the same moment with the idea of the Virgin. The conception of drapery is then to be suggested by the simplest and slightest means possible, and all notions of texture and detail are to be rejected with utter reprobation, *because they draw the attention to the dress instead of the saint, and disturb and degrade the feelings*,” &c. ; and that “ all that Sir Joshua Reynolds has said on the subject of the kind of truths proper to be represented is perfectly just and right.” Now what difference can there be between these two cases of the flowers in the foreground and the drapery of the saint, both being mere accessories to the principal figure ? Surely, if minute finish and detail are objectionable in either, it would seem to be in the flowers, which are removed from the figure, rather than in the drapery, which is a part of it. And how can Sir Joshua Reynolds be both right and wrong in this same opinion ?

Another strange inconsistency in this book is, that the general and most labored charge against the old masters is, as we have already stated, a want of truth ; that they do not truly represent the natural appearances of sky, mountains, rocks, trees, earth, or water ; and yet they are repeatedly said to have no other object in view in their painting than deception. Now we do not say that deceptive painting is necessarily true ; on the contrary, it is almost always untrue. But it is incompatible with that want of minute detail, that preference of general to specific resemblance, which is one of the principal forms in which the want of truth is here stated. The charge of aiming at deception is, moreover, taken by itself, one of the most grossly unfounded that could be made. We can hardly

believe that any one who could prefer it against Salvator or Gaspar had ever seen their works. As applied to Claude, though more plausible, it is equally unjust. The prevailing defect in the two former is just the reverse of this. It is the want of sufficient attention to the specific character of objects ; and if the author has convinced us of any thing, it is of this. Claude carried imitation as far, perhaps, as it is possible in landscape ; yet the idea of deception in one of his pictures, we believe, never before entered into any one's mind. What is the meaning of the phrase ? We have seen flies and water-drops in flower-pieces, and even the flowers themselves, so minutely painted as to be almost mistaken for reality. This is deceptive painting, and a very petty business it is. But how is this to be attempted in landscape ? What hope could an artist have, if he desired it, that his canvas of perhaps four feet by three should be mistaken for the wide face of nature, — that his trees, at most two feet high, should really pass for giant pines and sturdy oaks, — his cliffs, which overhang their base perhaps six inches, for alpine precipices ? Besides, the attempt at deception must necessarily destroy all imagination of grandeur. Trees would be made to look like real shrubs, and crags like real pebbles. Not that there cannot positively be any such thing, where the representation is of less than the size of nature ; we have seen minute interiors in which that folly was carried to great perfection. By means of a partial light, they are made to look more like models than pictures. But this is obviously impossible in landscape, and we never saw one that had the least appearance of such a design. We have seen, too, a great deal of labor worse than wasted in foregrounds, by giving to plants and pebbles a minute finish wholly inappropriate to the *distance* of the picture, and which is sure to put all the rest of it out of keeping by the impossibility of carrying it further out under the broad light of heaven. But it is the want of this very finish, and not the excess of it, that is here repeatedly charged against these artists. What the author means by accusing them of aiming at deception we have tried in vain to comprehend, either from any thing he has said, or that we have observed, or can imagine. It seems to us to be only a desperate attempt to escape from difficulties in which he felt himself involved by his rambling and inconsistent course of censure.

We do not propose to remark upon all the merely untenable and extravagant general propositions laid down by the author ; but there are two, which he supports by such odd reasons, that we will state them briefly as specimens of the kind of logic which satisfies his mind. He denies the doctrine of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and of all other writers on the subject, that the truth sought to be expressed by art should be, not particular, but general truth ; that is, that a picture should not be a collection of portraits of particular persons or particular things. Now this doctrine is undoubtedly just. Nature, in her vast extent and variety, can afford to mark every face and every object with a strong individuality, which, in the limited space and unvarying character of a picture, would soon become very tiresome. The artist, therefore, is obliged to resort to a general expression of the class, instead of the individual ; and this, when it seeks the beautiful, is what is called the ideal. A man, — nay, even a woman, — with a very large nose, may notwithstanding be beautiful, because we see it sometimes in profile, and sometimes in front, and sometimes not at all ; but in a picture such a feature would be a continual and disagreeable mark for the eye. We should be, like Sancho, always looking at that great nose. And the same thing would be true, though in a less degree, of a rock or a tree ; we should soon become weary of the sameness of any very marked individuality. But all this our author denies, maintaining that particular truths are more important, and therefore more proper to be painted, than general ones ; and he thus reasons it out syllogistically : —

“ If I say that all men in China eat, I say nothing interesting, because my predicate (eat) is general. If I say that all men in China eat opium, I say something interesting, because my predicate (eat opium) is particular. Now almost every thing, which (with reference to a given subject) a painter has to ask himself whether he shall represent or not, is a predicate. Hence, in art, particular truths are usually more important than general ones.”

Now the utter absurdity of this argument is, that the fact that all men eat in China is uninteresting, not because it is a general fact, but because every body knew it before ; and the fact that all men in China eat opium, if true, would be interesting only to those who did not know it before. So it is not the particularity, but the novelty, of the fact that

makes it interesting ; and a general fact may be as new as a particular one, and then it would be not less, but more interesting ; as a new general law of nature would be more interesting, because more important, to us than a new solitary fact, supposing it to be one in which we had no personal interest.

We admit that this answer does not apply to the assertion, that objects of peculiar forms and colors are more interesting in actual nature than those of more general occurrence, but only to this argument, and to the proposition which is sought to be proved by it. That fact may be, and probably is, so. But whether it be or not, it is a very different question whether such things are therefore more proper for painting ; and we have just endeavoured to show that they are not. But be that as it may, the argument is not less absurd which reasons from facts of history to the appearances of visible things. If the author will call the representation of an object a "statement of a fact," as he repeatedly does, he may as well call the form and color of it "predicates" ; but it would be much simpler and better, where one means to tell the truth and to be understood, to call things by their right names.

Again, the author contends that form is more important in painting than color ; and he proves it thus : —

"According to Locke, Book II. ch. 8, there are three sorts of qualities in bodies ; first, the 'bulk, figure, number, situation, and motion or rest of their solid parts, — those that are in them, whether we perceive them or not.'" These he calls primary qualities. Secondly, 'the power that is in any body to operate after a peculiar manner on any of our senses' (sensible qualities). And thirdly," &c. "Now, by Locke's definition, above given, only bulk, figure, situation, and motion or rest of solid parts are primary qualities. Hence all truths of color sink at once into the second rank. He, therefore, who has neglected a truth of form for a truth of color has neglected a greater truth for a less one."

Now, if this childish pedantry proves any thing, it proves that objects ought to be painted of no color at all ; color being, according to Locke, not in the object, but in the eye. But of what importance is that ? The painter is concerned with the appearance of things, not with their philosophical essences.

But we shall follow the author no farther ; it has not been

our object to refute his opinions respecting the comparative value of the old and modern landscapes, because, so far as resemblance to nature is concerned, the facts which he asserts, and on which he mainly relies, are not of a kind capable of proof or of refutation. We can prove that a rainbow is wrong, if it be by the side of the sun, — or a shadow, if it be at right angles to it ; but the want of truth in the forms and colors of clouds, mountains, rocks, trees, and water, unless the departure be violent, must remain a matter of opinion. And when he asserts the departure to be violent and habitual, he asserts a fact which, if true, is obvious to every body, and yet it is here stated for the first time, to any thing like the same extent, for two hundred years. And so far as it is a question, not of resemblance, but of other qualities, such as harmony of forms and colors, invention and sentiment, we can only say we differ from him, and endeavour to show from the exaggerated and violent tone of his remarks, and his want of consistency, that, in a matter in which he sets up his own opinion against that of so many others, he is not entitled to the personal confidence which we yield to a sober and modest critic ; and that it is safer to suppose that he is misled by passion or prejudice, than that so many have been wrong before him who have appeared to judge coolly and candidly.

Against all this, we are quite willing to admit, is to be placed his evident ability and familiarity with the subject. The parts of the book not infected by these peculiar opinions are extremely valuable ; his remarks on the painting of sky and water are particularly admirable ; and, indeed, there are scattered throughout the book so many just and novel observations, that, notwithstanding its absurd partialities, we know none more useful to the landscape-painter who will read it with a proper allowance for them.

After doing this justice to the author's ability, though we feel under no obligation to account for his singular opinions, it will certainly be more agreeable, and probably more just, if, without charging him with any unworthy motives as a personal partisan, we can attribute them to some other cause. And it is but the first step that we need to seek, for he has evidently conceit and passion enough to account for all the rest. Now we think it pretty evident, though he has not so stated, that he is an amateur in water-colors, — that feeble substitute for painting, which has done much to ruin English art and Eng-

lish taste. He claims in his preface to have been "devoted from his youth to the laborious study of practical art"; but the person to whom the work is commonly attributed is unknown as a professional artist, and we think the whole character of it belongs to the sketcher, and not to the painter. It wants the deep and artist-like feeling that is incompatible with this dabbling in water upon drawing-paper. If Michael Angelo could say of oil, that it was only fit for women and children in comparison with fresco, what would he have said at seeing "the greatest and only perfect landscape-painter" spending his days before a drawing-board upon a table, washing in lakes and bistre with a camel's-hair pencil and scraping out lights with a penknife? We have said that this water-painting has ruined the art in England; and how can it be otherwise, when prices that would well remunerate an artist for solid and manly pictures in oil are paid in profusion for these mere conventional sketches in the most feeble and perishable material? We do not mean to underrate the difficulty of these trifles, but to deny their value, when done. We doubt not that the mechanical skill required for drawing in water-color is even greater than for painting in oil or fresco. But then one person can do it almost as well as another, if he will but give time enough to it. In point of mere execution, which we confess we think the principal merit these things can have, we have seen such drawings by a fashionable lady that we thought quite as good as those which are here exalted above the works of Claude, Gaspar, and Salvator. We doubt not, nay, we know, that in this we show our own ignorance; for we do not profess to be learned nor to have any deep taste in this paper-staining, though we have seen a great deal of it, and Turner's among the rest. But we do know, that if art is to be brought down to such a standard, it is no longer worth contending for.

Perhaps, however, we have not yet sufficiently informed our readers that all this clamor for the supremacy of the modern artists is founded upon so much beauty and grandeur as can be comprehended in a sheet of drawing-paper, and expressed by the colors of Reeves's or Newman's paint-boxes; just the thing that girls are taught to do at boarding-schools tolerably well, and which the well-educated ladies and gentlemen of England, to their great credit, frequently do most admirably. Nineteen twentieths of the modern pictures here pre-

ferred to the works of the old masters are mere water-color drawings ; this whole book is devoted to establishing their supremacy over the best productions of antiquity. Mr. Turner is, it is true, not a water-color painter only. He has painted masterly things in oil ; but that was long ago ; his recent works in that way are but a kind of imitation of water-colors, made grotesque by the strength of the material ; and so far does our author's prejudice carry him in favor of what we suppose to be his own practice, that even his admiration of Turner gives way before it. He will hardly allow any merit to his earlier and really magnificent oil paintings, called here "academical pictures," apparently to avoid too obvious a preference for water over oil. His Temple of Jupiter and other Italian compositions are dismissed as "nonsense pictures," — for no reason that we can understand, except that they are immeasurably beyond the capacity of water-colors.

There is no single fact that seems to us so indicative of the hopeless decline of art in England as the positive mania there is for these feeble sketches. It pervades France too, as well as England. One has only to go into the several exhibitions of water-color painters that are open every year in London, and see the multitude of these productions, and how soon the word "sold" is marked upon them, and learn what prices are paid, to be satisfied that it is vain to contend with such people for any thing better in art. It is the same in Paris. Thousands of francs are paid for little water-color drawings, while Couture's magnificent painting of the Banquet in the Decline of Rome, which we were unfortunate enough to see only in an unfinished state, went out of the last *Exposition* without finding a purchaser. This is but one phase of that egoistical spirit of modern times that has followed the march of wealth and of a wide and superficial education, and which is for other reasons fatal to art. Those who are able to buy pictures buy that which flatters their vanity ; they or their children draw in water-colors, and they are unwilling to exalt that art which is hopelessly above their reach ; or at least, they have looked so long on their own domestic manufactures, that they have lost all sensibility to any thing better. This may sound strange to those who do not know how universal an accomplishment of polite life this water-color drawing has become, and to what perfection it is carried both by amateurs and artists. But we really believe it is one of the most for-

midable enemies that landscape art has now to encounter, so much does it absorb the patronage and degrade the taste of the rich. It is some consolation, however, that since Count D'Orsay paints in oil, it may possibly become the fashion to paint and to buy paintings; but the change would give a sore lesson to the vanity of amateurship.

We do not mean to be understood to question the value of water-color to the landscape-painter as a preparative; there is no other material in which sketches can be made with sufficient rapidity to catch the fleeting effects of light and color. A thorough facility in it should be a part of the education of every landscape-painter, but to be used only as a kind of short-hand to preserve hints which may recall facts. To substitute it for oil is like going back from phonetic writing to hieroglyphics. It is necessarily either merely conventional in its own way, or, if more is sought from it, it becomes a poor imitation of that which is done much better, and to the same extent much easier, in oils. This is the difference between the English water-colors and the French. The English are simply, but beautifully conventional. The best of them aim at nothing more; indeed, so unlike nature are they in fact, that it requires some use to be able to relish them; and then, like all objects of an artificial taste, they acquire a factitious value beyond that which is naturally agreeable. A truly good landscape in oils is a thing of which the most uncultivated mind at once perceives the beauty. Place the most ignorant person before one of Claude's pictures, or even one of Gaspar's, — for perhaps Salvator is somewhat too poetical, — and he will feel it at once, as he would a beautiful scene in nature. But give such a person one of Turner's, or Fielding's, or Harding's water-colors, and it is probable he will not know even what it is intended to represent. Those blotches of color, which, to the amateur, seem so exquisite in tone and position, and which recall clouds and woods and deep pools of dark water among the hills, will to him appear like unmeaning accidents. This by no means diminishes the value of such a sketch to the artist. He sees in it the embryo picture in all its beautiful and natural harmony and detail. But this is not the use now made of them. They do not assist, but supersede, painting; and those who have learned this handwriting on the wall, and the interpretation thereof, insist upon it that it is superior to that of which it is

but the feeble type. We have heard them say, that, whatever advantages oil may have, it can never make a transparent picture. And they learn to see all nature, or to think they do, as if it were thinly washed over white. But the difficulty with water-color is, that it can never make any thing but a transparent picture, while in oils objects are made opaque or transparent, according to the truth of the fact.

At the proper distance, the canvas or other *subjectile* of a well-painted picture is never seen or felt to exist; though its gray tone, where it is hardly covered, is often, in the works of the old masters, used as color, with a felicity which could not be reached by any superadded tint. But in the most highly finished water-color drawing, no one, whose eye has not been taught not to perceive it, can fail to see the all-pervading white paper through rocks and mountains, as well as through sky and water. To talk of any absolute resemblance to nature in such a material seems quite absurd. Yet so tenacious are its advocates, that they almost excommunicated Harding, one of the ablest of their school, for introducing the use of an opaque white for his high lights, in aid of the clumsy process of digging into the paper for them. However striking the effect and spirited the touch thus engrafted by him on the feebleness of the general work, it was thought a kind of treason against their craft, and a debauching of the pure transparency of water-colors. In truth, they saw it was the first step towards an abandonment of it; and we are glad to say that we last saw Mr. Harding before an easel, with a palette of good stiff oil-colors on his thumb.

The necessarily limited size, too, of water-color drawings, which can hardly be successfully extended beyond the largest sheet of drawing-paper, — or, at least, practically are not so, but, on the contrary, are usually of much smaller dimensions, — renders this preference of them to the large works of the old masters still more preposterous. Magnitude, not only of the thing represented, but of the representation itself, is essential to the higher effects of art, especially in landscape. A statuette, or a miniature historical picture, never looks like any thing higher than a sketch for a statue or a painting. We have become accustomed, indeed, to *genre* painting on a small scale, in which the familiarity of the scenes calls upon the imagination for no grand emotions; and although we cannot paint landscape on a scale as large as nature's, yet

the nearer we approach to it, the finer will be the effect. The illuminated dome of St. Peter's may be grand in the distance of a picture, though it be painted on a scale which makes it in fact hardly bigger than a man's hat, because that would require a large landscape, over which the eye must wander to comprehend the whole, something in the manner required by nature ; but when that same object in a little picture shows, to use Fanny Kemble's ingenious simile, " like a gold thimble," it may be beautiful, but it cannot be grand. In like manner, it is preposterous to compare all that even Turner can do upon a sheet of paper with the Guadagni Salvators, which, though the objects are necessarily far below the scale of nature, are of the largest class of landscape ; by that simple circumstance they do not, indeed, create emotions of sublimity, but they prepare the mind to be excited to them by the magnificence of the designs.

Moreover, the difficulty and the merit of a picture are in some proportion to its size ; the larger the scale, the stronger are the powers required to act upon it, the more obvious will be the faults, if any, and the bolder must be both the design and the execution. No one can see the immense pictures of the Venetian school, without feeling that they are the work of giants. Who but Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto could have mastered such fields of space ? And what conceivable power could preserve the grandeur, or even the beauty, of the Assumption, the Presentation, or the Marriage of Cana, within the compass of a drawing-board ? The case is not equally strong when applied to landscape, because this was never painted on so large a scale, nor, we confess, with such transcendent power ; but, applying it to the Baptism, and the Preaching of St. John, in the Guadagni palace, the attempt of this author to degrade them below the best of water-colors can only be the effect of extreme prejudice.

We repeat, that we do not mean to charge him with wilfully misrepresenting the comparative merit of these works, but to state our belief, that, being himself a sketcher in water-colors, while his observation of nature has, by that practice, become exceedingly acute, he has become insensible to the higher qualities of art. The habit of a water-color sketcher is, to copy, in his own conventional way, just what he sees and no more. He rarely ventures on composition ;

his delight is in a real *bit*, and his idea of high art is an *effect*, or at most a *view*. He thinks he is making pictures, when he is only collecting materials ; and when he looks upon a painting as a critic, he applies to it a standard like his who showed a brick as a sample of his house. He seeks only for the picturesque ; he has no feeling for the ideal ; he never finds it by the road-side, and it never enters into his sketch-book. His is the love of that truth of nature of which we read so much in this book, — just those little truths which an artist drops by the way, as he proceeds, because they interfere with the great truths, equally those of nature, but of a higher aim, which it is his purpose to represent.

If the author had been more faithful to this love of actual and particular nature than to water-colors, he would have done better justice to Constable, who was the most thoroughly true, as the word is here used, of all modern landscape-painters. But he was a mere *naturalist* ; his pictures are not sketches, nor are they all portraits ; but the parts of which they are composed, and the general effect of the whole, are wonderfully natural. He failed in many of his attempts at rendering the more difficult effects of light, particularly that of the glittering reflection of the noonday sun on foliage ; and this has spoiled some of his best pictures, making them look as if they had been overtaken by a snow-storm in June. Yet the effect even in that is true, so far as white paint can represent light ; but it disturbs every thing else by its intensity ; and this is just one of those truths that the *naturalist* and the sketcher try to copy, and the artist omits.

Having thus stated our general dissent from this author's comparison of the merits of the old landscape-painters with those of the particular modern school which he seeks to elevate above them, we will say a few words for ourselves on the same subject.

Landscape-painting, as a separate department, sprang up in the decline of art, or rather, after its first decline, and in the attempt of the Eclectics to revive it. Among those great masters who lived in the first half of the sixteenth century, and who carried historical painting to a height which it has never since reached, and which we believe it never can reach again, Titian alone painted a few landscapes. Lionardo, Raphael, and Correggio never attempted, in this manner, any thing more than backgrounds to their figures. Of Tintoretto,

though the author calls him a landscape-painter, we recollect no work of this class. The landscapes of Titian are too grand, and too far removed from ordinary nature, to come in competition with the author's favorite school. He carried into them that "dignity" which Sir Joshua Reynolds so aptly ascribed to his historical pictures. He disdains to notice trifling effects of light or color. He moves like a giant among primeval forests and primitive mountains. His skies have a depth of azure more awful than the thundercloud. His trees are the only ones that ever were painted, unless we except those of an eminent artist of our own time and country, which have the true expression of vegetable life, — that expression of choice and will in throwing out their branches and bending their trunks, in search of the vital light, which gives to nature's trees such picturesque forms and such an almost human character. The same mystery of color, that, independently of all form, touches on the sublime in his figures, pervades his landscapes. What his great contemporaries might have accomplished, if they had attempted to paint inanimate nature, we know not ; but we should find it difficult to believe that any one, even of them, could have approached the majesty of Titian. Perhaps the same simple but indefinite grandeur would not satisfy us in any one who wielded color with less of a magician's hand. The author's remarks, which we have already quoted, respecting the minute detail of the foreground in his Bacchus and Ariadne, give a very false notion of his style of landscape ; and indeed, the picture itself, which is in the National Gallery, is so unworthy of Titian, that we should not believe it to be justly ascribed to him but from deference to the authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who has made it the subject of comment without expressing any doubt of its genuineness. In tone and color, it is much more like the work of Giorgione, and in the action, if not in the drawing of the figures, it is quite unworthy of Titian ; nothing can be more unlike him than those same wild roses, with every stamen picked out with a hair pencil. If it had been his purpose to express them at all, one stroke of his vigorous brush would have done it, so that, at the proper distance, it would have been ten times more like reality. This minute flower-painting may be found in many of the pictures of Raphael besides the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, — which

last, it must, however, be remembered, grand as the design is, and all by his own hand, was but a pattern for tapestry-weavers. In many others, these subordinate parts were the work of his assistants, to whom he committed too much for his fame. The Coronation of the Virgin, in the Vatican, is an example of this, in which there is a tomb full of flowers painted in the same minute manner, which we think must shock every person of good taste who sees it. This part of the picture, however, is notoriously by Francesco Penni, and done after Raphael's death. The same thing, less offensive in degree, but more out of place, is seen in the foreground of the Transfiguration ; that, too, was finished after the death of the great artist.

Still, it is not to be denied that such things exist from Raphael's own hand, or under his direction. But we do not remember any other example of it which we think fairly ascribable to Titian. It is not our present purpose to say which of the two would be the higher authority. Raphael has, by common consent, so long been called the prince of painters, that his claim to that rank should be doubted with the greatest modesty and deliberation. But — *Fortes ante Agamemnona* — perhaps the friend of Bembo and the favorite of the court of Leo stood a better chance for the throne than the companion of Aretine and of the Venetian nobility. Besides, he bore his faculties so meekly, has impressed upon his works such loveliness, and has left in his own portrait such an image of mild and half-melancholy beauty, that our feelings, as much as our judgment, would be ready to enlist in his defence, if his title should be questioned. There is nothing personally so engaging in the vigorous old man, who died prematurely of the plague at the age of ninety-nine, as in the delicate youth who filled the world with his praise, and left it at that of thirty-seven. Men, as well as gods, love those that die young. But if we learn to love Raphael at Rome, we stand in awe of Titian at Venice. It is in our own idiosyncrasy, perhaps, but not all Michael Angelo's contorted vastness ever filled us with the sublime emotions we have felt in standing before the great works in the Venetian academy, and the glorious combination of history and landscape in the Peter Martyr. Nor have we felt, in the room where the Transfiguration was placed over the death-bed of Raphael, more of the lingering

presence of genius, than in that where Titian died, and where his magnificent bust still seems to look with regret upon his unfinished works.

From Titian down to the first decline of art and its revival at Bologna towards the close of the sixteenth century, we do not remember a painter of landscapes on record, unless, perhaps, some of the works of Bassano may be so classed, for want of a better name to give to such heterogeneous assemblages. It is true that the extraordinarily long life of Titian extended through the greater part of this period; with the exception of Lionardo da Vinci, he was the oldest of the great painters, and Tintoretto alone survived him to connect the two great periods of painting.

In the eclectic school of Bologna, under the Carracci, landscape-painting rose to the rank of a distinct department of art. Annibale himself, and his followers, Domenichino, Guercino, and Albani, were the first, excepting Paul Brill, and perhaps other Flemings, whose works have very little merit, to make the landscape the principal and the figures but accessories. Domenichino and Guercino, however, had devoted themselves so much more to history, that the detail of their compositions in such subjects was very imperfect, though the general design and color were often masterly. It may in consequence be observed, that their best landscapes are those which are subordinate to the figures. It required a deeper study of the requisites of that kind of painting than they had found time for, to be able to depend upon inanimate nature alone for the light and shadow, the color and the sentiment, of the picture; this last quality is what they principally aimed at, and in this they were eminently successful, perhaps more so than is possible for an artist who makes the natural landscape his exclusive study. Of the landscape of Rubens, the contemporary of the scholars of the Carracci, we have already spoken; it was not learned in that school, but is entirely of Flemish origin and character.

This brings us to the peculiar period of this branch of art, beginning with Nicolo Poussin, who may be called the father of it. This was in the first half of the seventeenth century, more than a hundred years after Raphael. Contemporary with Nicolo, and probably all in some degree, certainly one of them, very deeply indebted to him for their excellence in the art, were the three great landscape-painters, Gaspar,

Claude, and Salvator. These are the old masters more particularly spoken of by this author with such contempt, and who have been before thought to have carried their art almost to perfection. After a careful examination of their works, repeated after the lapse of many years, and uninfluenced, as we believe, by their reputation, we venture to state our own opinion of their merit. They were evidently far inferior in genius to the old masters of history. The causes which enlisted those great men in the pursuit of art had already ceased to exist. Those who would otherwise have followed in their track had already, by the force of circumstances, been diverted to other occupations. Art was no longer the channel through which burst the impatience of genius; it had found more attractive issues. The quiet spirits who loved speculation more than action became the artists of the day, and sought their inspiration in the solitude of nature and not in the turbulent workings of human passions.

Nicolo Poussin had rather a profound knowledge than any deep feeling of art, either in history or landscape. The first he painted on a diminutive scale, and principally on classical subjects,—strong both against any claim to the enthusiasm that produces great works. It is a just remark of this author, that a grand style can be formed only upon subjects of present interest. Such were the Gospel history and the legends of the church in the time of the earlier painters; and such were not the Greek and Roman histories in that of David and his school. Nicolo's landscapes, too, were not the free overflowings of a love of nature, but the labored productions of one who was too great a critic to be a poet. We respect rather than love him, and for his sake alone we should not enter these lists. His brother-in-law and pupil, Gaspar, was a very different artist. We know little about him personally, except that he had such an affection for his instructor as to have adopted his name, and submitted reverently to his teaching. In the classical drapery and antique attitudes of his shepherds, reclining like Tityrus and Melibœus in the shade, we recognize the mind if not the hand of his master; but we see in the landscape the free and simple lover of nature loitering on the sunny hill-sides of Tivoli and Frascati. Of all the old painters, Gaspar in his designs is, in our judgment, at the same time the most natural and poetical. He does not, like Salvator, plunge you into a wilderness overhung by dank and dis-

mal rocks and blasted trees, reflected in dark standing pools ; nor, like Claude, put nature to school under a great landscape-gardener ; but he seems to have gone out among the mountains with an honest purpose of gathering his materials from nature. He selects some point, generally by the side of an unfrequented road or the winding shore of some still water, from which he sees hills and woods chase each other behind distant towers and towns, until they slope down to the level sea, or break like waves at the foot of some blue chain of mountains. There he selects and condenses the choicest parts into one harmonious whole, with a skill in the management of his lines that has never been approached. For the harmony of lines, one of the most difficult and inexplicable beauties of art, he seems to have had an instinct, like that of Titian for color. In his most complicated designs, nothing can be changed without essentially injuring the composition. With the richest variety he joins an entire unity of purpose and feeling throughout the whole. There is a perfect probability about his scene ; his roads and streams never wind but to avoid some accidental obstruction, his buildings are appropriately placed, and his ground is broken as if the same natural causes had operated throughout. His eye was thoroughly trained, not by science, but by observation ; perhaps he could not have explained — certainly not so well as this author does — why a form was right or wrong ; but he felt it much better, and his feeling was a better guide than knowledge.

His skies are not good, simply as skies ; but we should hesitate before pronouncing them to be defects in the general arrangement. Great compromises must be made in landscape. With nothing better than white and yellow paint to express light with, it is necessary to use them with great economy. Nature can dress her landscape in the most vivid or the most delicate tints, and put directly over them the burning hues of sunset or the intense blue and white of noon. The artist has but the same earthy colors with which to express all this. If he attempts to imitate the splendor of the sky, he must expend upon it the whole power of his palette, and then he must proportionably lower the tones of all the rest of the picture. If he does this truly, he can represent nothing on earth brighter than a dim twilight. If he begin with the earth, he must again exhaust his palette, and

then nothing is left for the sky. There must be a sacrifice of one or the other. To divide the deficiency equally between them would leave nothing which could fitly represent either. It was for this reason, and not from ignorance or incapacity, that the old masters of landscape apparently neglected their skies, or made them unnaturally deep in color to subdue their light ; and this also is the reason of the greater beauty of the skies which come in occasionally as backgrounds of the old historical pictures. These, the author says, " look as if they were painted by angels " ; but remove the same sky, which looks so bright and beautiful over the deep shadows and opaque lights of architecture, figures, and draperies, to the open landscape, and either its beauty will disappear, or it will extinguish the landscape. In this difficulty, the sky, as ordinarily the least important part in the composition, must be sacrificed. When we look at the natural landscape, the earth is the object of principal interest ; the sky is but the beautiful frame that sets it off. There are skies, indeed, that absorb our whole attention, but they cannot be painted ; and we have seen many skies so beautifully represented, that they destroyed the effect of the picture.

It must always be remembered that the legitimate object of landscape, as well as of other painting, is to transmit to the mind of the spectator the thoughts and feelings of the artist, and not merely to give a recognizable image of the scene that suggested them. A failure in the first can never be atoned for by any excellence in the last. And in this consists that excellence which has given to Gaspar and Salvator their great fame. Although we would not apply the harsh and contemptuous language that abounds in this book to him who cannot so feel this excellence in them as not to forgive their want of minute accuracy, we must think his mind is either naturally insensible, or has been subject to the influence of a very bad system. We look at their landscapes as we do at nature, not to criticize the parts, but to enjoy the whole. We admit that it would have been better, if they had been more accurate ; and we should have been under great obligations to this author, if he had pointed out their deficiencies with a proper sense of their merits ; but to denounce them in the manner he has done is to do the greatest possible injury to art. " Respect for the ancients," he says, " is the salvation of art " ; and it is so, because to

overturn all long-established opinions upon it is to destroy all faith in it. The author may succeed in convincing some minds that the old masters are unworthy of their admiration, but he cannot transfer it to Turner and Fielding ; if he can show that the art which has been revered for two centuries is almost worthless, he can hardly expect to elevate to its place that which has never secured more than a partial regard in its own day. The inference will be, that art is nothing permanent or real ; that it is founded on no principle, but, like the fashion of our garments, or the decoration of our houses, is a caprice of the time.

What we have said of Gaspar leaves us little to say of Salvator. Different as they were in genius, their faults and their merits are of the same general kind. They selected different forms of nature, because they delighted in different emotions. We read their respective characters distinctly in their works. The author complains of the want of variety in their compositions, and praises Turner for never repeating the same idea. We think this but an equivocal kind of commendation. If a general character does not run through all the works of an author or an artist, it is because he impresses his own strongly upon none of them. It was reserved for Shakspeare alone to be great without leaving a trace of himself in his creations ; and this is true of him only as a dramatist.

Salvator approached the confines of the sublime without ever actually reaching it. But that he was governed by no love of it is one of the most extraordinary assertions in this book. He seems, on the contrary, to be always reaching after it, and yet to come short of that measure of it which we feel in other arts. The defect, we think, was in the art, more than in the man. We have already stated our doubts whether mere landscape-painting admits of the full development of the feeling ; and Salvator never attempted the union of the physical and moral sublime, to which the nearest approach, if not the only successful example of it, in painting, is the Peter Martyr of Titian. Salvator had the sentiment in a high degree, and as much in color as in form. He seems to have been sensible of the inadequacy of his vehicle ; he left few pictures to which he had given the whole power of which he seems to have been capable. He reminds us in this of Michael Angelo, who abandoned most

of his works of sculpture in an unfinished state, from impatience or despair of equalling his conceptions. But, reversing one part of this author's judgment, we say that what *Salvator* has done no other has done so well ; that " he has done nothing which it would not have been better not to have done," is too unmeaning to be denied.

The same general remarks do not apply to *Claude*. He is well known through copies and engravings, but only in those qualities in which he is most deficient. His composition is elaborately feeble, though harmonious. Nothing but his marvellous truth in color, though he was not a great colorist, could prevent his works from becoming absolutely tiresome. But there never was, and never will be, one who could paint the air as he did ; whether it be sunshine or shade, morning, noon, or evening, from the foreground to the horizon, every part is bathed more and more deeply in the circumambient but invisible atmosphere, which gives a perfect truth and harmony of color to the light and shadow of every object. It is the very air of Italy, in which every thing seems to float at an indefinite distance, without its being itself perceptible. Perhaps it is true that there is no pervading feeling in any one of his pictures beyond that of mere tranquillity. He was not a great artist ; he had not the enthusiasm of genius ; but want of fidelity to the truth of nature is not his fault.

These are the three great landscape-painters among the old artists. We enter into no discussion of the merits of the Dutch and Flemish masters, because we think them men of an inferior mould, however admirable their skill in imitation and in color ; and they had the misfortune to live in an unpoetical country. After all we have read and seen, we still believe that landscape must rise very much above its present condition before it can approach the works of these men and of many others whom we have left unnoticed. Yet we confess, that, while we look upon the great historical painters of the sixteenth and some even of the seventeenth century as exhibiting an excellence which it would be in vain for modern art to attempt to reach, we have not that feeling in regard to the landscape-painters. Much as we admire them, we yet feel that they have not done all of which the art is capable, nor even as much as may be hoped for in time to come. We have not space now to explain and defend this opinion at

large. We have already stated generally our reasons for one part of it, in saying that a state of society and education — and we should have added, of religion — existed in the beginning of the sixteenth century, which soon ceased, and which never can exist again, and to which we are indebted for the great works of historical art. The same causes were not necessary to produce, and did not in fact produce, the same effect in landscape, which rose into existence under different influences. Nor has there been, by any means, down to the present time, so great a deterioration of landscape as of history. In the one, it is a failure of power from failure of its exciting causes ; in the other, it is a degradation of taste, which, though it infects the public, does not necessarily reach the artist. Historical art, besides other causes, must have failed for want of appropriate subjects to create a sufficient interest. We have no popular superstition, and a man cannot live in one age and paint another. If the artist do not feel an enthusiasm for his subject independently of that which he feels in his own representation of it, he will never rise to its height. It was to faith that Christian art owed its glory ; and in what has this generation faith ?

But the subjects of landscape are always the same, and are interesting in proportion to the degree of poetical culture. Certainly in this we are not necessarily inferior to any preceding age. It depends upon habits of life which are within our own control. The mind is now as susceptible as ever of the impressions of natural beauty, and of poetical and moral associations, if we will but acquaint ourselves more with nature and less with the frivolous pursuits and the exasperating controversies of society. We see no reason why men should not arise in our day to surpass all that was accomplished by Claude, Gaspar, or Salvator.

Enough has been done among ourselves to justify, if not wholly to fulfil, this hope. Without thinking it necessary to deny the absolute merit of other artists, ancient or modern, we are firmly of opinion that we have seen no landscapes painted since the time of Titian superior to those of Allston. They are not numerous, for he devoted himself chiefly to history. If he had been willing to make landscape his peculiar study, we think there would not long have been any divided opinion upon his supremacy in that art.

We have abstained from any remarks on what is said

of Mr. Turner, because we have no doubt of his excellence in what this author almost exclusively commends him for ; we differ as to the possible value of such works only when compared with those executed in more solid materials. Of his earlier oil paintings we have already expressed our admiration ; of his later ones we have nothing to say, because they are to us totally incomprehensible. They represent to our minds nothing in nature actually or conventionally. It would be easy to describe them as ridiculous ; but if they are errors, they are those of genius, and the ridicule more properly belongs to those who encourage by pretending to understand and admire them.

ART. V. — *Prison Discipline in America.* By FRANCIS C. GRAY. Boston : Little & Brown. 1847. 8vo. pp. 203.

PRISON discipline has been so carefully studied, during the past fifty years, and so many experiments in it have been made, both in Europe and this country, their results being diligently watched and published, that its general principles ought, by this time, to be well known and established. Most of them are so ; a great body of facts has been collected, and most of the conclusions drawn from them now command universal assent. If doubt and controversy still exist upon a few points, it is because individuals who have labored long and earnestly in the cause have allowed their feelings to become unduly excited in favor of their respective plans, and have been unwilling to see them set aside by rival systems productive of equally good or better results. The hardest task of a reformer is to give up his own favorite plan of reform, and to coöperate heartily with those who perhaps have entered into the work at a later hour, and have shown less zeal and energy in it than himself, but who, either by greater sagacity, more exact observation, or mere good luck, have hit upon more effective means of attaining the great object which all have in view. Your zealous philanthropist is usually the most unpersuadable man in the community ; he has

more benevolence than prudence, more love than logic. He is very good at discerning the extent and enormity of an evil, and very eloquent in proclaiming them to the public ; but he is not always equally happy in devising a remedy. He who has the best lungs for giving the alarm that the house is on fire is not always the most efficient hand at putting it out. We are sorry, but not surprised, to see philanthropists quarrelling with each other ; nothing else could be expected from persons of their temperament.

But in this matter of prison discipline, it is high time for the dispute to be stopped. The mere philanthropists, with their warm hearts and hot tempers, have done their work in it, by fully exposing the enormous, the now almost incredible, evils which did exist in prisons five-and-twenty years ago, by dragging them out to the light and to public abhorrence, by exciting an almost universal interest in the subject, and by causing experiments to be instituted, and plans for alleviating the miseries of prisons to be tried, in every civilized country on the face of the globe. Perhaps they have even drawn to the matter a disproportionate share of attention, have reformed prisons while they neglected almshouses, have excited more public sympathy for the criminal than the pauper. No matter ; the subject has not received more notice than it deserves, and we hope they will next consider the cause of the poor. When the Congress which meets at Frankfort and Brussels shall have ended their discussions about providing the interior of prisons with suitable gardens and flowers and fountains, about the best mode of ventilating the cells, and of furnishing the prisoners with savory and nutritious diet, and the means of secular and religious instruction for every day in the week, they will doubtless begin to think of the condition of the peasantry and the manufacturing poor in their respective countries, of the propriety of building cabins for them which shall be as comfortable as a well-warmed, well-lighted, and well-ventilated cell, and of giving them food which shall be more wholesome and nourishing than “ pres-sagh ” and lumper potatoes. The question, whether wooden or iron bedsteads are most conducive to the health of the convicts, is an important one, and might be discussed with some reference to the Irish poor, who usually have no bedsteads at all, but sleep in the mud.

The projectors of the prison reform having played their

part manfully and well, it is time for them to step aside, and give place to cool, shrewd, and practical men, who will adjust the details and perfect the system. Pathos and eloquence are out of place here ; we want nothing but good common sense, some skill in arithmetic, and a little inductive philosophy. Materials enough have been collected to settle the doubts and end the controversy. These materials are facts, collected in the course of many years' experiments in a great number of prisons, duly registered and tabulated, and pointing so obviously to certain conclusions, that the inferences may be drawn by a child. The field of controversy, as we have intimated, has now become very narrow ; the light of experience has definitively settled many questions relating to prison discipline which were formerly debated with much heat. It is now admitted, on all hands, that the prisoners should be kindly treated, well fed, and strictly guarded, should be taught and required to work industriously at useful trades, should have some moral and religious instruction, should be rigidly separated from each other by night, and that their intercourse by day should be so watched and restricted that they should have no power to contaminate one another, or to strengthen themselves by corrupt or idle conversation in their evil courses. The only question that remains, and it is a grave one, is, whether they should work together, or in sight of each other, during the daytime, — as in large workshops or other places, but always under strict rules and supervision, — or whether they should be confined by day, as well as by night, each to his separate cell, and work there in solitude broken only by occasional visits from the turnkey, the inspector, or the chaplain. Here is absolutely the whole question, — Social or solitary labor by day, which is the better ?

Now we have facts enough to answer even this question, if we could only get at them, have them well arranged, clearly stated, and so completely winnowed from the effects of extraneous causes, that they shall bear on this point alone. In this country we have had excellent prisons, conducted on both these plans, for at least seventeen years ; and the results ought to show, either that one should be decidedly preferred to the other, or that the two are almost equally good, so that the question of preference between them is an idle one, and may well be dismissed entirely. Unluckily,

collateral issues have been brought in, local jealousies excited, the zeal of rival associations roused, the honor of having first introduced a successful system of prison discipline is disputed, and the merits of the question really at issue have been covered up in the confusion of a guerilla warfare. The question actually mooted has been, not whether solitary or social labor by day is preferable, but whether the Pennsylvania plan is properly called one of solitary or separate imprisonment, — whether the Philadelphia prison is better than that at Auburn, or that in Charlestown, — whether the total silence of the prisoners is a necessary feature of the Auburn plan, — whether the lash ought ever to be used, — whether the course pursued by the Boston Prison Discipline Society has been fanatical or liberal, wise or foolish, — and a dozen other questions which we have no patience to enumerate. In a discussion of this kind, there is certainly but little chance that truth will ever be elicited, or any addition made to the stock of established principles in the science of prison discipline.

It is a fortunate circumstance, then, that a cautious inquirer, like Mr. Gray, cool, methodical, and rigid in his habits of investigation, a chaste writer and an excellent logician, has undertaken to eliminate all these false issues, and to ascertain “what plan of prison discipline appears, from the evidence now before us, to be best adapted to our present wants and condition.” He shows no enthusiasm, and indulges in no flights of rhetoric ; that he is deeply interested in the subject appears only from a consideration of the time and labor that he must have given to the preparation of this volume. Above all, he has not engaged in the discussion with the eagerness and intemperate spirit of a partisan, occupied not so much in sifting the evidence as in casting reproach on the motives and conduct of those who differ from him in opinion. On the contrary, he is singularly mild and temperate in his expressions, uses no strong epithets, and utters not a word of blame, even when the facts exposed by him seem to require indignant comment. Prison discipline he considers as a science, and he has entered into a patient examination of the questions that it offers as if they were so many problems in physics or natural history. He is an inveterate collector of facts, and an inexorable logician. Sentiment and declamation, therefore, find no place in his

pages, and he even laughs at arguments “professedly founded on the principles of the human mind and the nature of things, and other such ‘branches of learning’ as are usually resorted to only for want of better reasons, and less frequently used to aid us in forming opinions than in defending opinions already adopted.” It is no small addition to this praise, to say that his book is written in excellent English, terse, succinct, and forcible, and with great purity and simplicity of diction.

A great merit of the work, though it is nowhere paraded or boasted of, consists in the extreme caution and watchfulness with which the facts have been brought together, and the evidence sifted. In this respect, we do not hesitate to call it the most trustworthy book on prison discipline which has ever appeared in this country ; and we know of no European treatise which can be considered as its superior. He must be a bold man who will impugn any of Mr. Gray’s statements ; they are never taken at second hand, and the original sources being always indicated, the task of verifying them is not difficult. We have traced a considerable portion of them to the authorities cited, the printed reports of the prison officers and Parliamentary documents, and ceased the examination only when satisfied that it was needless. Testimony has seldom been more carefully scrutinized and weighed in a court of justice than in this volume. Yet the author speaks thus modestly on the point : —

“It would be presumptuous to assert that there are no mistakes in this pamphlet. But it is enough for my purpose, if there are none which affect materially its arguments or its conclusions.”

This remark is important ; for the correctness of certain statistical tables relating to prisons, and the validity of the conclusions founded upon them, have been denied on account of some trivial errors of the press or the pen, the misplacing of a single figure, or a slight mistake in the addition of a column of units, though it was apparent on the face of the matter that these errors did not at all affect the general inference. Figures are seldom printed in a statistical work with as much correctness as in the Nautical Almanac ; nor is it necessary that they should be ; for in the latter case, the substitution, in but a single instance, of a 9 for a 7 might occasion the wreck of a ship and the loss of many valuable lives ; while in the

former, as statistical reasoning proceeds by a series of means or averages, and is therefore confessedly but an approximation to the truth, the mistake of a figure or two in the body of the tables is generally of no importance ; in the body of the tables, we say, for of course the arithmetical processes, the striking of the average, must be strictly correct. We do not believe that this remark is needed to shield Mr. Gray's tables even from hypercriticism ; but it is very certain that there are no errors in them which will vitiate his reasoning in the slightest degree.

Considering this scientific examination of the subject, which Mr. Gray has executed with so much care and ability, to be of great value, for the purpose both of giving information to those who have not made a particular study of prison discipline, and of ending controversy among those who have, we shall endeavour to give as full a view as our limits will permit of the facts and arguments adduced by him, with the few additional illustrations of the principles involved that we have derived from the perusal of his volume and of many of his original authorities. For the greater part of what follows the reader will consider himself indebted to Mr. Gray, though he is not responsible, of course, for the correctness of any assertion unless it appears as a direct citation from his book.

The objects of prison discipline are twofold, — the protection of society, and the reformation of the criminal. Different opinions are entertained of the relative importance of these two ends ; the zealous philanthropy of most of those persons who have given great attention to the subject has led them, we think, to overrate the importance of the latter, or, at any rate, to spend more thought upon it than upon the general interests of the community. Society is not bound to reform the convict *for his own sake* ; no one who has committed a grave offence against his fellow-beings can call upon them, not merely to support him, but to find a cure for his hardness of heart and habits of self-indulgence which have betrayed him into sin. At any rate, the claims of the virtuous poor for a comfortable maintenance and all the means of secular and religious instruction are vastly preferable to his ; not till these are fully satisfied can the petition of the guilty be granted. But society does undertake, from a regard to its own interests, to draw evil-doers out of the abyss of wick-

edness and infamy into which they have plunged by their own act. Reformation is secondary, then ; the prevention of crime is the first object of prison discipline. We are not speaking, however, of the duties of individuals ; of course, the obligation of Christian benevolence is incumbent upon all, and towards all, — the thief and the murderer no less than our honest fellow-man. We speak only of the duties of the state, an association organized for limited purposes, among which is the institution of a proper system of prison discipline, by which alone society can be protected against crime.

Now, before we ask what are the most effectual means to this end, there is a preliminary question to be answered which covers the whole of our present subject. Society has a right to protect itself, yet not by the exercise of undue severity, — certainly not by a sacrifice of reason or life, unless all other means fail. The most unflinching advocate of the rights of the community will not favor the introduction of Draco's code, the immediate punishment of all offences by death. So, too, the reason or the life of the convict is not to be exposed to any hazard which can possibly be avoided ; what we are not authorized to take away we have no right to endanger. The offender is sentenced by due course of law to imprisonment, either for a limited term of years, or for life ; imprison him, then, but do not put him to death, do not drive him mad. If you shorten his life, or expose it to considerable hazard, it is the same thing as if he were sentenced to be hanged with a respite of execution, or with a chance of escape provided the rope broke. The law does not sanction this severity ; reason, humanity, common justice, cries out against it. Above all, you have no right to expose him to the awful peril of insanity, which is worse than death. The savage tortured his victim by hot pincers and fiery arrows, the Inquisition doomed him to the rack and the stake ; but neither the barbarian nor the bigot, with all their fiendish refinements in cruelty, ever invented a punishment so horrid as the privation of reason. If any one thinks this language is too strong, let him visit a madhouse.

The vilest criminal, who is sentenced only to confinement, has as good a right to require that society should not expose his sanity or his life to hazard, as the most virtuous member of the community. His safety in these respects, indeed, is

to be watched over with even greater care than if he were a freeman unspotted by crime. The reason is obvious ; those who are at liberty are bound to take care of themselves ; if they fall into peril, it is their own fault or their misfortune ; society is not accountable for what it seeks not to control. But with the prisoner it is far different ; the iron grasp of the law is upon him, and he is as helpless for himself as an infant. Thick walls and iron grates surround him ; his food is selected and weighed out to him ; his allowance of light, air, and warmth is determined ; his hours for sleep, labor, and idleness are fixed ; his dress, his exercise, his habits in every respect, are under the constant and irresistible control of his keepers. He is like clay in the hands of the potter. Society has all power over him, and therefore accepts all the responsibility ; the issues of life or death, if we may so speak with reverence, of sanity or insanity, are in its hands.

Hence, we may observe in passing, comes the attractiveness of this subject of prison discipline for many worthy theorists and speculative reformers. Prisoners are capital subjects for experiment, for they are not allowed to have any will of their own. Every thing is done for them upon a system ; they are fed, lodged, dressed, taught, employed, punished, and rewarded upon theory ; and all without regard to expense, as the state pays the bills. The interior of a prison is a grand theatre for the trial of all new plans in hygiene and education, in physical and moral reform ; the convict is surrendered, body and soul, to be experimented upon. Hence the zeal and pertinacity with which discussions of this matter are conducted, and the strange manner in which abstract speculation has been allowed to predominate over the evidence of facts, though prison discipline should be one of the most practical of all subjects. Those theory-loving nations, the French and the Germans, have been debating upon it these ten years, and do not seem to have arrived at a conclusion yet. Meanwhile, America and England have been steadily making experiments in it, and it is time that we should profit by their results.

We consider, therefore, that Mr. Gray is right in looking upon this subject almost exclusively under the light of experience, and in making the question respecting the comparative effects of the two systems upon the bodily and mental health of the prisoners paramount to all others. It deserves

the first and the chief place, for it is a matter of justice and humanity, while the other questions, as we have seen, relate solely to points of expediency, or to the means of guarding the community from anxiety and harm. Save the life and the reason of the convict first, and you may talk about reforming him and protecting society against crime afterwards. Nearly all the evidence adduced by Mr. Gray bears upon this point, and his remarks upon other topics connected with prison discipline, though curious and important, as they always evince great sagacity and good-sense, are mostly incidental. On the main question, the evidence he has brought forward seems absolutely decisive ; we see not how its effect can be evaded or withstood, even by those whose previous opinions leaned to the opposite side.

The question is simply, whether the system either of solitary or of social labor by day affects so injuriously the health of the convicts who are exposed to it, that any continuance of it in practice is inhuman and unjust. Now there cannot be a better mode of answering this question, than by comparing the returns of the two prisons in which, by the confession of all parties, these systems have respectively been carried out in the most satisfactory manner and for the longest time. The two prisons selected for this purpose are the one at Philadelphia and the one in Charlestown, Massachusetts, this selection being made for the following reasons : —

“ 1. Because they may be regarded as the model prisons here of their respective systems, or certainly inferior to none ; and the experience of those where any material abuse is known or suspected to exist would have little weight ; and is in truth of little worth, since it is rarely possible to distinguish the effects of a system itself from those of its maladministration.

“ 2. Because they resemble each other in other respects more than any other two prisons in America, which in this respect differ ; as for example in the period during which they have been in full practical operation, that is, since 1829 ; — in the number of their white prisoners ; — in the mildness of their punishments, and generally in the benevolent spirit in which they have been administered ; — and in the important particulars, that both are near large cities, in which the average rates of mortality at large, and, so far as I have been able to learn, the proportions of insane in the whole population, are not materially different ; — that both are governed by intelligent and able officers,

who command the public confidence ; — that both are under the watchful observation of friendly societies, anxious to contribute by all possible means to their improvement ; — and that both are within the view of large, enlightened, and benevolent communities, who, upon the slightest suspicion, would be prompt, no doubt, to investigate and correct every abuse without fear or favor.” — pp. 61, 62.

As to the comparative health enjoyed by the inmates of these two prisons, Mr. Gray remarks, — “The only mode hitherto known for ascertaining the proportion of deaths or insane cases to the whole number of persons anywhere is to compare the actual returns for a series of years. The opinions of the most learned and experienced are of no avail here ; for those opinions must be founded on the same facts, and the facts themselves are better evidence than the opinions.” For the benefit of those who are not always capable of distinguishing statements of facts from those of opinions, we will quote another of our author’s pungent remarks. “The confident and sweeping statements so often made on the subject, such as that this or that system is shown by experience not to be injurious to health, or to be better than all others, &c., though made in the form of assertions of fact, are nothing but mere expressions of opinion ; and when not accompanied by the evidence and arguments on which they rest, are of little value in discussions of this nature.”

Full tables are presented by Mr. Gray of the deaths in each of the two prisons for ten years past, — the whole average number of prisoners, distinguishing the whites from the blacks, being given for each year, and the deaths of the whites appearing in a separate column from those of the blacks in the case of the Philadelphia prison, though not in that at Charlestown, as the records of the latter prison do not furnish the means for making this distinction. The accuracy of these tables is beyond question ; we cannot copy them at length, but we give the following remarks of Mr. Gray on the results which they furnish.

“It has been not uncommon here and elsewhere to insist, that no comparison whatever should be instituted between the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia and any other prison, on the ground, that the greater number of blacks there rendered any such comparison impossible ; and it has often been attempted,

under the shelter of this general allegation, to escape from the terrors of the truth. But they are not to be escaped from thus. We will compare the mingled population of whites and blacks together in the prison at Charlestown with the whites alone in that of Philadelphia. The difference is apparent at a glance. In the former it is 1.19 *per cent.*, in the latter 2.18 *per cent.* Or, to make it more intelligible to readers in general, who do not readily comprehend these per centages and fractions of a man's life, where 119 prisoners die in Charlestown prison, no less than 218 white prisoners die in that of Philadelphia; an immense difference. But may it not be occasioned by the diversity of soil or climate or temperature? Perhaps so; let us inquire. The influence of these causes, and of all other causes whatsoever not belonging to the prisons themselves, must operate as well without as within them, and affect the whole community no less than the inmates of the prison. What, then, is the fact? The deaths among the white inhabitants of Philadelphia are, as has been stated, 2.42 *per cent.* In Boston, the deaths, since 1830, are on an average 2.09 *per cent.*, a difference indeed, but by no means sufficient to explain the difference in the prisons; and leaving still a vast residuum to be accounted for. It has been urged, however, that there is a difference in the length of the sentences. This is true. But the difference is in favor of Philadelphia, as the sentences are shorter there than here, and the influence of this cause, therefore, should make the mortality in their prison less than that in ours, instead of more.

“Again, it has been alleged, that the health of the prisoners in Philadelphia is at least as good as that of the community around, the mortality being less within than without the prison, since the mortality in the city is 2.42 *per cent.*, while in the prison it is only 2.18 *per cent.* But this is not so. The mortality is not less within than without the prison, because such is the result of the tables. The greatest proportion of deaths, that which raises the average so high in the general bills of mortality, takes place in infancy and childhood. But the inmates of both these prisons are more than three fourths of them under forty years of age, in the full maturity and vigor of life. There are none in childhood, and scarcely any in old age. Let the mortality among them be compared with that of those of the same age in the community, and mark the result. For want of direct tables for Philadelphia, let the deaths in Boston be taken on the average since 1830, between the ages of 15 and 60 years, and allowing for the difference above stated between the whole number of deaths in Boston and Philadelphia, the result will be that in Philadelphia, the deaths between those ages are 1.47 *per cent.* That

is, where 147 persons between 15 and 60 die in the city, 218 die in the prison. The deaths in Boston between those ages are 1.28 *per cent.*, so that it will be seen, that where 128 die in the city, only 119 die in the prison, and that thus the latter is the more healthy of the two." — pp. 97 – 99.

Mr. Gray here makes an immense concession, by comparing only the white prisoners at Philadelphia with the mingled population of whites and blacks at Charlestown. In all his statements of facts, indeed, he has scrupulously eliminated the effects of those causes alleged to be peculiar to the Philadelphia prison, and which have hitherto been used to explain away the *whole* of the startling results of a comparison of the two prisons. After making all the deductions that can be claimed on this account, the remainder still shows a fearful disproportion of mortality against the prison in Philadelphia, though it is certainly far below the truth. To be convinced of this, let us look at the mortality in that prison among the blacks alone, a point wholly omitted in the passage just cited.

For ten years preceding 1830, the annual average rate of mortality among the blacks in the city of Philadelphia was 4.75 *per cent.* for all ages; subtracting from it the rate for those under 15 years of age, — making the calculation on the same principle and from the same facts as those used by Mr. Gray in the case of the whites, — the rate of mortality among the free blacks from 15 to 60 years old is 2.88. Now among the blacks in prison at Philadelphia it is 7.77, or more than two and a half times as great; that is, the chance that imprisonment on this plan will kill the black convict within one year is two and a half times as great as the chance of his dying within that year if he should remain at liberty. Is it humane or just to subject him to this increased hazard, when the court has sentenced him only to confinement?

But there are good reasons to believe that the figures as presented by Mr. Gray do not show the whole of this terrible risk even for the whites. In the comparison of the two prisons, no account has yet been taken of the different length of the periods of confinement, or of the number of pardons. From the third report of the New York Prison Association, page 40, it appears that the average length of imprisonment at Charlestown is about five years, while at Philadelphia it is

but two years and eight months,* yet the longer term causes a rate of mortality equal to 1.19 *per cent.*, while the shorter term at Philadelphia makes it 2.18. Now the rate at Philadelphia *in* prison exceeds what it is *out of* prison by .71 *per cent.* (2.18 — 1.47), and this difference, which shows how great are the causes of death that are peculiar to the prison, should be doubled, or in other words it should be added to 2.18, before we compare this prison with another in which the peculiar or prison causes of death have twice as long to work. We have, then, 2.89 as the true rate of mortality at Philadelphia for the purpose of comparison, or 289 white convicts die there while 119 die at Charlestown. The report last cited shows that in 1845 there were 14 persons confined for life at Charlestown, and the longest period there, other than for life, was 35 years, while the shortest period was one year; at Philadelphia, in the same year, there were none for life, the longest period was 11 years, and the shortest only three months. The effect of these differences on the respective rates of mortality is obvious enough, and would justify even a larger allowance than we have here made for them.

The distribution of pardons between the white and black convicts at Philadelphia is quite remarkable, and may afford a clue to the immense and otherwise unaccountable difference in the rates of mortality of the two races while in prison. From the returns for five years preceding the close of 1846,

* This is the average length of the periods which the convicts who entered the prison in 1845 and 1846 were sentenced to suffer; but this average is much diminished by the frequency of pardons. The tables given on pages 41–49 of the Seventeenth Annual Report of the prison at Philadelphia enable us to show how long the convicts were actually imprisoned. We find that from October, 1829, to January 1st, 1846, there had been 2,059 prisoners. Of these, 467, or 22.6 *per cent.* of the whole number, were confined one year or under; 806, or 39.1 *per cent.*, from one to two years; 522, or 25.3 *per cent.*, from two to three years; 198, or 9.6 *per cent.*, from three to five years; 43, or 2.08 *per cent.*, from five to seven years; and 23, or 1.1 *per cent.*, from seven to ten years. Now, reckoning the average period for each of these classes as midway between the limits given for that class,—that is, considering the 467 as confined on an average for 6 months, the 806 as averaging one year and a half, and so on,—we find that the whole number were confined an average period of one year, eleven months, and seven days, instead of two years and eight months, as stated in the New York Report. The difference of course strengthens our argument very much. But we have no means of ascertaining how much the terms of imprisonment at Charlestown are shortened by the operation of pardons. We are told, however, that during the past five years, one in every 12 of the prisoners at Philadelphia has been pardoned, while at Charlestown during the same years the average number pardoned has been only one in 22.

it appears that 131 whites were pardoned out, and only 11 blacks. "During this time," says Mr. Gray, "the whites have been precisely twice as many as the blacks, the average of the one being $221\frac{3}{5}$, and that of the other just 111. The number of whites, then, has been to that of the blacks as two to one, and the pardons of the former to those of the latter almost exactly as twelve to one." It is not so strange that the rate of mortality of the poor blacks should appear thrice as great, when the rate of pardons for them is but one sixth as large, as the corresponding rates for the whites. This consideration adds much weight to our argument on the comparative length of the periods of imprisonment at the two places. The following ratios, which we have hastily calculated from the tables given on pages 41 - 49 of the Annual Report of the prison at Philadelphia for 1845, show obvious reasons why the system is more fatal to the colored race. Of 1,367 white prisoners, 364, or 26.6 *per cent.* of the whole, were confined one year or under; while of 692 blacks, 103, or only 14.9 *per cent.*, did not exceed one year. Of the whites, 11.8, and of the blacks, 14.8 *per cent.* were imprisoned three years or more; 2.8 of the former, and 3.9 of the latter, remained five years or more. The system has been more deadly to the blacks simply because they have been longer exposed to it.

The effects of the separate system on the minds of the convicts are found to be more injurious even than its operation on their bodily health. Solitary imprisonment unmitigated by labor has always caused so frightful an amount of insanity, that the plan has been abandoned in every case in this country in which it has been tried, and usually after a very short experiment. Is there cause to believe that the alleviations of this solitude which have been introduced into the Pennsylvania system have effectually checked the evil? These alleviations consist in giving the prisoner the means of employment in his cell, and in allowing him to be visited by the prison officers and inspectors, and other suitable persons, though he never sees his fellow-prisoners. It is important to know how numerous and how long these visits are, on an average, for each convict, — how large a part of the twenty-four hours he usually spends in the company of a fellow-being. Mr. Gray first cites, upon this point, the testimony of Mrs. Farnham, the excellent Matron of the female department at Sing Sing,

who visited the prison at Philadelphia in 1846, in order to see the actual operation of the Pennsylvania system.

“In an examination of this system, therefore, one of my particular objects was to ascertain what amount of social intercourse was afforded to those who were placed under its operation. With the advantages which I have named, it would be idle to suppose that a state of things more favorable to a liberal and sound administration of the system will be anywhere realized than in Philadelphia. I was exceedingly interested, therefore, to ascertain how far all these advantages permitted the prisoner to conform to the laws of his mental being, in respect to the particulars which I have named. *The largest average which was given me of the time spent by each person in social intercourse was by the warden. He thought it might be fifteen minutes of each twenty-four hours, — perhaps with a great majority not so much. Those prisoners with whom I spoke thought seven minutes would be a large statement of the amount of time spent by them in society!* A few who were peculiarly situated gave much more than this. But these were exceptions, existing under temporary and precarious causes. The periods of imprisonment range, in most countries, from one year or less to the length of the natural life. For terms of time, therefore, varying from those of short duration to the whole of the natural life, persons condemned to this system must suffer a solitude so entire, that fifteen minutes out of each twenty-four hours will include the entire time spent in the presence or communion of a fellow-being.”

To confirm Mrs. Farnham's statement, our author shows by a curious calculation that it is not practicable, under the system, to allow each prisoner society for more than fifteen minutes a day.

“It appears from the above table marked (B.), that the number of prisoners has been on an average, for the last ten years, 364; let 360 be taken as more convenient for this mode of calculation. It is stated that the moral instructor employs from seven to eight hours a day, say eight. In this time there are 480 minutes, which is one minute and one third for each prisoner. It is not to be supposed that he sees them all every day. He states himself that he makes each day from sixteen to twenty visits. Suppose twenty, and allowing no time for passing from one cell to another, each visit is of twenty-four minutes, and each prisoner sees him once in eighteen days.

“If the visits are more frequent, they must be shorter; or if longer, more rare; for they can amount in all to no more than a

minute and one third per day. The same estimate applies to the schoolmaster. The warden, considering his other important avocations, cannot probably devote more than two hours every day to visits, or one fourth part of the time employed by the teacher; which will afford to each prisoner an amount of visiting equal to one third of a minute each day, and as he sees every inmate once a fortnight, each visit may be of four minutes and two thirds. Allow as much for the physician, and as much more for the apothecary, and we have altogether from these officers within the walls three minutes and two thirds per day." — pp. 126, 127.

The length of the visits made by the inspectors, the committee of the Philadelphia Society, the legislature, the juries, benevolent persons from the community at large, and the turnkeys, is computed in the same manner, and the aggregate is shown not to exceed eleven minutes a day. To adopt Mrs. Farnham's statement, therefore, allowing fifteen minutes a day of human intercourse to each convict is certainly not to fall short of the truth. How much society ought to be provided in order to maintain the bodily and mental faculties of each prisoner in full health and vigor is a question which it is not easy to determine.

"No one probably would think of less than two hours a day. If we suppose this duty of visiting to be assigned to chaplains, as it usually is, and each to be employed eight hours daily, which is as much as can be required, one chaplain for every four convicts would be necessary to accomplish the object. The work would probably be divided, and one chaplain give half an hour a day to each of sixteen convicts. But then three others must give half an hour apiece to each of the same sixteen in order to furnish them with the time specified; and however this duty be distributed among them, their number must amount to at least one fourth part of the prisoners; or to ninety-one in Philadelphia, and seventy-four in Charlestown. Even to provide them with society for one single hour in the twenty-four would require half these numbers. And who would dream of proposing to the State of Massachusetts to employ and pay seventy-four or even thirty-seven chaplains for the State prison, or ask that of Pennsylvania for the still larger number?" — pp. 128, 129.

We shall not quarrel with the upholders of the Philadelphia plan about a name. If the fact, that each prisoner has society afforded him on an average for fifteen minutes a day, seems to them to justify their often-repeated assertion, that the system is

not one of *solitary*, but of *separate*, imprisonment,* they are welcome to the appellation. Indeed, as the inmates of the Bastille and the Spielberg, of the Inquisition at Madrid and the Leads at Venice, were necessarily visited each day by the persons who brought them their allowance of food and water, it is pretty evident that solitary imprisonment, as it is understood by the advocates of the separate system, was not permitted in these institutions, nor do we see how it is practicable anywhere.

But whatever name be given to the system, let us see what its effects are on the minds of the prisoners.

New cases of Insanity in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, in each year, since 1836.

Years.	Whole no. of cases.	Whites.	Blacks.	Not distinguished.	Appearing insane when admitted.		
					Whites.	Blacks.	Not distinguished.
1837	14			14			
1838	18	8	10				
1839	26	13	13		2		
1840	21			21			
1841	11			11			
1842†							
1843	4	3	1		2	1	
1844	15	10	2	3	8	1	3
1845	8	6	2				
1846	9	3	6				
	126	43	34	49	12	2	3
Deduct Insane when admitted.	17	12	2	3			
Cases arising in prison.	109	31	32	46			

“Now since it appears, that where the color is distinguished, the number of whites and the number of blacks becoming insane

* “The system is called the solitary system by some who have written against it, and who have portrayed their objections in glowing colors. It is not a solitary system; and therefore such objections, and whatever deductions have been made therefrom, are groundless. The prisoners are separated from each other at all times. They never see one another. From the moment they come into prison they are separated and alone only as regards their fellow-prisoners. The system is properly called, therefore, the *separate system*.” — *Seventeenth Annual Report of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania*, p. 7.

† No statement.

in the institution are almost exactly equal, it is the natural and necessary presumption, that the same proportion exists, where the color is not distinguished; and of course, half of this undistinguished number 46 should be added to each. To the 31 known to be white let us add, then, the 23 necessarily believed to be so, and we have 54 cases of insanity in an average white population, as appears from table (B.), of 229.

“This for nine years is six each year, or 26.20 new cases of insanity, annually, for every thousand people. Even if we suppose that there was actually no case of insanity in 1842, and base our calculation on ten years, it would only reduce the average number of new cases among whites from 26.20 to 23.58 in a thousand, which does not at all affect the argument, for there ought not to be more than one in a thousand. The former number is no doubt correct.” — pp. 106, 107.

In the report of the physician of the Charlestown prison for 1838, it is said that during the year one man had become insane, and “that this is only the second case of insanity which has occurred in this penitentiary during the last ten years.” During the ten years since 1836, there have been seven cases of insanity in this prison, five of them being insane when admitted.

“It appears, then, that only two cases of insanity have originated in the prison at Charlestown during ten years past, which is one in 1474, less than one in a thousand, accurately .68 in 1000; so that the cases of insanity thus originating among the white prisoners alone in Philadelphia have been almost thirty-six times as many as among all the prisoners, white and black, at Charlestown.” — pp. 109, 110.

According to the census of 1840, one person out of every 580 of the whole population of Massachusetts is insane, while in Pennsylvania the number is only one to every 808. But this census is not trustworthy, and there is no good reason to believe that the tendency of the free population to insanity is greater in the one State than the other. As to the number of *new* cases of insanity which occur every year in the community at large in Massachusetts, Mr. Gray shows good reason to believe that 1 in 2000 “is the lowest rate that can justly be assumed, as 1 in 1000 is certainly the highest.” The rate in the prison at Charlestown is 1 in 1474, which is so nearly midway between the two extremes, that it is very safe to assume that it is no larger than the ordinary rate with-

out the walls. In other words, imprisonment upon this system has no tendency to produce insanity.

But what shall we say of the Pennsylvania system, which produces annually among the *white* convicts *twenty-six* new cases of insanity for every thousand persons, or one in every thirty-eight ?

“ At the same rate, there would be nearly 21,000 new cases of insanity annually in Massachusetts, and about 3,144 in Boston, a number far exceeding that of the deaths. What would become of us, if our weekly list of deaths were accompanied by a still longer list of insanities, and it were known that this was not a rare calamity, but the ordinary course of events here ? This city would be at once depopulated. Yes, even Boston. Its inhabitants would flee from it as from the seat of a pestilence.” — p. 113.

Yet Mr. Gray, with his usual scrupulous avoidance of all those cases which some have endeavoured to account for by unfortunate circumstances alleged to be peculiar to the prison at Philadelphia, has taken no notice of the new cases of insanity among the black convicts, which, as the table shows, are 55 in number on an average annual population of 135. This, for nine years, is more than six for each year ; it exceeds 45 in 1000, or one in every 22. According to the last census, Pennsylvania has a free black population of 47,854, which would give, if insanity prevailed among them at this rate, 2,175 new cases every year. The whole number of insane and idiotic colored persons in the State, in 1840, was shown by the census of that year to be 187 ; and whatever may be the faults of this census, no one who has examined it will think that it attributes too little insanity to the free blacks. Its correctness has been most frequently impeached on the very ground that it attributed to them too much ; the statements it contains in this respect are admitted on all hands to be incredibly large.

But half of the evil is not told yet, though the remainder of it cannot be stated or estimated in figures. We commend the following passage from Mr. Gray's book to the serious attention of every student of the subject, for it points out in concise but vigorous language a consideration of great importance, which has been too frequently overlooked.

“ But the tables above given, appalling as they are, do not afford the full measure of this evil ; for it is most important to

remark that they contain no cases but those of actual death or insanity. No case of debility or disease, bodily or mental, is entered here, until it reach that last extremity. Now is it possible to believe that there are no such cases, that all those who have not attained this fatal consummation are full of health and vigor, and able to go forth and battle manfully with the world? It cannot be. Many more must be treading the dark and downward path, who are yet more or less distant from its end. It is the natural, nay, it is the necessary presumption, that a mode of treatment which utterly destroys the health and reason of so many cannot leave those of others entirely unimpaired. Is it consistent with justice or humanity to inflict a punishment which has this tendency?"—pp. 113, 114.

Here is the reason why the Pennsylvania system has been thought to operate so favorably towards the reformation of the criminal. After the terrible effects of long-continued solitude have shattered his nervous system and benumbed his faculties, till he is trembling on the verge of insanity, he appears subdued, simple, and childish; he weeps at the slightest cause, and is ready to promise amendment, or any thing else that is asked of him. Beaumont and De Tocqueville, in visiting one of the prisoners, No. 61, in the prison at Philadelphia, observed that *he could not speak long without being agitated and shedding tears; and that they had made the same remark of all whom they had previously seen.* New Jersey is now the only State in the Union besides Pennsylvania which has a prison conducted on the plan of solitary labor by day; and the physician of the prisoners, after only two years' experience of the system, speaks thus of its effect upon them.

"In many instances there is remarked that weakness of intellect which results from an unexercised mind. The nervous system must suffer with the other parts of the body from the causes already mentioned. If the prisoner's mind, on his admission into the cell, has not been of a reflective character, and capable of exercising itself on abstract subjects, *imbecility is soon manifested, which leads him to amuse himself in the most childlike employments. If this confinement were continued for many years, such individuals would, no doubt, become permanently injured in their faculties.*"

A year afterwards he speaks yet more plainly and decidedly of this terrible effect of the system.

"Among the prisoners there are many who exhibit a childlike

simplicity, which shows them to be less acute than when they entered. In all who have been more than a year in the prison, some of these effects have been observed. *Continue the confinement for a longer time, and give them no other exercise of the mental faculties than this kind of imprisonment affords, and the most accomplished rogue will lose his capacity for depredating with success upon the community."*

Certainly, it is possible to effect an apparently moral reformation of the convict by reducing him to a state of mental imbecility ; even if this prostration of the intellect be not accompanied by a real change of heart, still the wretched man will be incapable of returning to his former practices with success, and society will thus be protected from crime. So a raving maniac may be stunned by heavy blows on the head, or stupefied by large doses of opium, and thus be reduced to quiet ; yet this is not the way to cure, but to kill him. The moral torture of long-continued solitude, the ceaseless blows it inflicts till reason totters on her throne, may be less savage in appearance, but are far more terrible in reality, than any attempt to subdue a madman by brute force. Rather than subject the vilest criminal to the influence of such a system, our fervent prayer would be that he might continue through life to sin, preserving only the slender chance of a death-bed repentance.

There is one other point relating to the management of the prison at Philadelphia to which it is our duty to allude, though we should much prefer to say nothing about it. There is too good reason to believe that the official statements which have been published respecting the effects of the system there pursued on the minds of the prisoners, afflicting as they are, do not contain the whole truth. In the table already cited, our readers have seen that no cases of insanity are reported for 1842 ; "*the part of the Philadelphia Physician's Report for 1842, which should relate to insanity, appears to have been suppressed without explanation.*" There are asterisks in this Report, indicating that something has been suppressed, and all the other usual matters are discussed in it except insanity, which is justly made a prominent topic in the preceding and subsequent Reports. The language in the Report for the following year, also, leads almost irresistibly to the inference that some of the "old" cases, of which it speaks, originated in 1842. In the Seventeenth Annual Report, the

physician promises to give a tabular statement of all the cases of mental disease which have occurred in the prison. In the Eighteenth Report he excuses himself for the non-fulfilment of this promise, but assures us that in the "next Report the tables shall be forthcoming." They will be very welcome, for the language hitherto used on this subject in the Reports has often been so ambiguous and obscure, as to give rise to unpleasant suspicions. Thus, in 1845, we hear only of "the cases of insanity which have been developed" within the year; and in 1846, of those only "that are supposed to have originated in the institution during the year." Does this mean that there were *other* cases which then first came under treatment, but which were "*supposed* to have originated" in a former year, or perhaps before the individuals entered the prison, and were not mentioned in the Report on account of this supposition?

We make no charge, founded on the Reports already published, against the directors of this prison, of any intention to suppress the truth; we desire only so far to direct public attention to their conduct in this respect, as to insure the utmost frankness, the most explicit statements, on this point, in their *future* Reports. The *suppressio veri* here would be one of the worst forms of falsehood. They owe the complete exhibition of the truth on this subject to their own characters for manliness and candor, to the cause of humanity and truth, and to the community, both in Europe and America, which is in danger, through the multiplication of prisons on the separate plan, of being deluged with a flood of the most terrible *hereditary* disease to which the human race is subject.

As some persons, who are opposed to the separate system as applied during long periods of confinement, advocate its adoption in jails or county prisons, and other houses of detention, for short terms, it is desirable to produce some evidence as to its effects when thus restricted in duration. We remark first, however, that we differ *toto cælo* from these persons as to the merits of the distinction which they have set up. Insanity in some of its worst forms is an insidious and slowly progressive disease. If any mode of treatment were sure to develop it in its full horrors only at the end of ten years, we should consider this a sufficient reason why no individual ought to be subjected to such treatment even for a month or a week. Society has no right to implant the seeds

of a terrible latent disease in the mind of a criminal whose offence merited, at the most, imprisonment for a few months. He may have inherited a disposition to become insane, which might have remained hidden for many years, while "the separate system" would bring it out in a week, though a sounder intellect might resist the apparent effects of the system for a twelvemonth.

But let the facts speak as to the safety of this system even for short terms. We are lucky enough to find evidence on this subject in a quarter which is liable to no exception, in the last, or Eighteenth, Annual Report of the Eastern State Penitentiary of Pennsylvania. In it "the Board of Inspectors" state, page 22, that they "have desired to obtain information from other prisons on the Pennsylvania plan, in order to compare it with that submitted by them. The Warden, Physician, and Inspectors of the Chester County Prison, in this State, have most cheerfully and kindly furnished, at the cost of much patient labor, the following tables, showing the condition of the Separate Prison in that county." The table is very complete, covering the whole history of the prison from the date of its opening, in August, 1840, to January 1st, 1846. During these five years, 111 prisoners were confined there; but as one of them was pardoned out on the day after he entered, let us call the number 110. Of these, twelve were imprisoned for a period not exceeding one month, and twenty others for terms of not more than three months; the average period for the whole number, making allowance for those whose terms had not expired at the date of the report, was a little less than ten months. Of these 110, only one died in prison; six were admitted insane, and three became insane after admission. One committed suicide before he had been confined ten months, and as his health was marked "good" when he entered, and "imperfect (melancholy)" at the time of his death, we suppose that his case also must be considered as one of insanity. We have, then, *four* new cases of insanity among 110 prisoners, who were confined, on an average, less than ten months. This is an average of 36.3 to 1000, a rate of insanity which, if it prevailed throughout the population of the State, would give to Pennsylvania alone 62,581 new cases every ten months. Of the three who became insane while in prison, and were discharged alive, one was confined for six months, another for

two years, and the third for one year and twelve days ; but at what period of their confinement the disease first showed itself is not stated. So much for the effects of the separate system, during short terms, in "jails and houses of detention." Yet among our own fellow-citizens, a number of excellent philanthropists have been making the most strenuous efforts, during the past three years, to induce the city of Boston to erect a jail on the Pennsylvania system !

Lest some should think that the operation of the plan of solitary labor by day has been more unfortunate in Pennsylvania than elsewhere, though that State was its birth-place, we will now adduce evidence as to its effects in other places. We have already alluded incidentally to the experience of New Jersey, which adopted the system in October, 1836, and is commonly said still to continue it, though, as we shall see, a tolerably extensive modification of it has been made in practice. The report of its operation during the first year is a picture of complete success, and the inspectors speak with much satisfaction of "the vast superiority of separate confinement with labor and instruction, in ameliorating the condition of the convict, over every system of prison discipline that [they] have any knowledge of." But a marked change appears in the tone of the report of the very next year, and an apprehension is fairly expressed that the system was doing serious injury to the bodily and mental health of the convicts. The deaths during this year were three *per cent*. Besides speaking of the tendency to insanity, as in the passage we have already cited (*ante*, page 164), the physician holds the following language.

"From the observations of the past year, I am convinced that there are diseases peculiar to the prison, and which will make the report less favorable to the health in the institution than what is expected.

"The tendency to glandular obstruction is seen in almost every prisoner who has been confined in the cells for more than a year, when he is in the least degree indisposed. The complexion is pale, of a dropsical hue, such as continued shade almost always produces, and the symptoms of disease of the internal organs are of the character that mark the languid action which prevails under such circumstances. Some *post mortem* examinations have been made, and in all of them the lymphatic glands were enlarged to an enormous degree, indurated and obstructed."

From the physician's report for the third year, besides the remarks already quoted, we make the following extract.

"There are some among the convicts, who came from the old prison. While there they were in strong health, and for the first two years, in this penitentiary, complained little. Now they have become debilitated, are languid, and exhibit decided symptoms of a decline of their physical powers.

"Among the prisoners are many cases of insanity. Some on their admission showed symptoms of derangement, and since then have continued in the same state."

From the fourth report we cite some instructive passages; those who wish to see the longer extract, which gives the context of these, will find it in Mr. Gray's book, to which we are indebted, indeed, for nearly all the quotations made in this article, though we have seen most of them *in situ* in the original authorities.

"The effect of solitary confinement on the prisoners in this institution is well determined, however different it may seem from what is reported of other similar establishments. As the punishment is carried out in this place, the result upon the convict is a diminished force of his organs generally; and particularly a weakening of the muscular fibre, obstruction of lymphatic glands, and vitiated nervous action. The mind suffers, in this state of the organs, when absolute derangement does not take place."

"The injurious effects are a constant cause of complaint among the prisoners; and as they are making applications for pardon on this ground more than any other, the physician is constantly solicited for certificates of health, under the belief that his statements will go far to induce the court to suppose a further confinement will destroy the life of the petitioner. Some have been pardoned for this reason, who have died soon after they left the prison."

"There are now amongst the 152 prisoners, 12 deranged men. More than half of these were fit for a lunatic asylum when they were received. Instead of receiving any benefit from their confinement, they became confirmed in their malady."

"In the sixth report of the physician," says Mr. Gray, "we have the conclusion of the whole matter."

"Knowing the circumstances under which mind and body suffer most, care is taken to avoid all such evil, as far as prac-

licable. And now, while we admit the enervating tendency of solitary confinement, we can report for the last year no death amongst an average of 141 prisoners. There have been but a few on the sick list at any time during the year, and no case of insanity has originated in the house during this time."

"The cause of this great and extraordinary change may be learned from the physician himself."

"These very favorable results are to be attributed to the constant employment furnished the convicts, and also to the treatment the prisoner receives on the first appearance of disease. If his mind begin to fail, and he shows symptoms of derangement, *another convict is put with him in his cell.* THIS INVARIABLY RESTORES THE PATIENT."

The evil must have been frightful, indeed, if it was thought necessary to check it by such a remedy. That convicts were herded together by night in the same cell was the darkest stain on the character of our prisons before the movement for reforming them commenced, and it did more than all other circumstances united to direct public attention to the necessity of such a reform. It drew from a former governor of Massachusetts, in his message to the legislature, the energetic remark, — "Better that the laws were written in blood, than that they should be executed in sin." And now, total separation by night is enforced in every prison, that has adopted either the separate or the silent system, in the United States, except in New Jersey, where the continued society of another convict is found necessary to restore the health of one who has been broken down in body and mind by the merciless solitude that he was formerly doomed to suffer. How is it, then, with the prison infirmary at Philadelphia? We cannot find any information on the subject in their recent reports. Are the sick, and those who manifest the first symptoms of insanity, always subjected to medical treatment in their separate cells, or are they at once removed to the prison hospital, and there cured, not by drugs, but by enjoying, throughout the twenty-four hours, the society of other sick convicts and of their medical attendants? If actually treated in their cells, how constantly does the nurse or physician remain with them? We look for information on these points to the future reports, which ought to specify the an-

nual number of admissions to the prison hospital, if there be one, and the number of days spent there by each patient ; or else, how much society is given to the sick convict in his cell.

The history of the trial of the separate system in Rhode Island will not detain us long. It was introduced there in November, 1838, and abandoned in 1843, at the recommendation of the warden and physician, "after a careful observation, extending through a period of more than four years, of the injurious and alarming effects of solitary imprisonment upon the mental and physical condition of those who were the subjects of it." During the year preceding its discontinuance, there was an average loss from sickness of twenty-five *per cent.* upon the labor of the convicts ; while during the first year of social labor by day, the loss from the same cause was about six *per cent.* The necessity and amount of punishments for disobedience and violations of rules were diminished in about the same proportion. Of the forty prisoners committed while the separate system was in use, ten, or one fourth of the whole number, two of whom were blacks, manifested decided symptoms of derangement ; of the nineteen committed since this system was abandoned, only three have shown symptoms of insanity, and one of these had become deranged under the separate system, was discharged insane, recovered his mind while at liberty, committed a new offence, was again imprisoned, and soon relapsed into his former state. The advantage claimed for the Pennsylvania plan, that it makes the prisoner more calm and submissive in his demeanour, was not found to be real in this experiment. "On the contrary," says the warden, Dr. Cleveland, "solitude has been found to produce restless irritability, and a peevishness of disposition, impatient of the unnatural restraint imposed on the reluctant body and mind, difficult to be dealt with ; while in the performance of social labor in silence, the men have been better subject to control, and have required less frequent exertions of authority than before."

The failure of the system in this case cannot be attributed to any defects of administration. The cells were unusually large, light, and airy, being eight feet broad, fifteen feet deep, and eight feet high ; each had a pine floor, was lighted by two panes of glass, each fourteen inches by five, was fur-

nished with abundance of pure water, and warmed in cold weather by hot water circulating through iron pipes. Suitable medical advice and attendance were furnished, and proper persons were licensed as moral and religious teachers, who visited the prisoners, principally on Sundays. "The whole system was carried into effect under the constant supervision and frequent visitation of a board of inspectors, having strong confidence in its superiority, and responsible to the legislative body for the discharge of their duties." The warden, before commencing his trial of the plan, visited several prisons conducted on the separate system in other States, in order to learn the best modes of procedure, and to make the experiment in exact conformity with the most approved models. No one who reads his report for 1844 will question his ability, or his disposition to give the system a fair trial.

According to Dr. Cleveland's observations, the insanity manifested by the prisoners in separate confinement was very similar in its symptoms to *delirium tremens*, that frequent species of derangement which arises from "the sudden deprivation of an accustomed excessive stimulus of the brain by ardent spirit." We borrow some of his remarks on this point, which are very acute and philosophical.

"In both classes of cases, I have come to the conclusion, that the derangement was produced by the abstraction of an accustomed stimulus to the brain, either natural, and requisite to a healthy action, or unnatural, and adapted to the supply of a morbid and injurious appetite, and thus necessary, by a bad habit, to the ordinary mental and physical action of the system. Persons who have never been deprived even of a small portion of what may be called their *natural stimulus*, for any considerable length of time, are little aware of its salutary and indispensable influence. Every moment of our lives brings us under its action, through the external senses, in ten thousand various forms. The succession of day and night, the changing seasons through which we are constantly passing, are all in continual action upon the springs of life. The momentary and ever-changing objects which present themselves to the eye, the continual and rapid variety of sounds which fall upon the ear, and, in short, the perpetual succession of phenomena which address themselves to the senses, are all, in a state of personal liberty, and except in the periodical intermissions of sleep, constantly operating upon the brain, and supplying it with that normal stimulus so necessary to the production of moral, physical, and intellectual health. In

fact, all the external senses are but so many avenues through which new impulses to the system are continually flowing ; all which, including also social intercourse, combine in their operations, and give a perpetual impulse to the human system. Now, suddenly abstract from a man these influences to which he has been so long accustomed ; shut him up, with but scanty resources of his own to keep the powers of his mind in action, in a solitary cell, where he must pass the same unvarying round, from week to week, with hope depressed, with no subjects for reflection but those which give him pain to review, in the scenes of his former life ; after a few days, with no new impressions made upon his senses, where even the sound of his own hammer is lost upon his ear, and one unvarying sameness relaxes the attention and concentration of his mind, and it will not be thought strange, that, through the consequent debility and irritability of its organ, the mind should wander and become impaired ; in short, that the prisoner should have the ‘ horrors,’ and that, too, from the same cause that produces the disease in the man whose system has become accustomed to other and greater stimulus than his, and has had that unnatural but habitual stimulus suddenly withdrawn. Is not the brain, as a physical organ, subject to the same laws that govern all other parts of the system ? and may it not become paralyzed or deranged for want of action, as well as from exhaustion of excitability by over-action ? ”

The comparative productiveness of convict labor under the two systems is an important point to be considered, as it shows what sort of education in industry the prisoner receives, and therefore how likely he is to be able to support himself by honest toil after his release. The table given in Mr. Gray’s pamphlet shows the “ gross earnings in the State Prison at Charlestown, by the labor of the convicts, during fifteen years past, to have amounted to \$ 515,422.46, which gives an average of \$ 34,361.50 *per annum* ; and this, divided by 283, the average number of convicts during those years, makes it appear that the annual earnings of each have amounted to \$ 121.42. It should be stated, that the team hands, together with the cooks and others employed in domestic affairs, constitute about one seventh part of the whole number of convicts, and that as no money is actually received for their services, the value of them is not included in the above amount ; so that one sixth part should be added to the last-named sum to show the actual earnings of each individual profitably employed.”

The gross earnings of the convicts in the Philadelphia prison are stated in the official reports for four years only, and Mr. Gray fairly supposes that the sum is mentioned in each of these years only because it was unusually large. The average of these four years gives \$ 14,634.53 *per annum*, "which, divided by 318, the average number of convicts during those years, gives \$ 46.02 as the earnings of each individual." In other words, the prisoner at Charlestown earns over ten dollars a month, which is very nearly the usual price of ordinary labor out of the prison, while the prisoner at Philadelphia earns less than four. We might expect nearly as great a difference as this ; for when each person works alone in his cell, the division of labor cannot be carried out to any great extent, and the number of handicrafts that can be exercised to any advantage is very small. The convict, on his release, then, is quite unfitted for taking a share in the ordinary tasks of the community, which are nearly all carried on by association and great division of labor. From the difficulty of finding employments that can be practised at all in the solitary cell, 697 convicts at Philadelphia, or one third of the whole number that had been imprisoned there under the separate system down to the close of 1845, were kept at work only in *winding bobbin and picking oakum*, the coarsest sort of labor, requiring no exercise of mind, and obviously incapable of supporting them after their release. Having no trade that can afford them a maintenance after they leave the prison, it is very likely that want will drive them back into crime.

The comparative expensiveness of the two systems is a point of some importance, though the rather boastful philanthropy of some enthusiasts in the matter of prison discipline is inclined to keep it out of sight altogether. But having given our views respecting the claims of the honest pauper and the criminal on the community for support, we shall make no apology for bringing this point also into notice. But here we are met by a difficulty, arising from that disposition, to which we have already alluded, on the part of the managers of the Philadelphia prison, to suppress evidence which places their system in an unfavorable light. If they complain of the severity of this remark, let them furnish such statements in their next annual report as shall remove all occasion for making it. Hitherto, though repeatedly urged, they

have not vouchsafed to give in their successive reports any information as to the annual expenses of the prison. But a correspondent of the *Boston Courier*, from an examination of the Pennsylvania Auditor-General's reports since 1828, has compiled a table which throws some light on the subject ; Mr. Gray has inserted this table in the appendix to his pamphlet, though he does not vouch for its accuracy. It appears from this table that there has been paid from the State treasury, or charged to the counties, during the last nineteen years, for the support of the two prisons at Philadelphia and at Pittsburgh, the sum of \$ 545,098.77 ; after deducting a portion of this amount, which may possibly have been devoted to the improvement or enlargement of the prison-buildings, there remains at least \$ 380,000 for the ordinary annual charges of the prisons for nineteen years, or *twenty thousand dollars a year*. During the same nineteen years, the earnings of the convicts at Charlestown *have defrayed all the ordinary expenses of the prison, and left a balance of gain to the State of more than nine thousand dollars*. Nor is this an unusual gain for those prisons in the United States which are conducted on the principles of social labor by day and solitary confinement by night ; the profits of the prison in Ohio, over all expenses, have usually exceeded ten thousand dollars a year.

We have finished our examination of the separate system of prison discipline, as it has been administered in this country, and have no doubt that our readers will adopt the conclusion to which the evidence has brought us, — that it is inhuman and unjust, enormously expensive, and pernicious to society, inasmuch as it creates each year a fearful amount of insanity, the effects of which, owing to the tendency of this disease to hereditary transmission, cannot fail to be felt and deplored for many generations. We are almost afraid to estimate the amount of the evil it has already caused. The facts presented certainly go far to show, that the rate of mortality in the prison at Philadelphia is twice as great as in the community at large, or in the prison at Charlestown. But adopt the lowest possible hypothesis ; suppose that only one third, instead of one half, of the deaths in the former prison are attributable to the system which is there practised, and what follows ? The table on the 19th page of the Eighteenth Annual Report of that prison shows, that among the

convicts there, during the seventeen years preceding the close of 1846, there were 186 deaths, for one third of which the separate system is accountable ; in other words, this system, in a single prison, within seventeen years, has destroyed sixty-two lives. Again, the facts prove that the rate of insanity there, both for the whites and the blacks, is at least twenty times as great as it should be ; and the table we have already given, on page 161, shows that 109 persons have become insane in the prison in nine years. The conclusion of the whole matter is, then, that *the separate system in a single prison, since 1830, has caused sixty-two deaths, and has driven over one hundred persons to insanity. How many, within the same period, have had their constitutions ruined by it, or have been reduced to virtual imbecility and childishness ?*

These results are so appalling, that we shall be heartily glad if any person should succeed in discrediting the evidence, or pointing out errors in the calculations, on which they are founded. But this cannot be done ; the facts are proved, so far as human testimony can prove any thing. After this exposure of its awful consequences, we cannot believe that the separate system will be allowed to continue in practice even in Pennsylvania. Better that the walls of all the prisons in that State should be demolished, and the doors of every criminal court be closed, than that this outrage upon humanity and justice should any longer be tolerated ; better that society should suffer from a general Saturnalia of crime, than attempt to repress it by such inhuman means. If the authors and early advocates of the plan in Philadelphia — whose motives we are far from questioning, whose benevolence of heart and disinterested zeal we acknowledge and delight to honor — are so far blinded by the pride of opinion, by fondness for their own invention, their darling scheme of prison discipline, as to continue to support it, we invoke the attention of the legislature of Pennsylvania to the subject. As the economical aspect of a question, we are sorry to say, is thought to receive more attention in our legislative assemblies than any other, we ask the lawgivers of Pennsylvania if the State is willing to continue to pay twenty thousand dollars a year for the sole purpose of keeping up this complex prison machinery, repudiated almost everywhere else in the United States, with its annual product of insanity, im-

becility, and death. Will they any longer uphold the principle of putting to death one in every 35, and of driving to madness one in every 19, of those whom the law and the courts have sentenced only to imprisonment for a limited period? *

The Boston Prison Discipline Society has been much blamed by a few persons, because it has long and strenuously opposed the adoption of the separate system in this country. The facts now divulged afford an ample justification of its course, and fully vindicate the judgment, discretion, and humanity of its excellent secretary, Mr. Louis Dwight, to whom, more than to any other individual, the great reforms which have been made in American prisons during the last quarter of a century are to be attributed. Great as his services have been in causing the almost universal adoption of the plan of social labor by day and separate confinement by night, and in watching over its administration, still more credit is due to him for his sagacity in detecting at so early a period the fatal tendencies of the Pennsylvania system, and for his successful exertions in confining its mischievous effects almost entirely to the State in which it had its origin. Add together the prison population in fifteen or twenty of the most populous States in this Union, and apply to the aggregate the ratios of mortality and insanity which we have seen to be produced in the prison at Philadelphia, and we may then have some idea of the probable amount of the evil which would have resulted from the general adoption of the separate system in this country, and which he more than any other person has efficiently labored to prevent. All honor

* The whole number of prisoners under the separate system at Philadelphia, down to the close of 1846, was 2,176; and the 62 deaths, attributable solely to the system, being distributed among these, make about one to every 35. Since the beginning of 1837, there have been 1,865 convicts in the prison, and 109 new cases of insanity have arisen since that period. Now we will allow 8 of these cases to have been produced by causes which would have operated out of the prison; and as there were less than 1,200 white convicts, and less than 700 blacks, let us distribute these 8 cases by giving 3 to the whites and 5 to the blacks. This is admitting that one in 400 of the whites, and one in 140 of the blacks, might become insane in the community at large, or in a prison conducted on the principle of associated labor by day and separate confinement by night; this admission is so extravagantly large, that he who calls for a greater one must adduce strong evidence in support of his demand. We have remaining, then, 101 new cases attributable solely to the separate system, which, for 1,865 prisoners, is about one to every 18½.

to him and to the Society which he represents for their early and continued opposition to the system ! To ask, as some have done, that the Society should take a neutral position with reference to the rival plans of prison reform, and should fully set forth whatever might be alleged in favor of either, is to demand that it should make a compromise with insanity and death. We might as well ask a temperance society to advocate the cause of drunkenness.

This tribute was due to an association and to its most active officer, who have been most unreasonably assailed * for their philanthropic and successful labors in an excellent cause. We pass to a consideration of what is now almost the sole argument that is adduced in defence of the Pennsylvania plan, — the weight of *opinion* in Europe in its favor. It is difficult to treat this plea seriously. To attempt to rebut the evidence of facts by mere theoretical considerations, when the question is obviously wholly practical in its character, is a sufficiently futile undertaking ; but to claim additional value for these considerations, on the mere ground that they are entertained by certain distinguished persons on the other side of the Atlantic, is simply preposterous. We say that the prison in Philadelphia has caused a frightful amount of insanity ; and we are told, that M. de Tocqueville, who visited the prison two or three times several years before any of the cases of insanity spoken of in this article occurred, is in favor of the system. We produce the figures which prove that the rate of mortality in the prison is twice as great as in the community at large ; and we are informed, that a majority of the persons who met in congress at Frankfort believe that the system is not injurious to the health of the prisoners. We say that Rhode Island rejected it after a full and fair trial, and that experience has compelled New Jersey to give up the distinctive feature of the system ; and we are met by the reply, that France and Prussia are adopting it on the strength

* “ Puis M. Dwight, l'agent des *Wilful and unwarrantable perversions of truth* de la Société de Boston.” — *Revue Pénitentiaire* par M. Moreau-Christophe, Paris, 1844, page 426.

“ *Mensonges de la Société de Boston.* — Malgré cela, il y a encore des gens qui doutent de l'efficacité du système. Cela tient principalement aux faux rapports de la Société des prisons de Boston, Société éminemment respectable, mais qui n'en est pas moins une agence de mensonges, qui puise aux sources les plus suspectes, et qui se laisse influencer par l'agent officiel qu'elle s'est donné, et dont les motifs sont connus.” — *Id.* Livraison 4, page 130.

of learned and argumentative reports from commissioners of high reputation. We are invited to reject altogether seventeen years' recorded experience of both systems in America, and to wait five or ten years longer, till France and Germany shall be able to furnish us with the results of *their* experience. Such a mode of defending any system does not require further notice. If facts and arguments of any intrinsic weight can be adduced from good European authorities, these are, of course, entitled to respectful consideration; but to make a parade of the mere *names* of these authorities shows very bad logic and bad taste.

"The wonder is, and it is no slight one, that the results of brief experiments made long ago by ourselves, transmitted hence to Europe, and there received on our authority, should, after many years, be brought back here, and held up by some among ourselves as conclusive and binding on us, in opposition to our own more deliberate judgment upon more mature experience; as if the first hasty deductions from our own short and imperfect observation were clothed with some mysterious and inviolable sanction by passing through foreign lips, and the echo of our own voices were the response of an oracle. It is no such echo that we are told to worship." — p. 11.

The truth is, no country in Europe, except England, has had any experience on this subject that is worth mentioning by the side of our own. There is not a prison on the Continent which is exactly modelled upon the Pennsylvania plan; there is not one exhibiting any approach to it that is more than four or five years old. The discussions of this subject there have confessedly been conducted almost altogether by the light of theory and of American experience; the argument assumes, that we are incapable of interpreting our own experience for ourselves, and that we must send reports of it across the ocean in order to ascertain what it teaches from European expounders of it. This is certainly a very modest course, but we doubt whether it would be a very wise one. Usually, the lessons of experience are more correctly spelt out nearer home.

As for English experience, making allowance for its great inferiority in duration and extent, we contend that it is nearly as decisive against the separate system as the American. The first trial of the plan was made at the Millbank prison in 1837, when the principle of non-intercourse was carried

out to a great extent, though not so strictly as at Philadelphia. Yet in May, 1839, the deaths and cases of insanity had become so frequent and alarming, that a distinguished physician, Dr. Baly, was appointed to visit the prison twice a week for a year, in order to watch over the condition and health of the convicts in conjunction with the resident surgeon. The official report of the Millbank penitentiary for 1841 contains this statement : — “ In consequence of a distressing increase in the number of insane prisoners,* the committee, under the sanction of Dr. Baly’s report, came to the resolution, that it would be unsafe to continue a strict system of separation for the long periods to which the ordinary sentences of prisoners in the penitentiary extend.” The system was therefore relaxed with regard to nearly all the prisoners, who were separated from each other only for the first three months after their admission, and were then allowed to have moderate intercourse, two or more having permission to converse together during their hours of exercise. Also, whenever the mind or body of any prisoner seemed to be injuriously affected, the rules in his particular case were to be suspended. “ It was solely with the view to the prevention of insanity that the change of discipline was introduced here in July, 1841.” The Millbank Report for 1842 contains the following remark, with which we leave the consideration of the experiment in this prison : — “ During the eighteen months preceding the introduction of the system of modified intercourse, fifteen prisoners became insane ; whereas during the eighteen months succeeding, five cases only of insanity have occurred.”

In 1843, the model prison at Pentonville was opened, with the most elaborate preparations for reducing the separate system to practice with safety. Its inmates were to be carefully selected from the whole body of convicts, between eighteen and thirty-five years of age, to be in perfect health, and otherwise well suited for undergoing a peculiar discipline. They were not to be confined there, on an average, more

* “ In 1840, five prisoners were removed to Bethlem Hospital, and not less than nine prisoners became insane from the 1st January to the 30th September, 1841, and were transferred as lunatics to Bethlem. We also found ten males and one female of unsound mind, as convalescent from insanity, and who were allowed garden exercise and extra diet.” — *Millbank Report for 1841.*

than eighteen months, and were subsequently to be transported to Australia, with different privileges on their arrival there, depending on their good conduct while in prison.

“The chapel is divided into stalls, so that, while all the prisoners see the preacher, they cannot see each other. But as it contains seats for only half the number of prisoners, each convict attends prayers but once a day, and hears three sermons in a fortnight, that number being preached every Sunday. Two days in the week, beside Sunday, are devoted to instruction, which is given by the principal schoolmaster in the chapel, and by his three assistants in the separate cells. As only every alternate stall is occupied in school hours in order to prevent communication, no more than one sixth part of the prisoners are present at the same time, and each school lasts two hours.

“The prisoners take turns in cleaning the corridors every morning, which occupies an hour, during which time several are in company with each other, but under the supervision of an officer to prevent all intercourse. They likewise pass an hour every day in their exercising yards in company, but under similar supervision and at fifteen feet distance from each other. But in order to prevent their recognition of each other in future, each prisoner, while exercising, washing the corridors, or passing to or from the chapel, is obliged to wear his cap-peak over his face ; that is, to draw down the leather visor of his cap, which is long enough to reach to his mouth, and has holes in it to peep through. This is deemed to constitute complete separation.

“All their work, however, is done in solitude ; for which there seems to be no good reason, since their cap-peaks might be so contrived as not very greatly to impede their labor, and in that case they might, in the open air, or in large workshops, at fifteen feet distance from each other, have labor and exercise at the same time, and a great deal more of both.” — pp. 163 – 165.

Great stress is placed on the necessity of depriving the prisoners of all means of recognizing each other on leaving the prison ; and accordingly, says Mr. Gray, in order to make assurance doubly sure, the government “caused them, on leaving Pentonville, to be placed, three or four hundred together, on board a convict-ship, and to make a voyage of four or five months to Van Diemen’s Land, without cap-peak, mask, visor, veil, or any other concealment of their features whatsoever.” The theorists had the matter all their own way here, in the construction of the building and in all the internal arrangements ; and this is not the only instance

in which they carried out their preconceived system with a ludicrous forgetfulness of consistency in the subsequent proceedings. Thus, the object of this elaborate plan of separate confinement was to fit the convicts for transportation ; but the sudden transition from the deathlike loneliness of their cells to the air, light, and bustle of a crowded convict-ship proved too much for the sickly frames and enfeebled minds of the very first batch of prisoners on whom it was tried. The surgeon of the ship says : —

“ The sudden change from great seclusion to the bustle and noise of a crowded ship produced a number of cases of convulsions, attended in some instances with nausea and vomiting, in others simulating hysteria, and in all being of a most anomalous character. The recumbent position, fresh air, mild stimulants, &c., were found beneficial in all these cases, and after three days the convulsions disappeared.”

Such are the consequences of tampering with the great law of Nature, which declares that man is born for the society of his fellow-beings, and cannot live without it. And now, instead of the Pentonville system fitting the convicts for transportation, it is acknowledged that it unfits them, and that they must, after leaving the “ model prison,” be associated together for a few weeks at Millbank, before they can be trusted on shipboard. The chaplain of the prison, after four years’ experience in it, states his wish, in the report for last year, to see there “ *some well-directed means for giving them daily exercise in the active duties of religion AND SOCIETY, before they pass from their almost solitary condition here into the world again.*”

The ordinary annual expenses of Pentonville prison are about \$72,000, and the average number of convicts in it is 420. Each prisoner, therefore, costs the government 170 dollars a year, without reckoning the great cost of the building as any thing ; the convict’s earnings, however, should be deducted from this sum, and these amount to 25 dollars *per annum*. The average annual wages of an agricultural laborer in England do not at the utmost exceed 120 dollars, and on this sum he is expected to support his whole family, without any means being provided by the public for their education, and without being able to leave the country because too poor to pay his passage to other shores. But if he will become a rogue, government will support him liberally

for a year and a half, give him religious and secular instruction for two days in the week, and finally transport him free of expense to Australia, where he is landed with a conditional pardon and the power of applying his future earnings to his own uses.

And what were the consequences of this curiously elaborate and expensive system on the mental condition of the convicts? During the first year, 1843, there were three cases of mania, and five of hallucination or partial insanity, in an average prison population of 332, making eight cases of mental disease for this number, or more than 24 cases in a thousand. Some "peculiar circumstances" — we are not told what they were — being then removed, the number of cases for the next two years was quite small. But the report for 1846 shows again six cases of such disease, namely, one of mania and five of delusion, the average number of prisoners being 423; this is at the rate of over 14 cases in a thousand. Such is the evidence that the *model* English prison, with its numerous and important mitigations of the severity of the Pennsylvania plan, affords of the safety of the separate system!

What is called separation in England is far less rigid and complete than in Pennsylvania. The prisoners are often and for long periods brought together in the corridors, chapel, school-room, and exercise-yards, and though there is usually some mummary of masks, veils, and partitioned stalls to prevent them from seeing each other, their ears are open, they can hear footsteps and conversation, and thus the oppressive sense of utter loneliness and the monotony of a solitary cell are materially alleviated. So, also, the British "silent system" is quite unlike what goes by that name in the United States. Here the prisoners are *invariably* separated from each other by night, being locked up from sunset to sunrise in their solitary cells, with no more power during that time of communicating with each other than if they were in the Philadelphia prison; there they usually sleep together in great dormitories, and though wardens sit in them all night, yet, as might be expected, the wardens often sleep and the prisoners wake. Thus, the governor of the Coldbath Fields House of Correction testified strongly, before a committee of the House of Lords, last spring, in favor of the silent system as administered in his institution, where the convicts

sleep, on an average, twenty in the same apartment. The daily average number of convicts at Coldbath Fields is 1,100. The governor said, "We have an associated silent system *carried out very rigidly*"; and again, "*I have looked into that question very narrowly, and I cannot find one single instance in which mental disease has arisen from our system.*" The following extracts from the testimony of this gentleman, G. L. Chesterton, Esq., are also instructive.

"I do not believe that prisoners can undergo solitary confinement for a month at a time without injury." *

"The separate confinement of Pentonville prison I am perfectly acquainted with, because I have been there to see it. Our separation is of a different kind, ours is the silent system; the prisoners work in large bodies, but are not allowed to communicate with each other."

"You consider that the Pentonville separation is more complete than yours?"

"Yes; the separation is more complete, but I doubt whether the good effects are greater than ours."

We present the following extracts, also, from the testimony, given last April, of Mr. Edward Shepherd, the governor of the House of Correction at Wakefield, where there are usually 550 convicts.

"How did you carry out the silent system? had you separate cells for each prisoner, or were there more than one in a cell?"

"300 of the prisoners were in separate cells; 200 were in one large room; and the remainder in perhaps three other rooms, a little smaller; one room had 76, and the other had 90, I think."

"You had then an opportunity of judging of the improvement of the men under the silent system; did you see any difference

* Captain W. J. Williams, who had been a prison inspector for twelve years, testified as follows before the Lords last March.

"Solitary confinement now is very different from what it was; solitary confinement now is merely separate confinement; there is no real distinction now between solitary and separate. I drew out the rule myself, which the Secretary of State approved of, detailing in what way solitary confinement should be carried into effect. . . . Now they are all treated in the same way as prisoners in separate confinement; it is a mere withdrawal of them from each other."

"I think the law abridges solitary confinement very properly to not more than a month at a time. Whether so long a time as a month would be safe will very much depend upon the individual; and if the prisoner is visited daily by the surgeon and the chaplain, I do not think there will be *much* danger."

in the men who were in the separate cells under the separate system from the men who were in this large hall of which you have spoken ? ”

“ *No difference whatever.* ”

“ You believe that the separate system is better than the silent system, do you not ? ”

“ I think so ; but I am not able to judge of the separate system, for it has not been completely carried out. Though the prisoners are in separate cells, and confined separately, they meet together in one hall for divine service, though at a much greater distance certainly from one another than formerly. ”

“ Do you think that the separate or silent system is injurious to the mental or moral health of the prisoners ? ”

“ That the silent system is not, I am clear. The separate system has been so short a time in operation in our prison that I am not able to say. I am not so prepossessed in its favor as to say that it may not be injurious. ”

Is it not absurd, then, to quote European *opinions* as authoritative on this subject in America, when it is evident that the Transatlantic use of the terms “ separate system ” and “ silent system ” is radically different from our own ? We say *radically*, because instruction under the separate system in Europe is always social in respect of *hearing*, though not of *seeing*, while at Philadelphia, instruction — what there is of it — is always solitary ; the “ moral instructor ” on Sundays, for instance, stands in a gloomy corridor, and preaches to a congregation of stone walls and iron doors, without seeing one of his hearers. There, also, the separate system is applied only for short terms ; while in Pennsylvania, 13 *per cent.* of the prisoners are confined for periods exceeding three years, some of them being as high as ten years. In America, too, as we have already said, solitary confinement by night is always practised under the silent system, while it very seldom is so in England. But for the benefit of those who have neither eyes to see nor ears to hear any thing on this matter of prison discipline except it be of European origin, though prison reform commenced at least a dozen years earlier on this side of the ocean, and though nearly all the nations of Europe have sent commissioners hither to learn of us how to manage their convicts, — for the benefit of these Anglomaniacs, we will give a few more quotations from the evidence taken by a committee of the House of Lords last spring.

Captain Hall, the governor of Parkhurst prison, testified that the boys on their first arrival were placed in a probationary ward, in separate confinement, for at least four months ; but even while there, their isolation was by no means complete. "A boy is taken out several times from his cell in the course of the day ; twenty minutes in the morning to wash him, shortly afterwards an hour to go to the chapel, an hour and a half for exercise, at school for two hours, and at evening prayers for fifteen minutes. During that time he sees the other boys, but cannot speak to them." They take their meals in solitude, while in the probationary ward ; afterwards, they take them together, 360 in a large hall. After their probation, also, they are allowed, several times a day, to walk about in the yards together, to talk with each other, to play at leapfrog and the like. From 100 to 200 boys are associated in this way, three or four wardens being always present to prevent disturbance, fighting, or improper language.

Sergeant Adams, a barrister of thirty-five years' standing, who has had peculiar opportunities of seeing and sharing in the administration of criminal law, testified as follows, having visited Parkhurst only three weeks before.

"They have forty solitary cells, and every child who is sent to Parkhurst is locked up in one of these cells for four months after he goes. I call it *solitary* ; perhaps the word *separate* is the term used ; but it is solitary in this respect, that he is there for the whole 24 hours, with the exception of when he is at chapel, and two hours when he is at school, where he is in such a pen that he can see nobody but the minister. His sole employment is knitting and reading good books. . . . It seems to me that it can only make them sullen. . . . The system of solitary confinement operates very differently indeed upon different children. In some it produces, not actual insanity, but great mental irritation ; others care little about it. . . . I understand it is found useful, if I may use the term, in taming the boys ; and that there is much less difficulty in reducing them to obedience afterwards than there was before the cells were in use. If so, it is a strong proof of the effect of solitary confinement on the human mind."

After admitting that the separate system, as carried out in America, has caused insanity to a fearful extent, he says : —

"I much doubt whether, as carried out in this country, it does cause insanity ; but from all I can learn, I believe it produces such a prostration of the energy of the mind as to make its sub-

jects mere docile, harmless creatures, though still in possession of their senses."

"At the end of a long period, say 12 months, do you consider that they are deficient in energy to earn their bread?" "I think they are; from all I can learn, that appears to be the result."

M. D. Hill, Esq., Recorder of Birmingham, a favorer of separate confinement, after admitting that 18 months is too long a period for any one to be subjected to it, says, — "I quite agree, that when it is continued too long, there does seem, in the majority of cases, to be an unfavorable effect produced both upon the physical man and upon the mental man. I do not think it amounts to producing insanity, but it appears to have a tendency to weaken the mind and the will; to weaken the will in particular."

Captain Maconochie, who had been for four years governor of the penal settlement of Norfolk island, where he had over 1,500 convicts under his care the whole time, says, that no one can visit Pentonville prison without seeing in what way a person confined there is injured; that the energies both of his mind and body seem to be prostrated.

"It is my opinion from the look; there is a pasty, white, subdued look. I have been much in the habit of scanning men in that way, and forming an estimate of what they are, both morally and physically, from their external appearance."

"I think two years' separation will make a man so enfeebled, both in mental and physical energy, that he will with very great difficulty indeed be recovered, if he does not even run the risk of his life."

Rev. W. C. Osborn, chaplain of Bath jail, thought "that six months would be long enough for a total separate confinement," and feared an injurious effect upon the health of the prisoners from a longer time. He said, "The change from separate confinement to entire liberty is too great," and that a mode of preparing them gradually for association with society would be extremely desirable.

The prisoners in Bath jail "are brought into the chapel in classes, varying from 8 to 12, under the schoolmaster; then I have classes myself of all the prisoners, to examine them as to the knowledge they have obtained under the schoolmaster's teaching. While in class, as when in the chapel during divine service, they are in separate boxes and unable to see each other."

Rev. J. Kingsmill, for four years chaplain at Pentonville, describes the case of one very determined and skilful offender, who had been engaged in all species of successful robberies, and was called by the officers "the Jack Sheppard of Pentonville," and who was reformed by the discipline at that place.

"He paid great attention to religious instruction, and submitted his mind completely to the counsels we gave him, *and he actually tried to reform the next prisoner in the adjoining cell by his communications*; that was a proof of his improved character, and the attempt was to be tolerated under his great feeling."

Mr. Kingsmill thought the Pentonville system should not be tried

"beyond 12 or 15 months, and not for that period with some. I should not like to see 6 months' separation tried upon a certain condition of men; but that would be a very small exception."

"I cannot say what part is affected; but I have seen some persons with very weak minds indeed in some cases almost immediately disturbed, and so uneasy and restless, and not giving attention to books, or religion, or trade, or any thing else, that I should certainly dispose of them at once; they are not fit for Pentonville. If the mind does not engage in some object with us, I consider that there is danger; or if it is a very active mind, and has not food for its activity."

Rev. John Clay, chaplain of Preston prison, says that the system of separation was adopted there two and a half years ago, and his testimony in favor of the system is perhaps stronger than that of any person who was examined. But his evidence shows that the system was greatly modified. For instance, —

"We have working in the open air, and have always had it with respect to a certain portion. We are taking down buildings, and 20 or 30 men are working in the open air, entirely separated from the possibility of communication with each other, and under the *surveillance* of the officers."

"If I or the governor see the slightest symptoms of depression of spirits, which we seldom do, we take the man out, and put him to a little gentle labor; to clearing the corridor, for instance, or the outside of the place; he does not know the motive for it."

Capt. W. J. Williams, who had been a prison inspector for twelve years, testified that he had examined the prison at

Preston, of which Mr. Clay is chaplain, and that there was "a separation of the convicts there to a certain extent, but not to the same extent as at Pentonville." When asked if the prisoners at Preston worked without any communication with each other, he said, "A portion of the prisoners do, and a portion do not."

"At Wakefield, the separate system has nearer approached its model at Pentonville than at Preston; but it was obliged to be dropped on account of the health of the boys suffering from it. The boys were put in close separate confinement at first, and afterwards, on their suffering from debility and contraction of the joints, it was obliged to be relaxed, and the boys were permitted to play at leapfrog, and enjoy similar recreations; since which, the authorities have not returned to the former system, and the boys therefore have their play-hours every day."

When asked if the separate confinement affected the minds of the boys at Wakefield, making them sluggish or feeble-minded, he replied:—

"That I cannot say, because it was not persevered in. Directly these premonitory symptoms, as I may call them, showed themselves, the system was modified; but that there was danger to the mind under those circumstances, there can be no doubt."

The following is an extract from the evidence of Sir Peter Lawrie, who has long presided in one of the criminal courts in London, and has had "very considerable experience of the silent system, as a visiting magistrate." In regard to the separate system, he said:—

"I have very carefully examined all the Reports upon the subject, but I have not personally inspected any prisons in which that system was adopted, because I considered that the opinions of the inspectors of the prison were less liable to mistake than the opinions of a person making a cursory examination."

When asked if he thought that the silent system had an injurious effect on the health of the prisoners, he replied:—

"I do not think it produces any prejudicial effect. I think it works remarkably well. I think the silent system the best system of imprisonment we can possibly have, provided separation is effected at night."

"In the prisons that you have inspected, you have the means of separating the prisoners at night?"

"Not so fully as could be wished, but to a very considerable

extent. I think every prisoner ought to have a separate sleeping room."

"Though you have had no personal experience, what is your opinion upon the separate system? Do you think it hurtful to the mind?"

"Judging from the Reports, I should say that the evidence shows that it is exceedingly dangerous to mental health; and I think it is a failure, as regards the reformation of prisoners."

"Do you think the silent system has an advantage, looking to the reformatory effect?"

"I do, because there is the effect of example."

But we have given testimony enough to prove, that the *experience* of England, as far as it goes, is as fatal as that of America to the continuance of the separate system; and even that public *opinion* in the former country is rapidly coming round to a conviction of its pernicious and inhuman consequences. In the United States, the question is virtually settled by the appearance of Mr. Gray's pamphlet; for we cannot believe that even Pennsylvania will any longer allow the prison at Philadelphia, with its annual train of horrors, to cast an opprobrium on the justice and humanity of the State.

ART. VI. — *A Report on the Trees and Shrubs growing naturally in the Forests of Massachusetts*. [By GEORGE B. EMERSON.] Published agreeably to an Order of the Legislature, by the Commissioners on the Zoölogical and Botanical Survey of the State. Boston. 1846. 8vo. pp. 547.

It would be difficult to find a more provident and thrifty people than those who have rather oddly come to be distinguished, some would say stigmatized, among their fellow-republicans by the title of Yankees. The union of shrewdness, industry, invention, and economy, which forms the Yankee character, is the more remarkable as it is not the offspring of necessity. That pinching poverty, whose stern laws of frugality hardly suffice to keep starvation at bay, is here unknown and almost inconceivable. If sometimes dis-

covered by the visits of the benevolent, and proclaimed to exist in the suburbs of our cities, it is regarded by the community as a merely transient evil, which must cease, in the natural order of things, when the immigration from less favored countries shall be properly provided for and regulated. Yankee economy goes hand in hand with plenty. The habit of self-denial is not the bitter fruit of woful experience. If it be always distasteful in some measure, it is the less so from being voluntary, and from bringing with it, like every other sacrifice of an indulgence to a duty, a pleasurable feeling of self-respect. In all our prosperous towns, there are many who look from the comfortable but not too luxurious present, to a better condition in the future, sure to be attained by patient industry and habitual good management. The Yankee farmer or mechanic, even the shopkeeper or merchant, — notable exceptions proving the rule, — lives within his means. He is well acquainted with the value of every article he buys, sells, or consumes, and is therefore proverbially shrewd at a bargain. He is not ashamed to attend to trivial matters of profit and loss, and to the minutiae of household and family expenditure, such thrifty considerations being too universal among his neighbours to be at all conspicuous in him. Though his mind may seem to have but a narrow scope, being cramped by petty calculations and anxieties, he never reaches that point of penny-wise and pound-foolish prudence which hoards savings in a strong-box, leaving profitable enterprises and investments for the exclusive benefit of great capitalists. He is no miser; his children are well educated, respectably clad, and live in a comfortable and cheerful home. When he is past labor, they will gratefully cherish the parent who has given to each a little fortune in the industrious and economical habits in which they have been educated.

That the same traits which govern the Yankee in private life regulate his conduct also as a citizen may be seen, in Massachusetts at least, by her freedom from the infamy of repudiation, slavery, and the spirit of war and conquest; by her admirable system of schools, her liberal encouragement of industrial enterprise and foreign commerce, and generally by her affluent command of all the sources of physical and social well-being. We might have begun the enumeration with the somewhat tardy economy which has ordered a sur-

vey of the agricultural wealth of the State, with a view to the more careful husbanding of it for posterity.

One would suppose a long-headed Yankee land-owner would not fell a single oak, which has been brought to perfection by the slow lapse of fifty or a hundred years, without at the same time planting an acorn. Such merciless havoc as has been made among time-honored heads, hardy, straight trunks, and graceful limbs, such wholesale extermination of the primitive occupants of the soil, reminds one of the vanished tribes of the red men, who once followed the deer through the woods, where now stands a forest of chimneys and steeples. Were it not for spontaneous growth, Nature being ever kindly officious in repairing waste, and embellishing with intrusive bounty the frontiers of the ploughman's domain, timber-trees would by this time be nearly as rare as Indians, and be looked upon with the same poetic interest, falling and dying out as civilization advances. Even now, though Nature and a taste for ornamental gardening have created in favored spots some refreshing shade for our sun-beaten heads, people gaze at the few stately *old* trees, which by some lucky chance have escaped proscription, with a sort of wondering respect and admiration, as they seem the ancient nobility of the forest, left towering in lonely grandeur among modern upstarts.

It is difficult to account for the thoughtless destruction of rich resources of this kind, in a land where so universal and laudable an economy prevails in the use of all things that are worth money. Our ancestors, in their struggle for a livelihood, waged war with fire and steel upon every thing which obstructed the plough and spade ; all trees were ruthlessly doomed to be burned or sawn in sunder, as usurpers of the soil. The oldest farms are mostly broad fields without shade, except where chuckle-headed apple-trees are set in rows, or where too neat a husbandry has not forbidden the stone-walls and hedges to mantle themselves with a clustering and luxuriant growth of trees and shrubs. The eye of the traveller rests upon these with a lingering gaze, but is seldom attracted by groups of lofty oaks left to crown the swelling slope, or by clusters of elms in the meadow, or willows fringing a stream. The rivulets and pools, and even ponds of such size as to have a name and a fame for skating and fishing, have gradually dwindled and dried up under the unin-

interrupted beams of the sun. A curious instance of this effect of the clearing of woodland may be mentioned here. One of the earliest factories in Massachusetts was built upon Frostfish brook, in the old town of Beverly, by William Burley, a man of some distinction in his time, and not deficient in judgment or good sense, notwithstanding his idle collection of spindles. The building stood in sullen silence many years, and perhaps is frowning there yet, while the shallow, dimpling stream provokes a smile from every passer-by, on account of its ludicrous disproportion to the task it was expected to perform. The sources which once swelled the brook to a respectable river-like flow were dried up, one by one, as the neighbourhood was swept of its wood to supply fuel for the hospitable, old-fashioned, cavernous fireplaces in the village.

Could we go back to the times of the early settler, and see him striving to let in the glad sun upon the dank, marshy soil, on which lay rotting trunks and masses of rank vegetation, forming what is technically called a swamp, teeming with rattlesnakes and wildcats, and sending up unwholesome and fetid vapors from the stagnant pools which had been created in every hollow by obstructed streams, we should not wonder that his first thought was to get rid of the superabundance of wood as soon as possible. To save any individual tree, or cluster of trees, for its picturesque effect or for future use, would be as far from his mind as to pity the clasping vines which twined about their trunks and among their crowded branches, or the wild-flowers growing at their foot. The perfection of the picturesque, in the view of the thriving settler, — and truly it is not without its beauty as a picture, when set in a frame of shady, dark-green forest, — may be found in a sunny expanse of land, cleared of woods and weeds, stumps and stones, and green with the promise of a bountiful crop ; light and shade chasing each other across fields of wheat and rye, the wind playing with the wavy leaves of the graceful Indian corn, the gaudy pumpkin-blossoms and sunflowers relieving the sombre, rusty green of the potato-ground ; the log-cabin in which he began life in the woods, now tenanted by his numerous dumb family, — no, not dumb, for it resounds with many cheerful voices, crowing, gabbling, and cackling, in harmony with a nasal bass accompaniment from the adjoining low-roofed pen ; the

prim, straight-sided, three-storied house, painted white and half-unfinished within, the owner having ambition and an eye to future grandeur ; and in front, with their taper spires and light glancing leaves furnishing an ornament with the least possible obstruction of sunshine, a row of aristocratic Lombardy poplars, following each other proudly along the margin of the road, like a file of grenadiers, as far as the improved territory extends.

An individual of more humble pretensions and simpler taste might place his low-roofed, red farm-house under the protecting arch of a spreading elm, and shelter his barn-yard with a few tall buttonwoods and balm-of-Gilead trees. Nevertheless, every acre redeemed from the wild woodland, and turned to the possible production of food which was wanted, instead of timber which every body had enough of, was a victory and a triumph ; and he and his sturdy sons and successors lifted up their axes upon the thick trees, with mighty zeal, to their total extermination, leaving a bare spot where nothing was to be planted, and where nothing has ever grown since but *huckleberry* bushes (we prefer the Yankee spelling), brambles, barberries, and wild-flowers. The demand for fuel in rapidly growing towns, where people in days past would as readily have tried to burn granite as coal, devoured the little remnant, and left five sixths of the land in Massachusetts as bald as an old man's crown. Of course, prices rise, and Maine, in haste to be rich, and with no more provident scruples than her elder sister, undergoes the cropping process in her turn ; her valuable forests are falling, like grass before the scythe, and as soon as the waters burst their icy fetters in the spring, the rivers are disfigured by logs floating down in myriads, to come under the teeth of insatiably voracious saw-mills, which lie in wait all the way to the sea. Large tracts have been burnt over, the fire which was kindled to hasten the process of clearing land often overleaping its prescribed boundaries, or crawling insidiously under ground to break out unexpectedly where there are no means to control its glowing wrath. Once beyond check, its spread is terrific. The heat raises a whirlwind, and not only forests, but villages, are swept away by its fiery breath like stubble. The smoke darkens the sky, and creates an unnatural twilight over all the region, — *dark days* being traced to this cause within a circle of two or three hundred miles round one of these unquenchable Tophets.

We have heard much lately — with incredulous ears, we confess — of impish urchins firing out-buildings from pure love of mischief, and then exulting in the red glare and the hurrying concourse of men and engines. If there are such incendiaries, Dante himself could not imagine a more appropriate *Inferno*, wherein they should be compelled to wander in expiation of their ruthless sport, than the centre of one of these burnt tracts. All objects are of the same funereal hue as far as the horizon formed by the scathed trees, tossing their black arms in the murky sky, like so many demons. Some years ago, we ourselves, guiltless of aught but a shuddering, remorseful admiration of the sublime element which was devouring our neighbour's fœnile magazine, happened to ride for miles through scenery of this sort, so unutterably dismal, that we cannot even now think of it without horror. It must have been because our botanical enthusiasm was then in its early fervor, that we could not even weep at the sight of our martyred venerable friends standing hideous and half-consumed upon the blackened ground. We hurried along through their gloomy ranks, like Æneas among the ghosts of the unentombed in Tartarus,

“ Multa putans, sortemque animo miseratus iniquam.”

At the present time, owing partly to the diversion of lumber-vessels to a more profitable carrying-trade, wood for fuel and the materials for building are becoming scarce and high-priced. In the vicinity of Boston, the great focus of trade, and in many other places, new houses are rising as quickly as if the Slaves of the Lamp aided the weary carpenters ; but they bid fair to be as unsubstantial as fairy palaces, and occasionally tumble down before they are finished. The quantity of good oak timber deemed necessary for one respectable mansion, in our grandfathers' day, would suffice to frame a dozen of these airy edifices. Here, every body is now wide awake to the value of wood, and disposed to be sufficiently economical in the use of it ; while in certain parts of the State, we are credibly informed, the inhabitants have not yet begun to rub their beclouded eyes, or to inquire, while they are cutting down oaks and hickories at two dollars and a half a cord, how an adequate supply is to be secured for the future increased demand. A few years more, and the lumber and charcoal trade in Maine and New York must die a

natural death, unless effectual measures are at once commenced for the reproduction of timber. In those States and in our own, the disforested regions are turned into grazing or tillage farms, or divided into house-lots, and are rapidly changing into busy manufacturing villages.

It is not probable that individual land-owners will make a simultaneous effort to save our forests, however convincing the statement of its necessity and its gainfulness which is found in Mr. Emerson's Report. The capital required must lie too long dormant, in such an enterprise, to suit a people who are in so great a hurry to be rich, and so busy with other profitable undertakings. The task of fostering, enlarging, and improving the forests of the State is one whose importance to the common weal makes it a proper object for the action of government. Any outlay from the public pocket for this purpose will produce a large and sure return; and if it be also a slow one, our children, at least, will reap the benefit of it, — so many of them, at any rate, as shall not prefer clearing away pines and firs in Oregon to waiting for acorns to become oaks at home.

“But why should it be thought important to reclaim or render valuable the waste or worthless lands of Massachusetts? There are millions of acres of land in the Western States far richer than any in our State, which may be purchased for much less than it will cost to render barren land productive. Why not go thither and occupy the rich wild lands? For many reasons. This is our native land. It is painful to break the chain of affection which connects us with it. It is painful to separate members of the same family. Every improvement in agriculture, in the management of the forests, and in the use of the other natural resources of our State, makes it capable of sustaining a larger population, and thus enables more of our young men and young women to remain with us, rendering home dearer to those who would otherwise be left behind. The advantages of our life, in the long-settled parts of the Bay State, are greater than can be expected, for more than a single generation to come, in the newly settled regions of the valley of the Mississippi, or in any other new region. There are still higher reasons. We live in a climate, and on a soil, best adapted, from their very severity and sterility, to bring out the energies of mind and body, and to form a race of hardy and resolute men. We have our churches, our schools, our libraries, our intelligent and virtuous neighbours, — dearer to us than any strangers can be. These we

are not willing to leave. We wish that our children should grow up under the influence of the institutions which our forefathers have formed and left to us, and which we have been endeavouring to improve. Here we wish to live and to die; and when we die, we wish to be surrounded by those who are most dear to us." — p. 36.

There is a strong migratory instinct in the Yankee constitution, it should be remembered, and he *moves*, that is, seeks a new home, with gypsy-like facility, whenever he thinks he can better his condition by it. Having succeeded in elbowing and shouldering the Indian from the soil, he seems hardly to feel that he has acquired a right to fix himself permanently upon it. He will take root anywhere, and continue to flourish greenly under any circumstances, like a certain species of grass which is famous among gardeners for not being discouraged by any thing short of complete annihilation. It does him no manner of injury to be transplanted a dozen times, provided he thinks each move is to a more favorable locality. During the constant immigration of masses of bone and sinew without intelligence, which excites so much selfish alarm and discontent among us, children of Pilgrim fathers as we are, it might be as well to give some attention to the silent departure of active and valuable citizens. Let it be watched and prevented, if possible, by the paternal aid and care of government. The manufacturer in wood, when he has exhausted the supply of large trees ready for his purpose in one neighbourhood, "pulls up stakes," and "takes a start" for an older forest, his wife, perhaps, shedding a few tears over the grave of a child or parent and in parting with the old neighbours, but himself and his enterprising boys full of animation, and feeling little more sentimental regret, if prospects are good in removing, than a Bedouin would under similar circumstances. "What takes place in individual cases," remarks Mr. Emerson, "indicates the necessary but silent movement of great masses. One by one, the workers in wood will have left the State, when the old forests shall have been all cut down." We may thus, through a culpable indifference and want of foresight, dismiss from our borders many of our most industrious and ingenious citizens, more numerous than one not attentive to the variety and importance of manufactures in wood could imagine. They cannot be blamed for leaving us, since it is not their business to grow

the raw material, but to multiply its value by their productive skill. Give them the means of being useful and busy among us, and they will be content to remain. Mr. Emerson pays a hearty tribute to the worth of this class of our people.

“In the ship-yards in Boston, New Bedford, and other towns in the State, and the numerous saw-mills, machine-shops, and manufactories of furniture, of agricultural implements, and of all other articles of wood, and on the farms and wood-lots in all parts of the Commonwealth, whither I went, in almost all instances, a stranger, to make inquiries,—everywhere, with one solitary exception, I was very civilly received, and had my questions answered with the greatest kindness and intelligence; and everywhere I found a readiness to furnish me, or let me furnish myself, with specimens of the flowers, leaves, fruit, and wood of the trees I was examining. To all persons from whom I have received these acts of kindness I would here make my cordial acknowledgments. I shall always esteem it one of the best fruits of my labors in this Survey, that they have brought me better acquainted than I otherwise could have been with the intelligence, hospitality, and good and kind manners of the common people in every part of the State. If there are better manners and a higher intelligence among the people in other countries, I should like to travel amongst them; but I very much doubt whether, in any country on which the sun shines, there are, amongst the people in common life, more of those qualities which are always pleasant to meet with, delightful to remember, and most honorable to our common humanity to record, than are found among the independent mechanics and yeomanry of Massachusetts.” — *Preface*, p. x.

We refer the reader to the Report, for the valuable statistical information on the subject of wooden wealth and its waste in Massachusetts, which the author has been at so much pains to obtain. He shows at some length the uses of the forest in occupying tracts not fit for tillage, and gradually enriching the soil; in ameliorating the climate by affording protection from scorching heat and wintry blasts; in affording many substances used in the arts, and furnishing materials for a curious variety of manufactures, from ships, houses, cars, wagons, furniture, and the like, down to tools, wooden ware, brushes, brooms, baskets, and shoe-pegs; and in supplying fuel for the consumption of railroads, families, and furnaces. He devotes a large portion of the economical part of the work to practical hints on the most approved

methods of planting, thinning, and pruning forest-trees, and the best time and mode of cutting and seasoning timber.

But Mr. Emerson is no mere utilitarian ; a refined taste and an enthusiastic love of the beautiful in nature breathe through all his descriptions of plants and flowers ; and as he avoids technical language as far as possible, these qualities must make the book agreeable to a great variety of readers. For our own private reading, we lament the loss of matter rather poetical than scientific, to which he alludes in the preface as thrown out by want of room. Indeed, we are of opinion that the volume would have been more *useful*, as well as more interesting, had the author allowed himself more latitude in this respect. In our practical and money-loving community, the culture of a pure and elegant taste, and the development of the innate sense of the beautiful, is a greater benefit than can be gained by urging economical considerations and pecuniary advantages upon minds sufficiently awake and eager in the pursuit of gain, and needing no spur but that of self-interest. We are aware that Mr. Emerson's commission came from a public body, and, as public bodies have no souls collectively, it may be a breach of propriety to take it for granted that they have them individually. The commission being a very jejune and business-like affair, decorum seemed to require the same style in the Report, if the writer could, by any effort of will, become dull and soulless enough for this purpose. Mr. Emerson's serious apology for not further pruning his work, for not stripping off every leaf of ornament, every green sprig of fancy, till each page was as dry as a dead branch, seems to us a severe satire upon the utilitarian public, which means, we sadly believe, the Yankee public in general. But even our most busy and driving community, which does not go out of its way, nor spend its six days of working time for what doth not profit, do not object to a flower or two by the side of the dusty path. Though they regard matters of taste and poetry as more particularly the concern of people of leisure, they are not without some intelligent appreciation of grace and beauty, when these come in their way. Mighty useless, to be sure, that sort of thing which serves no purpose but to gratify the eye and taste, except so far as it has to do with the circulation of money, the vital blood of trade ; still, it is a glorious inutility, as Madame de Staël says of music, and when it involves no

waste of time, and costs nothing, it meets with admiration as hearty as that which was once elicited by our execution of an *andante* of Pleyel's on the organ. "Dat.'s a beautiful noise as ever I see!" exclaimed an accidental auditor, a native of Madagascar.

There is no natural incompatibility between ideas of beauty and utility; on the contrary, they are closely and divinely allied. It is education, not neglected in this land of good schools, but made too anxiously practical, that has raised a quarrel between them. What farmer thinks of having his boys taught drawing, for instance, except, it may be, a little geometry or mapping? Many a lad, who manifested a natural inclination for it, has been forbidden to use his pencil, lest he should become too fond of it, and be unfitted for less attractive pursuits; as if it were more to be distrusted than other recreations of a less refined character. The loss of time, too, in acquiring a common degree of manual dexterity in the art, is much insisted on; since drawings, even of merit, do not sell.

With mingled mirth and sadness, we remember a scene in a close, uncheerful, small apartment, where a large number of children were incarcerated daily, in the name of education. A lady brought in two lovely little girls to be taught to read; the astonished school-dame was told that she might teach them one hour of the forenoon, and let them run abroad in the fields the other two, to learn to use their eyes and limbs. At the same time, an anxious mother came dragging in a chubby little cherub, regardless of his struggling and kicking; she begged the good dame to see that John made the best use of his *advantages*, as he had his living to get, and his schooling must be short; desired that she would be severe upon tardiness, truancy, and all unreasonable play; hinted, that if holidays could be dispensed with, and school continued through the Saturday afternoon, her continued patronage of the seminary would be secured; and with a parting shake of the head at the disconsolate infant, left him to writhe six hours upon a hard bench, to be *taught* by compulsion what he could have learned in one by the willing and eager use of his faculties.

Is it not a flagrant tyranny, this system by which the natural love of nature and free action is thus stifled and trodden down, and mountains of dulness piled upon its head? We

have come to consider truancy and rebellion as most promising symptoms in an urchin six years old ; we greatly admire his ingenious contrivances to escape from a restraint so unnatural. We regard them as evidences of unquenchable talent ; and however we may deprecate the long habit of deceit which is ever the consequence of oppression, we cannot but delight in a rogue in petticoats. We heartily sympathize with the rosy runaway in his love of liberty and fresh air, and in his proneness to make exploring expeditions into unknown territories. The steady boys, who, under fear of the birch, or from conscientious submission, sit out the term of imprisonment, relieving their weary little backs by a stretch now and then, and only opening their heavy eyes upon the dog's-eared page when a rap on the desk or on the skull rouses them, are more genuine martyrs to study than the student who wastes the midnight oil. Certainly much time is wasted in childhood and youth, wasted in weariness and disgust from the tedious sameness and fruitless confinement of school, which might, without prejudice to grammar and mathematics, be spent in lessons which have no immediate and necessary connection with the making of money, but which educate the eye, enlarge the heart, aid the development of thought, and secure unfailing sources of happiness through life.

Botany, one of the most important branches of the study of nature, has been regarded, though less of late than formerly, as an effeminate and trifling pursuit. We have ourselves been aggrieved, in times past, by side-glances of ridicule, nay, smiles of open derision, at our collections of precious specimens, gathered laboriously from woods and wilds rarely trodden but by foot of beast and bird. We once knew an unfortunate person who was released from durance vile in a muddy swamp, and carried home to his friends as an insane person, because his pockets were filled with minerals and lichens, and his hatband stuck full of rare weeds.

Why should not some little attention be paid to natural history, as well as geography, in our common schools ? To be sure, geography ought to be at the head of the list of required branches ; that the visible horizon is not the limit of the world is a startling piece of news to a child, and should be followed up, while his curiosity is awake, by interesting information suited to his young faculty of comprehension.

At the same time, his youthful and active perceptive powers are busily employed upon things immediately about him ; and why not aid him to form distinct ideas from his lively impressions, and to know something of the nature of things with which he must be conversant through life ? Here the old objection, lack of time, comes up. Since boys in general leave school at fourteen, — too young, but so it must be, — only one or two branches, it seems, in addition to the indispensable accomplishments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, can be allowed. Better one thing *perfect*, say the committee-men, who have never been teachers, than a smattering of many. But is there more than one boy in twenty, who, when he has made his escape from school, after a seven years' thumbing of a dry and scanty manual of geography, can remember the statistics, or the long strings of names of towns strung upon rivers, or parallels of latitude, which he could once rattle off in triumph, while his less studious comrades underwent flagellation or loss of rank for *missing* or misplacing some on the list ? Supposing that he remembers them, like the names of the months or his own age, till months and days are no more for him, of what practical use are the statistics, constantly changing, and the thousands of names he may never once hear or see again ? The general ideas he has acquired are invaluable ; if the process by which he got them have not quenched, instead of inspiring, an interest in the subject, they serve as a nucleus for further knowledge, which any intelligent person can gather from a thousand sources in this land of books and lectures. He will have but a smattering, after all ; but we like the word ; in some sense, all are smatterers, and the greatest philosopher of the age is less likely to boast of a perfect knowledge in any science than the best boy in a town school. "A universal smattering made Shakspeare profound." Universal knowledge, be it ever so shallow, only correct so far as it goes, is preferable to blank, staring ignorance on all points but one. A boy's mind is not a mere memory, a vessel to hold such overflowings from the full fountain of knowledge as may be allowed to dribble into it drop by drop, — leaky, and therefore never to be filled full. It is a spiritual body, craving the aliment and the stimulus of generous food, assimilating the various substances it imbibes to its own constitution, and growing with what it feeds on. Every body

knows how variety spurs the bodily appetite, and the analogy holds good with spiritual hunger. A lad, who will gape and lounge for hours over one long, unvaried task, will in less time contrive to master many short lessons in as many different books ; that is, if his recitation be not looked forward to with dread as a stern demand on mere verbal memory. What he remembers indistinctly will be the outer edge of the luminous point beginning to enlighten the chaos of unformed ideas, to grow brighter and clearer as he advances. Only a formal and unskilful pedagogue will discourage his first efforts by blows or frowns at his want of appropriate words in which to clothe the half-formed notion he has seized, or by sarcasms at his inability to grasp the whole at once. Power comes soon, by the voluntary and uncramped use of the faculties ; an astonishing increase of vigor often suddenly manifests itself under the spur of a new hope, a new ambition ; and the quickening impulse is not lost, though it may appear to be so from its not continuing in one particular direction for ever. The greater the variety of subjects on which a child's mind can be induced to act voluntarily, the better.

We speak advisedly, from years of laborious experience. Honestly, however, we allow that the great army of school-masters would shake their grave heads at our maxim. They deprecate that butterfly activity which the wits of volatile children display, now settling on this, and anon on that object, without gathering much honey to lay up for time of need. But let them be willing to take advantage of these sudden and often transient glows of interest, indulge and encourage them to the utmost while they last, and have patience when they capriciously change, — it is a great deal of trouble, to be sure, and involves some sacrifice of formal routine and old-fashioned notions, — but they will at last command the secret springs of excitement, and touch them to fine issues. Mere external force cannot so overcome the *vis inertiae* of mind, and give it an impulse to a perpetual and life-long progress. The mass, acted upon from without, will move no longer than the compelling power is exerted upon it ; the unwilling plodder is apt to remain stationary at the last point he reached, if, indeed, he does not lose ground.

Yes ; this humbly practical course of study, this strictly utilitarian education, allowing only those things to be planted in the mind, in its seed-time, which are of immediate and

direct use, savors of the early Yankee settler's husbandry. Corn and potatoes do not need so much hoeing and hilling as to leave no time to drop an acorn here, and set out a pear-tree there ; yonder dry rock might be profitably, as well as gracefully, covered with a grape-vine, while, with a little trouble, pinks and roses might perennially spread their perfume in every spare corner, in the place of poisonous thorn-apple and prickly nettles. After all, — we say it with a grieved spirit, — cultivation, as it is often managed, is not all it boasts itself to be. Much more ought to be expected from it. When we compare the richly and variously beautiful wild wood with a potato-field which has been taken from it, we are almost ready to feel that what has been planted and produced, in the process of tillage, is less valuable and noble than what has been discouraged and kept down by it. The plough and harrow of the old school discipline have been the means of killing and burying deep many a promising shoot of genius and talent. Many great geniuses have become eminent in spite of education, rather than by means of it.

The difference between man and man made by mere book-learning, however, is more superficial than we literary people in our vainglory are apt to imagine. Neither taste nor talent was ever inspired by it ; where these did not previously exist, they were never called out, or so many wise dunces would not weary the world with their second-hand wisdom. True mother wit, even in its ignorance, is never trite. Perhaps it loses as much in originality and force as it gains in refinement and polish, by being school-taught. The most racy personages, in the admirable delineations of character in the novels of Scott, Galt, and Dickens, are decidedly the unlearned and unpolite. The more we search the by-ways and hidden dells of the social world, the more of native beauty we discover, — more interesting, though less showy, than the artificial display in the garden. To change the figure, many a bright lamp burns to waste under the extinguishing bushel of poverty or a laborious occupation, while farthing candles — we hope our readers will not think the allusion appropriate to ourselves — send their flickering beams afar from an undeserved elevation on a candlestick.

We have wandered far from our immediate subject, and, as a cross-cut home, we would remark, that, taste being proved to be an inherent and natural quality, and to exist

more frequently in our working-day world than a stranger among the Yankees would suppose, it is evident that one of the peculiar merits of Mr. Emerson's book, the fine writing of which he almost repents, will not be wasted and unfelt. This volume ought to have a place in all school libraries, where it may, with books of a similar cast, supply to many the want of variety in the branches regularly taught in school. Its practical utility, together with its untechnical, often graceful and poetic, style, will doubtless make it a popular work. A slight sense of contrast and incongruity, where the writer's limits and heroic sense of duty compel him to make a sudden transition from the beautiful to the useful, occasionally makes one smile. It brings to our recollection a similar sensation we once experienced, when travelling in the stage-coach through a noble forest in Maine. A young lady, who was accustomed only to the shorn level of Essex county in Massachusetts, eagerly gazing out, now at one window, and now at the opposite, was so struck at last by the majesty of a giant pine, that she could not help turning her sparkling eyes upon a stranger on the front seat, with the exclamation, "Is it not grand?" He replied, with equal enthusiasm, "Yes, 'm, 't is a grand large one; I should like to see that tree sawed into plank!"

That ancient forest! Why must we ride fifty or a hundred miles to enjoy such forest scenery? It would, indeed, be worth even crossing the ocean, to see an American forest in its gorgeous autumn dress, had we never beheld its glory. Its startling and strange beauty reminds us of the trees of gold and precious stones in fairy gardens under ground, as our childish fancy delighted to paint them, in reading the story of Aladdin. If it be not enchantment, what is it, that, when the flowers are sinking into their graves, transfers all their beautiful tints to the foliage, as if to cheer our melancholy hearts into forgetfulness of the silent progress of decay?

"The observation, for a single year, of the varying colors of the red maple would be sufficient to disprove the common theory, that the colors of the leaves in autumn are dependent on the frosts. It is not an uncommon thing to see a single tree in a forest of maples turning to a crimson or scarlet, in July or August, while all the other trees remain green. A single brilliantly colored branch shows itself on a verdant tree, or a few scattered leaves exhibit the tints of October, while all the rest of

the tree and wood have the soft greens of June. The sting of an insect, the gnawing of a worm at the pith, or the presence of minute parasitic plants, often gives the premature colors of autumn to one or a few leaves. The frost has very little to do with the autumn colors. Some trees are not perceptibly affected by it. The sober browns and dark reds, those of the elms and several of the oaks, may be the gradual effects of continued cold. The brighter colors seem to depend upon other causes. An unusually moist summer, which keeps the cuticle of the forest leaves thin, delicate, and translucent, is followed by an autumn of resplendent colors. A dry summer, by rendering the cuticle hard and thick, makes it opaque, and although the same bright colors may be formed within the substance of the leaf, they are not exhibited to the eye; the fall woods are tame; and the expectation of the rich variety of gaudy colors is disappointed.

“The question why our forests are so much more brilliant, in their autumnal livery, than those of corresponding climates and natural families in Europe, cannot, perhaps, be fully answered. It depends, there can be little doubt, on the greater transparency of our atmosphere, and the consequently greater intensity of the light; on the same cause which renders a much larger number of stars visible by night, and which clothes our flowering plants with more numerous flowers, and those of deeper and richer tints; giving somewhat of tropical splendor to our really colder parallels of latitude.

“On the first evolution of the leaves in spring, and afterwards when they expand during a series of cloudy days, their color is a delicate yellowish-green, which is supposed to be owing to the green coloring matter within the cells of the leaves, the *chromule*, or *chlorophylle*, seen through their white or yellowish membranous coverings. A few hours of sunshine give a visibly deeper tint to the green, which becomes still more intense in the clear and bright sunshine of June and July. This formation of green is found to be connected with the decomposition of the carbonic acid gas which is taken up in the sap, and the consequent evolution of oxygen, and the deposition of carbon in the vessels of the plant. The color of the *chromule* is therefore thought to depend upon its greater or less oxygenation; — a free acid, that is, an excess of oxygenation, being sometimes found in the *chromule* when it has become yellow or red. Minute portions of iron, carried up by the sap and deposited in the vessels of the leaves, may possibly contribute to the depth of the colors, although some of the best physiologists doubt in regard to this.” — pp. 484 – 486.

In wandering through the open country, especially among

mountains or by the sea-shore, we are sometimes chilled by a sense of loneliness and insignificance. But in roaming in the woods in the early spring, there is a strange sense of companionship ; one never feels alone. Is it that the trees are to us like conscious beings, having sympathy with us ? Or do we unconsciously recognize the near presence of the Unseen, benevolently working all around us for our instruction and enjoyment ? We love to be alone ; a stranger intermeddeth not with the unutterable and solemn joy with which we gaze up at the glorious forms that seem to reach the sky above our heads. We feel ourselves short-lived, weak, ignorant ; but we feel it as children in the presence of a benign parent. We cannot but trust in that care which gives to each little spray that waves in the breeze its own exquisite grace and beauty, and creates the minutest seed as perfect in itself as the loftiest oak. Exact order reigns throughout, together with endless variety. The elements of the picturesque in forest scenery are so inexhaustibly various, that there can be no sameness to an observing eye, whether we wind our way through leafy arches and dark dells, or stand in the open glades, and look up to masses of foliage in relief against the sky. A single tuft of *Linnæa*, in its careless grace, puts the most exquisite embroidery out of countenance. The glossy waxen leaves of the smilax, catching the light in some deep shadowy nook, long detain the eye of an artist ; — why is it to be so much more admired in his imitation of it in the foreground of a picture ? The utmost that the cleverest limner can do is to imitate nature so far that imagination may do the rest, the willing judgment consenting to be hoodwinked and blind to all deficiencies. In the copy, too, we lose the airy, graceful motion of the light branch, and the glancing of the shiny edges of the young leaves, as the wind sports with them. Any one who remembers his sensations, when he first looked into a camera obscura, and saw the movement of the trees and clouds transferred to the paper, can appreciate this difference.

In the early part of the season, when every green thing has fully recovered from the blight of winter, and reached the point of perfection, without as yet any of the signs of decay, no leaf yet crisped by heat or devoured by insects, a walk in the woods presents a most interesting and delightful succession of pictures. The different shades of green alone,

mingling and contrasting with each other, are a feast for the eye. But most of the wild-flowers are in bloom at this season, and each tangled thicket is a study for the botanist and the true lover of nature. Mr. Emerson's descriptions of the woody plants of Massachusetts are often as faithful as a painting, enabling us to recall the features of our lovely favorites with much of the same pleasure that we feel when we see them smiling in their shady homes. We love them, those with which we have a familiar acquaintance, and which have given us pleasure every season since our boyhood; each has its individual character, its peculiarly interesting traits, like our human friends. Our humbler darlings, the violet, lobelia, houstonia, polygala, columbine, convallaria, &c., we miss from among their associates in the book, but they live in our grateful memory, greener than in our garden, where, alas, we cannot often tempt them to grow. We considerably bring home with them as large a portion of their native neighbourhood as can be conveniently transported, and with our own hands we pay them every delicate attention; but, for the most part, the captives hang their heads reproachfully and pine away, dying evidently of nostalgia. And no wonder that they are homesick, in a trim, weeded border, the gairish sun staring them out of countenance, and the splashing rain bespattering them with mud. A garden Solomon's seal blooms with an indifference worthy of fashionable society, while its country cousins droop and die at its side. Violets and anemones, being naturally of a contented temper, repay the care bestowed upon them, and indeed grow large and portly, as if too well satisfied with their new condition in life. A yellow violet even survived sundry eradications by a stupid gardener, who mistook it for a weed; it held up its head when replaced in the *parterre*, as if to show the world that it was nowise humbled by the insulting mistake. Would we could induce its forerunner, the sweet Mayflower, to take up its abode with us so obligingly! Were the beauty less coy, however, it would lose half its charms. Who could wish to find it in a garden, that had ever rambled for it in the shadeless woods, some fine April day, when the sun shines into our very heart, as it is shining into the earth, and waking it from its cold, long sleep? Who could wish to have it in a greenhouse, who had ever, after a long search, discovered its rose-tinged clusters peeping roguishly out from a mantle of

fallen leaves? Besides, the *Daphne odora*, the pride of "window gardening," at least in our estimation, offers us a similar bunch of flowers, and perfumes the warm and lifeless atmosphere of the house with a similar, but more essence-like scent, though not so *spirituelle* and spicy. Its garb of green, too, is fresh, and always tidily worn on its rather awkward limbs, while the russet habiliments of the *epigæa* are hardly presentable. The *Daphne*, to be sure, is to be seen every day, and therefore we more highly value the artificial Mayflower, which, like modest worth, is to be sought for, often, alas! in vain. Mr. Emerson describes the Mayflower or ground laurel, *epigæa repens*, as follows:—

"Often from beneath the edge of a snow-bank are seen rising the fragrant, pearly, white or rose-colored, crowded flowers of this earliest harbinger of the spring. It abounds in the edges of woods about Plymouth, as elsewhere, and must have been the first flower to salute the storm-beaten crew of the Mayflower, on the conclusion of their first terrible winter. Their descendants have thence piously derived the name, although its bloom is often passed before the coming in of the month of May.

"The trailing stem runs along for several feet just beneath the covering of leaves on the surface of the ground, throwing out from the sides or joints, at distances of two or three inches, bunches of fibres or long fibrous roots, and ascending flower- and leaf-bearing shoots, which usually enlarge upwards. The extremities spread on the ground, brown, hairy, and rough. The flowers are in terminal, crowded, sessile clusters or corymbs. At the base of each partial footstalk is a whorl of three concave, lanceolate, hairy, green bracts, ending in a long point. Just above is the calyx, of five narrow, subulate segments, half as long as the tube of the corolla. The rose-colored or white pearly corolla is a long tube, very hairy within, the extremity expanding into five rounded lobes. On the throat appear the yellow anthers, opening from top to bottom, and resting upon slender filaments, hairy towards the base, proceeding from the bottom of the tube. Leaves alternate. Footstalks hairy, half as long as the leaves, channelled above. Leaves oblong, cordate, rounded at the extremity, and often mucronate, ciliate on the margin, coriaceous and evergreen, smooth and shiny above; veinlets impressed; shiny and somewhat hairy, especially on the midrib and veins beneath. Stigma headed, five-pointed; style straight; ovary ovate, hairy. The flower-buds are formed in August.

"The Mayflower is found as far north as the Saskatchewan,

through Canada and Maine, and thence to the sand-hills of Carolina and Georgia." — pp. 378, 379.

Very scarce, however, in Massachusetts, at least so far as our observation extends ; probably because it shared the lot of the old forests, its favorite haunt, and disdains to appear among the chance growth that has succeeded them. The description of the sweet viburnum, another universal favorite, we take at random, as a specimen of the author's general manner.

" A beautiful, small tree, rising sometimes to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, with rich foliage, and clothed, in June, with a profusion of delicate, showy flowers. The branches and recent shoots are of a grayish brown, dotted, and often with a scaly or dusty surface. The smaller stems and larger branches are of a dark purple, almost black. The branches are opposite, at large angles. The leaves are broad oval, or lance-ovate, acute, rounded or sometimes heart-shaped at base, acuminate, sharply serrate, smooth above, paler or ferruginous beneath ; the footstalk is rather long, channelled above, conspicuously margined with an irregular, waved or glandular border. The leaf-stalk, fruit-stalk, under surface of the leaf and the midrib above are set with ferruginous, glandular dots or scales. The leaves are often half bent backwards.

" The flowers are in terminal cymes, sessile in the axil of a pair of leaves or branches. Five or more stalks spring nearly from one centre, and, diverging an inch or more, divide repeatedly into three or more shorter branches, at the base of which is often visible a minute linear bract. The pedicels are very short, terminating in a round ovary, surmounted by a calyx of five minute segments, above which rests a salver-shaped corolla of one petal, expanding with five oval, rounded, reflexed segments of pure white. From the angles of these segments rise the five stamens, with slender, tapering filaments, longer than the corolla, and bearing on their point a short, yellow anther.

" The great number of the anthers, in a head of flowers, gives a yellow tinge to the whole, and a very agreeable fragrance is diffused ; amidst the flowers are often seen the leaves rising. The fruit is large, often half an inch or more long, on stout stems, oblong, flattened, and, when ripe in October, turns from a rich scarlet to a shining blue-black, covered with a glaucous bloom, and crowned with the permanent calyx-segments, surrounding the stigma. It is not unpleasant to the taste. The nut is oblong-oval, flattened, with an obtuse point, and grooved on

both sides. The sweet viburnum is found from Canada to the mountains of Carolina and Georgia.

“There is a softness and richness about the flowers and foliage of the sweet viburnum, which distinguish it above all others of the same genus.

“It is hardly less beautiful in fruit, from the profusion of the rich blue berries hanging down among the curled leaves, which are beginning to assume the beautiful hues of autumn. A tree of this kind makes a fine appearance at the angle of a walk, or in the corner of a garden, as its delicacy invites a near approach and rewards examination. With this delicacy of appearance, it is a hardy plant, and may, sometimes, be seen on a bleak hill-side, where it has encountered the northwest, stormy winds, for a score of years.” — pp. 364 – 366.

Mr. Emerson's observations upon the barberry make one behold its familiar form with new eyes. We regret that it is too long for insertion, especially as we heartily concur in the author's opinion, that the natural hedge of barberry, sweet-briar, wild-rose, and privet, entwined with the smilax and wild woodbine, which border many of the winding roads in Brookline, Roxbury, and Dorchester, are much more picturesque and appropriate to the scenery than the formal puddingstone wall. Those solid, heavy boundaries look like a fortification, and remind one of the times when our forefathers, from behind those convenient chance breastworks, picked off the crestfallen British, as they passed along the roads on their retreat from Lexington. We have little faith in phrenology, but we believe stoutly in a certain incorporeal assortment and distribution of faculties, which give to one class of men the sense of the beautiful, as it exists in the poet's imagination, and to another the love of order, which delights in even lines, and neatness of arrangement. Of course, the former are in the minority, especially as all those who look with admiration on nothing obtained without labor or money are evidently on the other side, since all things even, square, and formal are made so by care and pains. Even the firs, whose branches primly arrange themselves at right angles with the trunk, and form a regular cone, never care to keep themselves equidistant or in a row. It is impossible for individuals with a natural and fundamental difference in taste to understand each other; all the eloquence that was ever penned or uttered would not enable one to see

objects through the mental medium of the other. *Nil disputandum.* There are some persons who have no eye for color ; not that they are deprived of visual organs, any more than all people who have no ear for music are deaf. But the perception of mere hue is somehow defective, so that they can never by any manner of tuition be made to distinguish by daylight, any better than their fellow-mortals by lamp-light, blue from green, pink from buff, scarlet from crimson, or orange from yellow ; and thus the glorious splendor of the autumn forest is to them no more than a blurred mass of daub, like the colors on a painter's palette. If we presume to pity one of these sand-blind individuals, we may find that our compassion is misplaced, since he has the eye of a painter for outline ; he calls upon us to admire with him the fine horizon formed by the edge of the wood in relief against the sky, the monotonous line of the broad-crowned trees broken and relieved by the "spicy" cedars and tall spiry-tipped pines ; or he will point out to you a magnificent group of rocks on the sea-shore, and the sweep of the beach, with its waving line of surf, and you never think to ask him to settle the mooted question, whether the ocean is blue or sea-green. There are people, a large class, who are devoid of taste for the beautiful in nature, yet have finely constituted minds, rich with poetical sensibility. Their gaze is turned upon the world within, their own hearts, and through them those of other people ; to them the proper study of mankind is man ; their sympathy is with human, not inanimate nature. To them a barberry-bush is simply the thorny guardian of an edible fruit, and they would allow it to grow by the roadsides that poor women and children might get a little money by gathering its fruit. Lovel's elm is to them simply fuel, and they coolly calculate how many cords of wood it would furnish to delight the eyes of poor men in a hard winter, — a blazing hearth, with a semicircle of happy faces reflecting its light, being their idea of the picturesque and poetical. They would echo the exclamation of the homesick cockney : — "Talk to me of living in the country, and seeing the cows come home at night ! I had rather live in the city, and see the men go home to their dinner."

Revenons à nos moutons ; it is full time to return to our author, and to hazard a few words upon the scientific merits of his interesting volume. With due deference to the learn-

ed in these matters, who are sometimes hard to please, and do not hold lay judgments in much regard, we venture to consider Mr. Emerson's book as a most successful attempt at presenting real scientific knowledge in a popular form. The book was written, as our author tells us, "for the common, unlearned citizens, who live on farms, in the country," — happy people, — "and have few books, and little leisure" for counting stamens and pistils, or learning a precise and crabbed terminology. It is accordingly adapted to the end proposed, not only by avoiding technical language, when from the nature of the case that is practicable, but still more by the popular form in which the whole is cast. This has been done, too, without any sacrifice of rigid accuracy, and the simplicity is not attained by the omission of matters which are really essential, although perchance somewhat recondite. But the unpractised eye is skilfully directed to the points upon which the botanist chiefly relies, and which a little attention and training render perfectly obvious and familiar; so that the farmer who uses Mr. Emerson's book soon becomes a botanist without knowing it, — a much better one, probably, than his accomplished daughter at the boarding-school, who has learned all the *andrias* and *gynias* by heart, though perchance she may know less of the structure, and properties, and uses of the plants themselves, than the cows which her sisters are milking at home. The simple arrangement adopted in this book is one which, it would seem, any person of common intelligence may comprehend and apply to use, and we were very much pleased with it on that account. On closer view, it proves to be essentially the classification introduced by De Candolle, and very generally adopted by the botanists of the present day. It is, in fact, the natural system in undress, — more winning, we confess, in this unpretending garb, than when arrayed in the full paraphernalia which the botanist deems not only dignified and becoming, but essential, though it cover many a native charm from all but adept eyes. Even our author, perhaps, employs more technical language than is absolutely needful, particularly as he gives no glossary; and although we meet with few terms which are not contained in Mr. Worcester's truly *Universal Dictionary of the English Language*, yet we still fancy, somewhat arrogantly it may be, that we could pare away about one quarter of them without serious detriment. But critics'

books may safely be ranked in the same genus with those imaginary entities, bachelors' wives and old-maids' children, which are proverbially too perfect for this every-day world. Meanwhile, we cheerfully and fully subscribe to our author's remark, that, when any organ or modification of form has no English name, it must either be called by the proper technical term, "or described by a tedious circumlocution, repeated as often as the thing is spoken of, and after all scarcely more intelligible even to the unlearned reader than the scientific word, which expresses precisely the thing meant, and nothing else."

Although this volume is not addressed to men of science, but is conscientiously adapted to popular use, yet it is, in fact, filled with original observations, and contains numerous particulars respecting trees now for the first time recorded. The descriptions are not copied from Michaux and Loudon, with some changes in the language to save inverted commas and small remnants of conscience, — as is the case with some books we could speak of, — but are drawn fresh and direct from nature. This gives them all an independent, original value, even when they pertain to the most familiar objects. For no person — no one with powers like our author, at least — can carefully study the commonest tree or shrub without bringing to light many interesting points which have escaped all previous notice, — points which may not be needful for the identification of the species, indeed, but which come to have a direct bearing upon important generalizations and the various new questions which modern science is continually asking. On the other hand, he who conveys to his own pages the statements of others stereotypes their errors, and, at best, misleads by the semblance, without the reality, of independent concurring testimony.

Mr. Emerson's faithful and thorough observations upon our trees and shrubs through all stages and seasons, and under various aspects, recorded in original descriptions, render this work a real contribution to science, and as such it is regarded and highly esteemed. It brings to a worthy conclusion that series of official Reports on the Geology and Natural History of Massachusetts, which, as judiciously planned as they have been ably executed, have done our Commonwealth so much credit. At a trifling cost, — small indeed as compared with similar undertakings in neighbouring States,

— in a narrow compass, and in an unambitious form, our citizens have presented to them a large amount of important information, — the well-digested results of prolonged investigation, — presented, too, in a shape and manner equally satisfactory to the learned and to the unlearned. For while there is scarcely a page that does not bear more or less directly upon the practical pursuits of the farmer, the miner, the fisherman, and the artisan of whatever kind, and which is not made reasonably intelligible to those whose interests they are especially designed to subserve, it is gratifying also to know that most of these volumes are appealed to as authority by distinguished *savans*, both at home and abroad, and are ranked as important contributions to natural science.*

C. C. Fel

ART. VII. — *Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie*. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 163.

THE early history of the American colonies is crowded with startling adventures. The work of redeeming a savage country from the forest and the wild beast was but a part of the task the settlers had to perform. In North America, the most violently opposing elements were in conflict for a long series of years. The two nations, whom a succession of desperate wars and an impious tradition had brought to believe themselves each other's natural enemies, here met and drenched the virgin soil of America with blood. Not merely political hostility, but, more rancorous still, religious hatred,

* We are not surprised to learn that one of the most important volumes of the series, perhaps we may say the most directly important in a practical point of view, one which is eagerly sought after and most highly prized by foreign naturalists, has long been out of print. We refer to Dr. Harris's *Report on the Insects of Massachusetts Injurious to Vegetation*; and we do so for the purpose of expressing the hope, that the legislature, at its approaching session, will authorize the publication of a new edition, — to comprise not only the results of the accomplished American entomologist's further experience, but also figures of the insects themselves, from his own skilful pencil. Figures of this kind are necessary for the ready identification of the insects in their various stages, and may be secured at a very moderate expense, although somewhat beyond the reach of individual enterprise.

poured into the strife the venom of the fiercest passion that rages in the breast of man. The Puritanism of New England and the Catholicism of the French on our northern borders wrought upon each other a succession of indescribable enormities.

As we look back upon those times, we can hardly believe that the scenes which present themselves to us were really enacted, within the memory of our fathers ; — that our own ancestors, and of no distant generation, were sufferers and actors in them. We feel that the details of blood and conflagration, of midnight assault and desperate resistance, of a struggle to the death among Christian men, are more like the inventions of the fabulist than the sober narrations of history. The combatants, armed to the teeth, and burning with every ferocious passion that Christianity condemns, dared to appeal to the God of battles, and invoke the succour of his red right arm. The party victorious by superiority of brute force, or of machines ingeniously efficient in killing, or by greater skill in the studied evolutions and arrangements of murder, dared to return reeking from the field of death to profane by their thanksgivings the temples consecrated to the service of a religion of love, and to insult the Almighty by attributing to his sanction of their cause the triumph they had gained over their enemies by a more consummate mastery of the art of slaughter.

The poem whose title we have placed at the head of this article has reawakened an interest in some of these terrible passages of our colonial history. The particular event on which the poem is founded attracts but little the notice of historians. The transaction was but one in a mighty series of events which were convulsing Europe and America. It took place in a remote corner of the earth, and affected the fates and fortunes of an humble people, who were but slightly connected with the great destinies of the world. And yet it combines more of cruelty and suffering, more of perfidy and foul wrong, more of deliberate, premeditated atrocity, than any single act which we can call to mind. Treachery, kidnapping, pillage, arson, and murder, — the sending of innocent men, tender women, and helpless children, to suffer, starve, and die among strangers who hated them as enemies and abhorred them as idolaters, — these are the crimes which blend in this transaction, and form together the darkest page of guilt in our American history.

The name of Acadie is derived from the Indian appellation of a river in what is now called Nova Scotia. The country itself is designated in some of the early grants as Lacadie and La Cadie, but the name as written above finally became the established appellation for an indefinite extent of territory, reaching from the peninsula westward and southwestward, and sometimes asserted to extend as far as the Penobscot river. In the numerous disputes between the French and the English previous to 1763, this territory changed masters ten or a dozen times, and the boundaries were widened or narrowed according to the respective views of the opposing parties.

The English founded a claim to the country in question upon the discoveries of John Cabot, who was supposed to have seen a part of Nova Scotia, in June, 1497, shortly before he arrived on the coast of the mainland. The French also claimed to be the first discoverers of the peninsula, and if the voyage of Cabot is set aside, their assertions seem to be well supported by facts. It is stated that an old French navigator, Scavalet, had made many voyages to the harbour of Canseau, an excellent fishing-station on the east side of Nova Scotia, previous to 1609.* In 1598, the Marquis de la Roche sailed from France with a number of convicts from the prisons, and attempted to make a settlement on the Isle of Sable. Some of the party remained there, in a condition of great misery, more than seven years, when the only twelve survivors of the forty persons who constituted the original settlement were carried back to France by the command of the king. In 1603, De Monts was commissioned by Henry IV. as governor of the country from the 40th to the 46th degree of north latitude, with a grant of the monopoly of the fur-trade through this whole region, which was called New France. He arrived in Acadie in March, 1604, and explored the coast to a considerable extent, and in the autumn returned to France, leaving his lieutenant, Pontgrave, to explore the interior. In 1606, De Monts, accompanied by Poitrin court, sailed from Honfleur, and, after a long and tempestuous voyage, arrived at Canseau; but in the August following, he and Pontgrave returned to France, while Poitrin court explored the coast as far south as Cape Malabar.

* Haliburton's *History*, Vol. I. p. 9.

The latter returned in November to Port Royal, which he had previously founded, and where the little colony passed the winter.

The settlement was finally broken up by an expedition sent by Sir Thomas Dale, the governor of Virginia, under the command of Captain Argall, eight years after its first establishment. "The only pretext," says Haliburton, "for this hostile expedition, in a time of profound peace, was the encroachment of the French on the rights of the English, founded on the discovery of Cabot." Under the patronage of Charles I., an attempt was made by Sir William Alexander to establish an English colony ; but by the treaty of St. Germain, Charles resigned to Louis XIII. all his rights to Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Canada, and vigorous measures were taken by the government of France to extend and strengthen their settlements in North America. These settlements soon came into collision with the Puritans of Massachusetts, which led to a sort of treaty of peace between Governor Endicott and M. Daubre, the governor of Acadie, in 1644. Ten years later, a force was despatched by Oliver Cromwell for the recovery of Nova Scotia, and Port Royal easily fell into the hands of the invaders ; but no further measures were taken for the permanent occupation of the country, and the French inhabitants continued their usual occupations and the traffic with the natives. The treaty of Breda, in 1667, surrendered the peninsula again to France, and from this time, for a period of twenty years, the colony remained undisturbed, and the population received some slight increase, though it still amounted only to about nine hundred.

The next important revolution in the state of the province was the expedition against Port Royal by the Massachusetts troops under command of Sir William Phips, in 1688, and the capitulation agreed upon by that officer and M. Menival, the French governor. The terms of the surrender, which had been sanctioned only by the verbal pledge of Sir William, were violated, and the people were required to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary ; but the French, notwithstanding their defenceless state, and the terrible calamities they were exposed to by the attacks of the pirates, remained in possession of the country. The new charter granted to Massachusetts by William and Mary annexed to that colony the conquered territory of Nova Scotia ; but the difficulties experienced in enforcing jurisdiction caused it to be erected

into a separate province, and it continued in the possession of the English until the peace of Ryswick, in 1696, restored it once more to France.

The attempt to establish a boundary-line between the English territories and Acadie was unsuccessful. The French commenced a series of encroachments which the unsettled state of the boundaries gave them opportunity to prosecute, and which created great alarm throughout the English provinces. The difficulties were increased by the contradictory grants of land made by the respective sovereigns, which led to frequent bloody collisions. The renewal of the war between England and France in 1701 was followed by the expedition of Colonel Church in 1704, who cruelly ravaged many of the French villages, and broke down the dikes which sheltered their most fertile lands from the sea ; another but less successful invasion, by a body of one thousand troops raised in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, took place in 1707 ; a third was fitted out in 1710, which compelled the French at Port Royal to capitulate. The province, however, had not been entirely subdued, when hostilities were again ended by the treaty of Utrecht, in April, 1713.

By the 12th article of this treaty, the king of France surrendered to Great Britain " all Nova Scotia or Acadie, with its ancient boundaries, as also the city of Port Royal, now called Annapolis Royal, and all other things in those parts, which depend on the said lands and islands."* Immediately afterwards, the English organized a colonial government, and divided the province into districts. The French inhabitants were required to take the oath of allegiance to the British crown, which they refused to do, except with the reservation that they should never be called upon to bear arms against their ancient sovereign, for whom they cherished an inviolable attachment. Measures were taken to encourage English settlements, but the population increased slowly ; for the Indians were implacably hostile to the English, and always ready to join the French, on the breaking out of hostilities. They refused to acknowledge the English authority, and the French affected to regard them as an independent nation, which could not be held by the pro-

* *Collection of Treaties*, Vol. III. p. 432.

visions of the treaty. The spirit of encroachment continued to animate the French, and the hostilities between the two races were aggravated by the horrors of savage warfare. In March, 1744, war was again declared by France against England, and fresh attempts were made to regain Nova Scotia. The extraordinary enterprise planned in Boston against the strong fortress of Louisburg, which was reduced by a body of New England volunteers after a siege of forty-nine days, is one of the most remarkable achievements in the military history of the New World ; but the conquerors had the mortification of seeing that stronghold restored to the French by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748.

During the whole period between the treaty of Utrecht and the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, but little progress was made by the English in settling the colony, and the French were induced to renew their encroachments to such a degree as seriously to alarm the British ministry. A plan was formed and sanctioned by the king, to tempt the officers and privates who had lately been dismissed from the army and navy to emigrate, the result of which was the founding of a town on the eastern shore of Nova Scotia, called Halifax, in honor of the Earl of Halifax, the President of the Board of Trade and Plantations. But the French were at the same time active in seizing and fortifying strongholds to hem the British in on all sides. The boundary controversy was renewed with great ardor, and though commissioners were appointed to settle the disputed claims, no such settlement could be effected. The friendly overtures which the Acadians made to the new English town were disapproved by the court of France, and both the French and Indians began a series of aggressions very injurious to the English. As a measure of security, Governor Cornwallis issued a proclamation, requiring all the Acadians to take the unqualified oath of allegiance within three months, but to little purpose. A body of French troops built the fort of Beau Séjour, and the English erected Fort Lawrence on the opposite side of the river. These proceedings and other outrages of the French were the subject of a memorial from the Earl of Aberdeen to the court of France, complaining of injuries and demanding redress. But notwithstanding the promises which this proceeding extorted, nothing was done to check the course of aggression pursued by the French commander-in-chief.

Though war had not been actually declared, a state of active hostility already existed in 1755. Positive instructions were forwarded to the provincial governments, at the beginning of the year, to repel the French encroachments by force of arms.

We have thus traced, but only in rapid outline, the history of Acadie, or Nova Scotia, down to the time in which the scene of Mr. Longfellow's poem is laid. We have, of course, omitted all the details, which could be comprised only in an elaborate work, our object being merely to show the historical relations of the event which has now for the first time been made the subject of an American poem, — the removal of the neutral French from Acadie or Nova Scotia, and their dispersion among the English colonies on the Atlantic coast.

In the execution of this measure Massachusetts took a prominent and responsible part, and we shall therefore dwell upon the incidents of the enterprise and its results with some degree of particularity. It is stated by Judge Haliburton, in his *History of Nova Scotia*, that no record of this transaction has been preserved in the government archives at Halifax; and the inference is, that all the papers relative to it were destroyed for the purpose of blotting it as far as possible from the memories of men. But very important materials, some of which were used by Haliburton for the illustration of this dark chapter in our colonial history, have been preserved in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth. The manuscripts, journals, and letters of Colonel Winslow, written at the time, contain a tolerably full account of the whole affair, and the journals of the General Court between the years 1755 and 1763 throw much light upon its consequences.

The project of an expedition against the French of Nova Scotia formed the subject of a correspondence between Mr. Lawrence, at that time the governor of the province, and William Shirley, the governor of Massachusetts, who was instructed to coöperate with him. A military agent, Colonel Monckton, was despatched from Halifax, to expedite by his presence the raising of a body of New England troops, at the expense of the crown. The project was communicated to the General Court by Governor Shirley early in the year,

and received the approbation of that body. John Winslow, of Marshfield, whose military talents made him one of the most conspicuous characters in the provincial affairs of the time, and who held the office of major-general in the militia, offered his services, and was accepted. It was determined to raise a regiment of two thousand men, for one year's service, under the pay of Nova Scotia. Winslow was accordingly commissioned, on the 10th of February, 1755, as "lieutenant-colonel of a regiment now raising in the several provinces and colonies in New England or others, his Majesty's neighbouring provinces and colonies, for his Majesty's service in dislodging the French from the encroachments made by them within his Majesty's province of Nova Scotia." The command-in-chief of the expedition was given to Colonel Monckton ; and on the 12th of February, Winslow received from Governor Shirley his instructions and "beating orders."

So great were the influence and energy of Winslow, and the zeal of the leading men in the province, that the whole number of two thousand troops was raised in two months. They were directed to rendezvous at Boston early in April, where a fleet of transports was to be ready for them. Twenty-three ships for this purpose were provided, and the men were placed on board them towards the end of April ; but they were detained about a month by delays in furnishing provisions and military stores. Finally, the whole fleet, with six vessels laden with supplies, sailed, under convoy of three men-of-war, on the 22d of May. After a favorable voyage of only three days, they all reached the Basin of Annapolis Royal in safety, and Colonel Monckton immediately assumed the command. His first orders bear the date of May 31. On the 1st of June, the whole fleet, now amounting to forty-one vessels, sailed to Chignecto, and came to anchor about sunset, five miles from Fort Lawrence. The disembarkation of the forces commenced the next day, under the superintendence of Colonel Winslow.

On the 30th of June, a resolution was adopted to lay siege to Fort Beau Séjour. The troops met with some opposition from a body of French, Acadians and Indians, who occupied a blockhouse and a strong breastwork on the river Missiquash ; but the garrison were soon driven from their position, and Winslow crossed the river without further molestation. They advanced upon Fort Beau Séjour, and broke ground

before it on the 12th of June. In Colonel Winslow's journal the conflict is minutely described from day to day. After four days' bombardment, the French sent out a flag of truce, and offered to capitulate, expressing at the same time great astonishment that they were thus attacked in a time of profound peace. The terms they proposed were rejected, and a council of war, of which Colonel Monckton and Colonel Winslow were members, drew up two articles, which the French finally accepted. These were,—“1. That the French march out with their small arms, drums beating, match lighted, and the honors of war, and be transported at the cost of the King of Great Britain to Louisburg, and not bear arms for six months from date. 2. *That the inhabitants be left in the same situation as they were when we arrived, and not punished for what they had done since our being in the country.*” The fort was immediately garrisoned with English troops, and its name changed to Fort Cumberland. The reduction of Beau Séjour was speedily followed by the submission of Fort Gaspereau, at the mouth of the Gaspereau river, *on the same terms as had been agreed upon at Beau Séjour*; and the fort at the mouth of the St. John's river, in New Brunswick, was deserted on the approach of Captain Rous, who was sent thither with a naval force to attack it.

The territory of Nova Scotia was now completely reduced under the power of the English, and the French were driven “from their encroachments.” The avowed object of the expedition was completely accomplished, and the troops ought to have returned home. The Acadians evidently did not anticipate that any blow would be struck at *them*. Some of their number, it is true, had violated the neutrality which the great body of them had observed from the time of their transfer to the British crown by the treaty of Utrecht. Three hundred Acadians had been taken in arms at Beau Séjour, and many of the people of Chignecto had been in open rebellion; but the peaceful inhabitants of the other villages, wholly absorbed in their quiet occupations, complied with every demand which was made upon them, except that of taking an unconditional oath of fealty to the English monarch. They surrendered their arms and furnished whatever supplies of provisions and fuel the military commanders exacted. The condition of these innocent people seems to have approached as near as possible to

that of the happy life imagined and described by the pastoral poets. The Abbé Raynal has delineated it in lively colors. He may have drawn upon his fancy for some traits in the charming picture, but his statements doubtless rest upon a basis of substantial truth. As he has been followed, and his very words adopted, by most of the subsequent historians, we translate the passage here.

“No magistrate was appointed to govern them. They knew nothing of the English laws. No tax, tribute, or service was ever required of them. Their new sovereign seemed to have forgotten them; and he was wholly a stranger to them. Hunting and fishing, which had formerly been the delight of the colony, and might still have supported it, no longer suited a simple and amiable people who had no love of blood. Agriculture was their occupation. They had established it in the lowlands by protecting them with dikes against the sea and the rivers which used to inundate these marshes. At first, they gathered from these meadows crops of fifty to one, and afterwards of fifteen or twenty at least. Wheat and oats were the grains that succeeded best there, but rye, barley, and maize also grew. A great abundance of potatoes, the use of which had become common, was found there.

“Immense meadows were covered with numerous herds. They numbered sixty thousand head of horned cattle. Most of the families possessed several horses, although the labor of tillage was done with oxen.

“The houses, almost all of which were built of wood, were very convenient, and furnished with the neatness which is sometimes found among our European laborers in the most easy circumstances. They raised a great quantity of all kinds of poultry. These served to diversify the food of the colonists, which was generally wholesome and abundant. Cider and beer formed their drink; sometimes they added rum. Their hemp and flax, and the fleeces of their sheep, furnished them with their ordinary clothing. From these they manufactured common linens and coarse cloths. If any of them had a little taste for luxury, they procured the means of gratifying it from Annapolis or Louisburg. These towns received in return corn, cattle, and furs.

“The neutral French had nothing else to give their neighbours. The barter they carried on among themselves were still less considerable, because each family was able and accustomed to provide for all its wants. Thus they knew nothing of the use of paper money, so extensively circulated in North America.

The little coin which had, as it were, slipped into the colony did not create the activity which constitutes its true value.

"Their manners were extremely simple. There never was a civil or criminal cause of sufficient importance to be carried into the court of justice established at Annapolis. The little disputes which might arise between the colonists from time to time were always amicably terminated by the elders. Their religious pastors drew up all their documents and took charge of all their wills. For these civil functions, and for those of the church, the people voluntarily paid them a twenty-seventh part of the harvests. These were so plentiful as to furnish more means of generosity than there were opportunities for its exercise. Misery was unknown, and beneficence anticipated poverty. Misfortunes were repaired, so to speak, before being felt. Good was done without ostentation on the one side and without humiliation on the other. It was a society of brethren, equally ready to give and to receive what they believed the common right of all mankind.

"As soon as a young man had reached the suitable age for marriage, a house was built for him, the grounds about it were cleared and planted, and the necessities of life were provided for a year. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him flocks for her portion. This new family grew and prospered like the rest. In 1749, the population considered altogether of eighteen thousand souls."

Such was the people whose fate now occupied the anxious consideration of the provincial councils. Their anomalous condition — neither foreigners, nor yet complete subjects to the British crown, for they repeatedly refused to take the unconditional oath of allegiance — added to the perplexities of the question, what was to be done with them. The defeat of General Braddock, the news of which had spread alarm through the colonies, and the unsuccessful attempts to repel the French from Crown Point and Niagara, seem to have impressed Governor Lawrence with the absolute necessity of so disposing of the Acadians that they should never again be able, openly or secretly, to annoy the English in Nova Scotia. He held a deliberation with the British admirals, Boscawen and Mostwyn, the result of which was, that the whole Acadian population should be seized and dispersed among the colonies on the seaboard. It was considered unsafe to allow them to join their countrymen in Canada, as this would be adding to the strength of the enemy. It was resolved, therefore, to adopt measures for their abduction, and as the New

England forces were under the command-in-chief of Colonel Monckton, they were to be employed in carrying this resolution into effect.

Whether this scheme was anticipated by the Massachusetts colonists does not distinctly appear. There are some circumstances which seem to indicate that a portion of it was kept back, through some apprehension lest Colonel Winslow would refuse to become the instrument of its execution. He had expected to command the New England forces as an independent body ; and it required considerable management on the part of Governor Shirley to reconcile him to the subordinate station which he finally accepted, and which made him subject to the orders of the government of Nova Scotia. In a letter to a London correspondent, dated Beau Séjour, he says : —

“ Governor Lawrence, being alarmed at their [the French] progress in his Majesty's province of Nova Scotia, had projected a plan for putting an end not only to future encroachments, but for removing them from those already made ; — which I was acquainted with by Governor Shirley, and promised the command in the execution, and engaged in the undertaking, and to raise two thousand men in New England, in the pay and at the expense of the government of Nova Scotia ; *but the scheme being afterwards altered*, as we joined the regulars, *I waived the command.*”

All this looks as if the plan of dispersing the whole Acadian population had at least been contemplated as possible, and this arrangement was made to enable the government of Nova Scotia to employ the New England men, should they finally decide in favor of the measure. This, we have already seen, was actually done by Governor Lawrence, with the approbation of the two highest officers in the English fleet.

The month of July was “spent in an indolent manner,” as Winslow expressed it in a letter to Governor Lawrence, whom he had proposed to visit in Halifax. Early in August, a portion of the forces left Beau Séjour, and then Monckton communicated to Winslow the determination to remove all the French inhabitants out of the province. The adult males were to be assembled at different points, without being apprised of the object for which they had been called together, and then, after the governor's orders had been read to them, they were all to be detained as prisoners.

Colonel Winslow, with part of the troops, under the instructions of Governor Lawrence, proceeded to Grand-Pré, on the Basin of Minas, where he arrived about the middle of August. He quartered his men in the village "mass-house," or church, and established a line of pickets from the church to the church-yard to guard against surprise, having first "sent for the elders to remove all sacred things, to prevent their being defiled by the heretics." He appropriated the priest's house to his own accommodation. He writes to Governor Shirley, under date of August 22 :— "As to the inhabitants commonly called the Neutrals at Chignecto, the point seems to be settled, and they are to be removed. The inhabitants throughout the province, it is supposed, will suffer the same treatment, although not equally guilty of open violence as those of Chignecto and Bay of Verte. It is likely we shall have our hands full of disagreeable business, to remove people from their ancient habitations."

As the harvest had not yet been gathered in, the execution of the scheme was postponed for a short time. When it was ascertained that this had been done, a proclamation was issued to the inhabitants, dated September 2d, commanding "both old men and young, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church at Grand-Pré, on Friday, the fifth instant, at three of the clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them ; declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate."

Four hundred and eighteen men assembled in the church, on the appointed day. They were immediately surrounded by the soldiers, and Colonel Winslow, in a speech, which is preserved in his manuscripts and printed by Haliburton, explained to them "his Majesty's final resolution." He declared that the part of duty he was now upon, though necessary, was very disagreeable to his natural make and temper, but that he should proceed to deliver without hesitation his Majesty's orders and instructions, to the effect that the lands, tenements, cattle, and live stock of all kinds belonging to them were forfeited to the crown, and the inhabitants were to be removed from the province ; and ended with declaring all the persons collected at Grand-Pré the king's prisoners.

A fleet of transports had been hired to convey these unhappy people from their native land into perpetual exile. Governor Lawrence's instructions to Colonel Winslow were not merely severe, but shocking to every sentiment of humanity. "If you find that fair means will not do with them, you must proceed by the most rigorous measures possible, not only in compelling them to embark, but in depriving those who shall escape of all means of shelter and support, by burning their houses, and destroying every thing that may afford them the means of subsistence in the country."

These orders were obeyed to the letter. In the district of Minas, the men, women, and children were forced on board the transports, as soon as the preparations for their embarkation could be made. Some delay took place before the whole number of vessels arrived ; during this time, the people suffered immense hardships, in being suddenly torn from the conveniences and comforts of their homes, and subjected to the rigid *surveillance* of their captors. Twenty were permitted to be absent for a day at a time, to visit their families and collect provision for the prisoners. The embarkation commenced on the 10th of September ; it being judged expedient to place the young men on board first, one hundred and sixty-one were selected and commanded to proceed to the vessels. They peremptorily refused to be separated from their families, and the soldiers were ordered to advance upon them with bayonets fixed. The prisoners were thus forcibly driven to the shore. They went slowly and reluctantly, weeping, praying, and singing hymns ; the road being crowded with women and children, "who, on their knees, greeted them, as they passed, with their tears and their blessings." Then a portion of the elders were embarked, with the same circumstances of woe. Five transports were thus laden with these wretched people. The remainder of the inhabitants of this district of Acadie were kept in confinement, waiting the arrival of other vessels to take them off ; and the whole process of embarkation was not completed in less than eight or nine weeks. In the other districts, the proclamation was not so generally obeyed, and greater cruelties were practised and more distress suffered before the Acadians were secured. From all the districts, some fled to the woods, where they joined the Indians ; a few escaped to Canada ; and many died from fatigue, exposure, and starva-

tion. The mixed population of the Madawaska territory are the descendants of Acadian and Indian progenitors.

In the district of Minas, the territory was ravaged, and the houses and buildings of every description were burned to the ground. Winslow sets down in his journal, with the accuracy of an accountant, the items of destruction : — two hundred and fifty houses, two hundred and seventy-six barns, one hundred and fifty-five out-houses, eleven mills, and one “mass-house,” making a sum total of six hundred and ninety-three. The number of persons embarked under the direction of Winslow was fifteen hundred and ten. The Acadians, thus abducted from their pleasant homes, were ordered to be conveyed to the English colonies on the seaboard. They were mostly divided among Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, and Carolina, and some were sent as far south as Georgia. The instructions were, to load the vessels at the rate of one person for every two tons of tonnage ; but it was found necessary to exceed this proportion.

In the hurry and confusion of this dreadful business, it was impossible to prevent families and connections from being separated and sent in different directions. Many cases occurred of members of the same household being transported to remote points, and spending their whole lives in fruitless efforts to find each other. The amount of misery caused by this circumstance alone was incalculable ; but when we add to this all the other terrible and cruel accompaniments, the picture becomes one of the saddest in the history of human suffering. A peaceful and prosperous people, of simple manners, ardently attached to their religion, living in abundance, if not affluence, suddenly torn by military force from their homes ; their lands confiscated, their houses pillaged and burned, their church desecrated by the occupation of armed men, and then destroyed ; crowded on board ill-furnished ships hired for the purpose by the month, with scanty provisions and no comforts for the aged and sick ; husbands separated from their wives, parents from children, friends from friends ; in the inclement weather, at the close of a northern autumn and the opening of winter ; borne away as prisoners to a people of another religion and speaking another language, — a people who disliked them from national antipathy, who abhorred their worship as superstition and idolatry ; in poverty and exile ; placed at the mercy of

town-officers, and living on the means grudgingly doled out to them as town-paupers ; their motions watched with suspicion ; their liberty restrained by the most vexatious regulations ; all pining with home-sickness, many dying of broken hearts, and finally the wretched survivors of a seven years' captivity bending their weary way painfully back towards their desolated country, that they might at least end their days upon the soil of their birth, where every object filled them with the sorrowful remembrance of happiness which should never more revisit them on this earth.

The captains of the vessels received their directions as to the destination of the prisoners, with letters to the governors of the colonies among which they were to be distributed. It is to the honor of the Massachusetts legislature, that measures were taken to meet the exigency and alleviate to some extent the wretchedness of the captives. In November, the transports began to arrive. Several bound for Southern ports put into Boston harbour, and were permitted to leave a portion of the prisoners, on account of the crowded state of the vessels, and the suffering and sickness which already made it dangerous for them to proceed on their voyage. Governor Shirley was absent in the military service of the province, and the legislature disposed of the Massachusetts portion of the prisoners as they came in. Many committees were raised upon the subject, but the general plan adopted in regard to the whole body of captives was to distribute them among the towns, in certain proportions, and to place them under the superintendence of the selectmen and overseers of the poor. The legislature were careful to forbid their admission to the rights of citizenship, and to empower the town functionaries to bind out to service or trade the children of the French, as they might any other persons who came under their official control. Resolutions were also passed from time to time, restraining them from travelling about, without special permission from justices of the peace or other responsible citizens.

It does not appear that the statement made by some historians, that the Acadians refused to do any thing for their own support, on the ground that they were prisoners of war, is sustained by facts, at least in the unqualified form in which it is usually made. The neutral French were subjects of the British crown, and could not have been viewed as prisoners

of war ; their state was an anomalous one, to which they were reduced by a most tyrannical exercise of superior force, resting for its justification, not upon sufficient proofs, but an alleged inevitable state necessity. So far as the Acadians quartered upon Massachusetts are concerned, there is incontrovertible evidence that they were not only willing, but eager, to support themselves by their own industry ; and that many of them did so, in whole or in part. But they were among strangers, whose modes of employment were not the same as those to which they had been accustomed ; they had brought with them no materials or tools ; they were in a state of utter destitution. Many had been broken down in heart and constitution, by the unparalleled sufferings to which they had been exposed. Some were too old to labor, and others too young. They arrived, too, after the winter had set in, and an immediate supply of clothing, fuel, and provisions was absolutely necessary for the preservation of life. With the strongest possible desire to support themselves by their own industry, the thing was impossible. So far as labor could be found which they were able to perform, they gladly performed it. This is proved by contemporary documents of indisputable authority, now in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, in Boston.

They were distributed, as we have stated, among the towns, and placed under the supervision of the town authorities, who were required by the legislature to make provision for their subsistence. Generally speaking, families were allowed to take a house, the rent of which formed an item in the account presented by the selectmen to the provincial treasury. The necessaries of daily subsistence were furnished, either by the trades-people, whose bills were made out in their own name, or were charged to the town, and allowed by the accountants at the treasury. In some cases, it was found more economical to furnish them with a certain weekly sum of money according to the number of persons in the family, leaving it to them to make their own purchases. Many individuals, and some families, appear to have been no burden to the towns at all, after the needful supplies had been furnished them on their first arrival.

The powers intrusted to the town authorities soon gave rise to numerous cases of dissatisfaction. Petitions came pouring in upon the General Court for legislative interpo-

sition. The selectmen sometimes exercised their power to bind out the young in an oppressive and cruel manner, unnecessarily separating children and parents, to the grief and despair of both ; so that the legislature were obliged to suspend the authority with which the town-officers had been invested.

From 1756 nearly to 1763, discussions growing out of the anomalous and cruel position of the French captives formed no inconsiderable part of the business of the legislature. Many of the petitions above alluded to are preserved ; some of them are expressed in the most touching and pathetic language, and disclose a state of suffering which it is impossible to think of without the deepest commiseration. But as we follow the legislative records on from year to year, they grow fewer and fewer ; many of the captives died ; some established themselves in regular occupations ; and finally, at the peace of 1763, most of the survivors found their way back to Nova Scotia, or removed to Canada.

The fate of the Acadians sent to the other provinces we have not the means of knowing with so much precision. Some finally settled among their countrymen in Louisiana, or farther up the Mississippi. Others became hunters, trappers, or *Coueurs-des-bois* in the West. Others, attempting to return in vessels, along the coast, from some of the Southern provinces, were arrested in Massachusetts, at the request of Governor Lawrence, who writes to Governor Shirley on the 1st of July, 1756, — “ I entreat your Excellency to use your utmost endeavours to prevent the accomplishment of so pernicious an undertaking, by destroying such vessels as those in your colony may have prepared for that purpose, and [by arresting] all that may attempt to pass through any part of your government, by land or by water, on their way hither.” As if any danger could be apprehended from a few broken-down Acadian peasants ! It turned out, that the other colonies were not so rigid in enforcing the captivity of these unhappy exiles. The ninety-nine returning Acadians — for that was the number arrested in Massachusetts, and distributed, like the rest, among the towns — who excited such terrors in the breast of Governor Lawrence, were furnished with passports by the governors of Georgia, South Carolina, and New York.

We have thus given a very rapid and imperfect narrative

of an historical transaction, in which it is painful to know that citizens of Massachusetts, if not parties to the plot originally, were the principal agents by whom it was carried into execution. One circumstance, of great importance in forming a judgment of its moral character, has not excited the attention of historians as much as it should. Most of them make no allusion to it whatever ; Minot mentions it without a word of comment. By the second article in the terms of the capitulation, *drawn up, too, by the officers of the besieging army, the inhabitants were to be "left in the same situation as they were when we [the English] arrived."* On the faith of this, the garrison of Beau Séjour capitulated on the 16th of June, and that of Gaspereau a few days after. By the other article, the soldiers of the garrisons were to be transported to Louisburg, at the expense of the king of Great Britain, and not to bear arms for six months. This last was faithfully executed. How faithfully the former was kept, the preceding pages have shown. If this affair had occurred on the great theatre of European politics, the names of all who were engaged in it would have been handed down to the execration of posterity. It is like those great acts of pagan cruelty, the results of international hatred, — the reducing of whole communities to slavery, and dividing their lands among the citizens of the conquering nation, — which disgrace the pages of Greek and Roman history. Compared with the partition of Poland, the standing reproach of three of the leading powers of Modern Europe, the desolation of Acadie is a crime of much darker dye. The former transferred a nation from their domestic oppressors to a foreign master, probably bettering their condition by the exchange ; the latter sunk an innocent people, from a state of almost unexampled happiness, into the miseries of utter poverty and hopeless exile. We forbear to run the parallel farther.

This subject, wholly national in its character, Mr. Longfellow has made the basis of the poem of Evangeline. He has selected those circumstances in the story which are susceptible of poetical treatment, and so combined them as to create, from authentic historical materials, a tale of rare beauty, tenderness, and moral power. The first part describes the life of the Acadians of the village of Grand-Pré with such minute and graphic touches, that the lovely scenes

of more than pastoral happiness there enjoyed are presented to us as vividly as is Sicilian life in the best idyls of Theocritus. The poet then selects one group from this happy village, that of Benedict Bellefontaine, whose daughter is the "gentle Evangeline," and her favored lover, Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith. Their betrothal is then formally made, with the assistance of old René Leblanc, the notary public. This takes place just before the violent seizure of the people on the 5th of September, and that terrible scene is delineated with a close adherence to the facts of history. With the destruction of the village, and the embarkation of the unhappy prisoners, the first part of the poem closes. In the second part, the scene changes to the colonies whither the Acadians have been carried into exile. The lovers have been separated from each other, and many a weary year has passed, and Evangeline has patiently wandered in search of her lost lover ; she is led onward by rumors of him from place to place, but always in vain, down the Beautiful River and the Mississippi. At length, in Louisiana, she finds the home of Basil the blacksmith, who has now become a herdsman, living in great abundance, with many of his Acadian friends around him. But Gabriel, despairing and heart-broken, has just left him, to "follow the Indian trails to the Ozark mountains," and to become a hunter and trapper. His boat had passed her in the night. The next day, Evangeline resumes her journeying, accompanied by Basil, but they find no trace of Gabriel, until they reach the Spanish town of Adayes, which Gabriel had left for the prairies only the day before. They follow his flying steps.

"Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished
before them."

The pursuit is vain ; Gabriel is always in advance. From the tents of the Jesuit Mission he has departed just before their arrival. Evangeline remains at the Mission, hoping that in the autumn, when the chase is done, Gabriel will return ; but he comes not with the autumn, though a rumor was wafted "sweeter than song of bird" ; —

"Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river."

She leaves the Mission "with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence." But again is she disappointed.

"When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!"

And so her search continues year after year.

"Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and
places

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden; —

Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.

Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,

Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the
shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her
forehead,

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,

As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning."

— pp. 144, 145.

At last, Evangeline finds a home among "the children of Penn," and becomes a Sister of Mercy in Philadelphia; and when pestilence falls on the city, she spends her days and nights in attendance upon the poor in the "almshouse, home of the homeless." Thither is brought an old man, with thin gray locks upon his temples, in whom she recognizes the form of Gabriel.

"Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from
her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the
morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his
temples;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its
portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
'Gabriel! O my beloved!' and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their
shadow,

As in the days of her youth, *Evangeline* rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but *Evangeline* knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would
have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and *Evangeline*, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into
darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

"All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I thank
thee!'" — pp. 156–160.

Such is a faint outline of this simple and beautiful story.
From the historical sketch we have given, our readers will
perceive that none of the incidents are improbable. Such
separations and such life-long seekings were among the consequences
of the enforced exile of the Acadians. The poem
is constructed with more art and skill than any of Mr. Longfellow's
previous writings. The opening and closing lines balance each other
with admirable effect; and the contrast between the scenes described
in the first part and the more

gorgeous passages in the second, while both are purely American, enough so to satisfy the most fanatical prater about Americanism in literature, gives a delightful variety to the narrative.

There is one peculiarity about this poem, which has excited a good deal of comment, and some complaint, — its rhythmical structure. The dactylic hexameter has been repeatedly attempted in English, but not often with much success. In point of fact, the measure is as different from the old classical hexameter of the Latin and Greek, as the modern languages differ from the ancient ; but it has an analogous effect. The ancient hexameter runs back into the mythical times ; its first appearance was in the oldest temples of the gods. The elements of this rhythmical movement were probably brought from the East into Greece at the same time with the elements of the language itself, and formed a part of the musical character which entered so deeply into the original constitution of the language. The Orientals had an indefinite rhythm, a species of chant, in their more elaborate recitation. It is found in the movement of the Hebrew Psalms, and is even now preserved in the modulated tones of the Arabian story-tellers. With their fine artistic sense, the Greeks subjected this Oriental rhythmical element to definite laws ; just as their exquisite feeling of the beauty of proportion substituted, for the irregular architecture of the East, the symmetry of the Hellenic orders. The Greek hexameter bears the same analogy to a Hebrew or Sanscrit rhythm that the Parthenon bears to the temples of the hundred-gated Thebes or of Ellora.

All the ancient rhythms are founded on *quantity*, and inseparably connected with music. Each metrical foot had its fixed musical time, from which there was no departure ; but the music was subordinate to the meaning, and was intended simply to heighten and embellish it. The poems of Homer were chanted by the rhapsodists, but never in such a way as to conceal the *quality* of the verse. Undoubtedly this fact restrained and limited the range of musical composition at first ; and the inventive genius of the music-poets endeavoured to break loose from such fetters, by putting together those complicated and curiously interwoven rhythms by which Greek lyrical poetry was distinguished. Many of these it is impossible now to read in such a way as to produce, to modern ears, any rythmical effect at all. In the choral songs

of the tragedies, we find long passages of whose rhythmical effect we can form no conception, except by supposing them set to very elaborate musical composition, with times corresponding to the syllabic quantities.

In comparing ancient and modern poetical rhythms, we shall form quite erroneous opinions, unless we bear this essential fact constantly in mind, — that of the former, quantity, and consequently musical time, is the foundation ; of the latter, accent, and consequently a delivery more or less approaching the conversational, is the basis. Music with us is so far divorced from language, as to form a separate and independent art ; and when the two are combined, music is the predominating element in the composition, while language is treated in the most arbitrary manner, a syllable being lengthened or shortened, not according to any fixed time in the language, but wholly to suit the musical exigencies of the composer. Who ever hears the words of an opera, or cares for them, if he does ? Who ever catches a particle of verbal sense in the midst of the tumult of instrumentation in an oratorio ?

We are led astray sometimes, by applying to modern languages the terms which are properly applied to the ancient. Thus we speak of *long* and *short* vowels, when in point of fact *any* vowel may be made long or short *ad libitum*. The letter *o*, for example, is said to be long in *note*, but short in *not*. Now the difference here is not a difference of *quantity*, but of *quality* ; the latter may be prolonged as well as the former. The idea of applying quantity to modern versification is wholly fallacious ; and this accounts for the failure of many early English poets who attempted to write in the ancient measures. “ Why, a’ God’s name,” asks Spenser, “ may not we, as the Greeks, have the kingdom of our own language, and measure our accents by the sound, reserving the quantity to the verse ? ” The answer to which is, that the Greeks had a fixed musical element in common speech, which we have not, and poets cannot create it. But even in the Greek, this musical enunciation seems to have gradually yielded to the every-day uses of language, as life became more diversified and practical. The dialogue portions of the drama, which had originally been trochaic, and therefore an approximation to the dactylic, finally and universally became iambic, because, as Aristotle asserts, the iambic is the natural rhythm of conversation. In this fact we see an approach to the character of modern rhythm.

In our language, therefore, the basis of poetical rhythm is *accent*; and the conversational and discursive character of our Anglo-Saxon runs naturally into the iambic accent. Those rhythms, therefore, which are most analogous to the iambic, are most congenial to our language. The heroic couplet, and blank verse, and the dialogue of the poetical drama, are all iambic rhythms of five accents. Next come the anapæstic rhythms, which are only an expansion of the iambic. Dactylic rhythms are the anapæstic reversed; they are less natural, because they begin with an accent like the trochee, and are an extension of the trochaic. The dactylic hexameter in English is a rhythm of six accents, of which the prevailing foot is the accented dactyl, and the last always a trochee or spondee. As a general rule, the last but one should be an accented dactyl, that is, an accented syllable followed by two unaccented ones. Again, as in the English anapæstic rhythms the iambic may take the place of the anapæst, as in the line,

“*And mor|tals the sweets | of forget|fulness prove, |*

so in dactylic rhythms the trochee often takes the place of the dactyl; as,

“Rang out the | *hour* of | *nine*, the | *village* | curfew and |
straightway.”

There are two difficulties in the way of writing English hexameters. First, that which we have already intimated, the necessity of putting some force upon the conversational iambic rhythm, which is natural to the language; secondly, the numerous monosyllables, which make the proper arrangement of the cæsuras no easy task, besides increasing the difficulty of always commencing with an accent. All these remarks apply with nearly equal force to other modern languages, and particularly to those which are of Northern origin and akin to the English.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, the measure has been often attempted, especially in German, where the works of Klopstock, Voss, Goethe, and Schiller have almost naturalized it. It has been tried in Swedish with most success by the great national poet, Tegnér, whose early studies as professor of Greek probably led him to adopt this classical rhythm. There is one peculiarity in the Swedish, and some

other Northern dialects, which facilitates the beginning with an accent, — namely, the position of the article *after* the noun, as a suffix.

The modern hexameter, like the ancient, has been successfully used for minute delineation and picturesque narrative. Its length and variety enable the poet to add a thousand touches which he would be obliged to omit in the ordinary rhythms. The many *naïve* passages in Homer, the homely painting of common objects in daily life, the exquisite pictures in which his genius loves to indulge whenever a simile gives him an opportunity of presenting them in detail, no less than the sublime and terrible scenes in nature, and the uproar of battle, where shield closes with shield and spear rings against spear, owe their vividness to the facilities afforded by the dactylic hexameter. Let the harnessing of old Priam's chariot, in the twenty-fourth Iliad, be compared with the putting of the horses to the wagon by Hermann, in that delicious poem of Hermann and Dorothea, and the reader will not fail to see with what unerring instinct Goethe felt and used the capabilities of the hexameter.

In *Evangeline*, Mr. Longfellow has managed the hexameter with wonderful skill. The homely features of Acadian life are painted with Homeric simplicity, while the luxuriance of a Southern climate is magnificently described with equal fidelity and minuteness of finish. The subject is eminently fitted for this treatment ; and Mr. Longfellow's extraordinary command over the rhythmical resources of language has enabled him to handle it certainly with as perfect a mastery of the dactylic hexameter as any one has ever acquired in our language.

Of the other beauties of the poem we have scarcely left ourselves space to say a word ; but we cannot help calling our readers' attention to the exquisite character of *Evangeline* herself. As her virtues are unfolded by the patience and religious trust with which she passes through her pilgrimage of toil and disappointment, she becomes invested with a beauty as of angels. Her last years are made to harmonize the discords of a life of sorrow and endurance. The closing scenes, though informed with the deepest pathos, inspire us with sadness, it is true, but at the same time leave behind a calm feeling that the highest aim of her existence has been attained. With these few remarks we proceed to select a few passages. Here is a lovely picture : —

“Then followed that beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints.
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the
landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the
ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony
blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-
yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great
sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around
him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and
jewels.” — pp. 24, 25.

We give the description of the burning of the village : —

“Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-
red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o’er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and
meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows to-
gether.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the vil-
lage,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the
roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering
hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and,
uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred
house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

“These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and
on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,

'We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré !'

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud-bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows."— pp. 74 – 77.

We must add one or two passages from the second part, as a contrast to what precedes : —

"Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;

Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars

Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course ; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the wa-
ter,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the
arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a
ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around
them ;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sad-
ness, —
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen, and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained
it." — pp. 92 - 95.

"Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape ;
Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled to-
gether.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around
her.

Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of
singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent
to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Then single notes were heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the
branches." — pp. 104, 105.

We must quote the concluding lines :—

“ Still stands the forest primeval ; but far away from its
shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-yard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for
ever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their
labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their
journey !

“ Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade of its
branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy ;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of home-
spun,
And by the evening fire repeat *Evangeline's* story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the for-
est.” — pp. 161 – 163.

ART. VIII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Breve Racconto delle Cose Chiesastiche più Importanti, occorse nel Viaggio fatto sulla Real Fregata Urania, dal 15 Agosto, 1844, al 4 Marzo, 1846.* Per RAFFAELE CAPOBIANCO, Cavaliere del Real Ordine del Merito di Francesco I., e Cappellano della Real Marina. [*A Short Narrative of the most Important Ecclesiastical Matters occurring in a Voyage made on Board the Royal Frigate Urania, from the 15th of August, 1844, to the 4th of March, 1846.* By RAFFAELE CAPOBIANCO, Cavalier, &c., and Chaplain of the Royal Navy.] Napoli. 1846. 8vo. pp. 77.

A LITTLE more than two years ago, a frigate belonging to the navy of his Majesty the King of Naples made its appearance in our waters. After remaining a few weeks in the harbours of New York and Boston, the *Urania*, for this was her name, set sail again for Europe, and having visited some of the ports of Holland, England, and France, returned to Naples in March, 1846. Since her return, an account of her voyage has been published by her worthy chaplain, Padre Raffaele Capobianco, which we esteem ourselves fortunate in being able to introduce to the notice of American readers. Since the publications of Mrs. Trollope and Colonel Hamilton, we have hardly met with a book of travels which can compare with it in liberality of opinion or precision of information.

It appears that the voyage of which it is an account was undertaken at the command of the king, who desired to exercise a portion of his marine, which was suffering from long inaction. With this view, the more important portions of the world were to be visited. After a long passage across the Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro, and thence to St. Helena, the frigate arrived at New York (or *New Jork*, as the necessities of the Italian language compel it to be written) in the spring of 1845. The chaplain describes the city at some length, but appears to have been chiefly interested in the signs of the flourishing state of the Catholic faith, under the auspices of the excellent Bishop Hus, or Hughes, as we have been accustomed to see the name spelt, and concludes as follows : —

“The infernal enemy, who, like a hungry lion, continually goes about seeking whom he may devour, tried to insinuate the poison of error among our crew by means of Protestants, who, pretending to be possessors of the true sense of the divine Scrip-

tures, interpret them through the deceitful prism of their own passions, and have them continually in their hands, universally endeavouring to propagate them as much as possible by means of the Bible Society. Now one of these false ministers came on board our vessel to offer the unhappy gift of these adulterated Bibles ; but the commander and myself opposed ourselves to such pernicious generosity. Miserable that they are ! Is it possible that those who are in the dark should give light to those who are in the light, or that the religion which the chief of the Apostles came to preach in their city, and which is maintained pure and ardent as it was handed down from our pious ancestors, should cool in the hearts of Neapolitans ? ”

We confess, we think Padre Capobianco had a right to be indignant ; but we must pass on to his account of Boston. He says, — “ Boston is a city fortified by nature and by art. It rises upon three most pleasant hills, one of which is Bunkerhill, upon the summit of which towers the famous monument named Bunkerhill, erected to commemorate the victory gained by the Americans over the English in 1776. It was commenced by the Engineer O'Donnell Webiter, in 1827, under the presidency of the celebrated la Fayette, and finished in 1843.”* This actually beats Captain Hall. He goes on : — “ The streets of this city are curved and irregular, paved with wood, furnished with wide sidewalks for the convenience of foot-passengers, and spread into delightful squares of surprising cleanliness. It is composed of vast temples, sumptuous establishments, and fine buildings. Among them the City Hall is chiefly worthy of notice. It rises upon a height near to the public garden, and presents a majestic appearance, with columns of white marble, and wide steps leading to the large hall where the senate meets. Among the streets, that one is memorable which his grateful country has dedicated to the memory of him who snatched the lightning from the clouds, that is to say, Franklin. Finally, erected to the adornment of the city are the Exchange, the Custom-house, the Athenæum, the Library, a Museum, a Steam Printing Establishment, and a most beautiful Arsenal, in which is a cabinet enriched with rare and precious articles, ancient and modern, and even from savage nations brought there by the officers of the navy on their return from the most remote portions of the globe.”

Certainly Padre Raffaele observed with favorable eyes, prob-

* Lest our readers should doubt the accuracy of our translation, we give here the original : — “ *Esso fu cominciato dall' Ingegniere O' Donnell Webiter nel 1827 sotto la presidenza del celebre la Fayette e terminato nel 1843.*”

ably because the miserable Protestants did not here attempt to molest him. The *Urania* left Boston in June, and after going to Holland, visited the English ports of Portsmouth, and Plimout, or Plymouth, or Plismhut, for it is spelt in these three ways within as many pages, and thence returned by the usual route to Naples.

2. — *Titus Livius : Selections from the first five Books, together with the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Books entire ; chiefly from the Text of Alschefski, with English Notes for Schools and Colleges.* By J. L. LINCOLN, Professor of Latin in Brown University. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 329.

EVEN English scholars admit the light received through German media, and are glad to profit by it in these days. It was to be expected, then, that Cisatlantic students would strive to lay hold of all means of expanding their field of view, even in ancient history and philology. Accordingly, we find the German philologists and classical editors exerting a very decided influence on the studies of our undergraduates and instructors. Professor Lincoln has spent some time in Germany, adding to his early acquirements in the Latin language, and fitting himself for the office of a teacher. He became, doubtless, soon aware, that, while most of our means of study have been, within twenty years, vastly improved, some text-books, which were excellent for their time, have been left stationary, and needed revisal to meet the wants of the present race of pupils and teachers. He has performed his duty as editor in a very creditable manner, giving evidence of unpretending but accurate scholarship, and a conscientious regard for the rights of others.

It is not an easy task to prepare such a book. On the one hand, the editor must give every needful aid ; he must pass over no difficulty without explanation ; he must stimulate to research, and point the way. Yet, on the other hand, he must not, by too much direct aid, enfeeble and render dependent the minds which are to be educated by him. They must learn to act for themselves and judge for themselves, or they will be the worse for every aid offered. Above all, he must make honorable and truthful men by his own upright example.

The notes of such an editor will be rich in references to works where the principles of grammar and interpretation are devel-

oped, and where facts in history, geography, and archæology applicable to the text are stated. The desire to benefit others must be alone apparent as his motive. No line he pens should rob another of his due. If possible, it would be well that no passage should be merely translated, and so left. The data may be collected for the pupil, but in nearly all cases it were well, that he should be left to draw for himself the inference which gives him the interpretation.

Such, in their main features, are the aids offered by Professor Lincoln. He has taken the latest and most approved text as the foundation of his own. The selections are judicious. We are particularly pleased with the selection of the entire books which relate the occurrences during Hannibal's invasion of Italy, an event so momentous and interesting.

We must close this notice with the expression of the hope, that all our scholars will remember, while they are provided with such improved instruments for observation as these modern aids for understanding the style and reaching the meaning of the ancients, that their ultimate aim should be, not merely to contemplate the instrument, nor even to observe the phenomena it reveals, but to deduce the great laws of human and divine life and thought displayed thereby.

3. — *Locke Amsden, or the Schoolmaster ; a Tale.* By the Author of "May Martin" and "The Green Mountain Boys." Boston : B. B. Mussey & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 231.

THIS volume, written by Judge Thompson, of Montpelier, Vermont, is greatly superior to his former publications. It is the first novel that we have seen, the main purpose of which is to advocate and improve the American system of common schools. The writer has performed his work with discretion, good sense, and some skill and humor in the delineation of character. He does not dive among transcendental ideas to find a new basis for elementary education, but represents children and facts as they actually exist, and proceeds to point out the best modes of improving the people's colleges. As nineteen children out of twenty in our land receive in these common schools all the instruction which they ever obtain, it is of measureless importance that the schools should be constantly watched, and the proper mode of managing them be generally understood. Locke Amsden comes forward as a judicious and popular advocate of

school reform, and discourses with considerable ability about school-houses, ventilation, school-books, school-committees, and competent teachers, as well as the best modes of instruction and government. These topics form the main trunk of the book, round which the author has quite prettily entwined the tendrils of a love-story. While book-learning has its place of honor assigned it, self-culture and habits of reflection not learned from books are strongly inculcated. Captain Bill Bunker is the character introduced to illustrate these qualities. Locke Amsden is the schoolmaster, who shows both sources of knowledge united, and his character is well sustained throughout, though it is less original than that of Bunker. His examination as candidate for the situation of teacher of a country district school is laughable enough, and shows with ludicrous fidelity what a farce is acted over in this respect, every season, in most of our villages and smaller towns. The superiority of the solid to the merely ornamental branches in education is humorously set forth in the contrast between two families. Every young lady in the United States might derive a profitable lesson from this portion of the story. The burning of Carter's house, near the end of the tale, is, we confess, rather too tragic a catastrophe for our taste, though professed novel-readers may not complain of it. The heroine is left in the house, and while her lover and father are vainly seeking for her among the flames, she suddenly appears on the roof, which is about to fall. It required all the sagacity of the ingenious Captain Bunker, and all the desperation of a frantic lover, to rescue her from death; and we must think, that the rescue was effected rather more easily than the perilous circumstances would permit. We know that love, at such a crisis, has giant strength and angel wings; but we remember that gravitation does not, on that account, relax a tittle of its claims.

With regard to style, the work is an improvement on May Martin. The language is clear and strong, though there are a few sentences which might be remodelled to advantage. The chief aim of the book is worthy of all praise. It recognizes that central principle in the Prussian system, "As is the teacher, so is the school"; and its main purpose is to illustrate the doctrine, that competent teachers cannot have bad schools, incompetent teachers cannot have good ones. If New England would elevate her seminaries of learning to the point required for the due support of civilization, liberty, and religion, she must have accomplished teachers. We know of few books on this all-important subject which can be read with more profit by all classes than *Locke Amsden*, revealing, as it does, the defective systems of instruction that are in use, and suggesting the proper remedy for existing evils.

4. — *The Journals of MAJOR SAMUEL SHAW, the first American Consul at Canton. With a Life of the Author*, by JOSIAH QUINCY. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847. Svo. pp. 360.

THIS volume is a valuable addition to the materials, not only for our revolutionary, but for our commercial history. The part of the work executed by Mr. Quincy is marked by the grasp and vigor of intellect which have stamped themselves upon all his words and deeds. The memoir of Mr. Shaw is written with excellent taste and judgment. It illustrates one of the most pleasing characters that adorned the times of our great national struggle.

Samuel Shaw was born in Boston, October 2d, 1754. He was educated at the Boston Latin School, — that prolific mother of good and great men, — under the care of Master Lovell. But instead of going to college at the close of his school-days, he entered the counting-house, where he continued until the troubles with the mother country gave a military turn to his thoughts, and opened a different career from the profession he had chosen. As soon as he attained the age of twenty-one, he enlisted in the army then under Washington, at Cambridge. From this time to the end of the war, he wrote a series of letters, addressed to his father, his brother, and the Rev. Dr. Eliot, which not only display the most amiable qualities, but give very interesting glimpses of the scenes and characters of the Revolution. We are greatly struck with the correctness and elegance of their style, and it is pleasing to observe the classical taste which Mr. Shaw preserved in after life from the discipline of the Latin School. The relations between him and his parents and friends were of the most confidential and delightful kind; and we feel grateful to Mr. Quincy for this peep behind the curtain of the past, into the private life of the olden times in Boston.

Some of the earliest of these letters are written from Cambridge, and contain details of the military operations, until the British evacuated Boston. In 1776, Mr. Shaw accompanied the army to New York, whence his correspondence continues, and is filled, not only with notices of military affairs, but pleasant sketches of manners and society there. Among the events particularly described in the letters are the battles of Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. It is pleasant to find the young soldier expressing, in confidential correspondence with his own family, in the most ardent terms, his affection and veneration for Washington. “When I contemplate the virtues of

the man," he writes, under date of April 12, 1778, "uniting in the citizen and soldier, I cannot too heartily coincide with the orator for the Fifth of March last, who so delicately describes him as a person that appears to be raised by Heaven to show how high humanity can soar. It will afford you no small pleasure to be told, that the faction which was breeding last winter in order to traduce the first character on the Continent is at an end." Many other interesting notices of Washington occur in the correspondence. The writer's description of Philadelphia is more graphic than complimentary to the morals of the city which then affected to be the metropolis of America. A letter written from "Head-Quarters at Robinson's house" details the treason of Benedict Arnold, and that infamous affair is alluded to in several letters that follow, with the natural indignation of a youthful patriot. The accounts contained in the correspondence of the closing scenes of the war, and of the last great act of Washington's command, are of the highest interest. We cannot forbear quoting the following passage, relating to the discontent in the army and the publication of the famous Newburg letters.

"The meeting of the officers was in itself exceedingly respectable, the matters they were called to deliberate upon were of the most serious nature, and the unexpected attendance of the Commander-in-chief heightened the solemnity of the scene. Every eye was fixed upon the illustrious man, and attention to their beloved General held the assembly mute. He opened the meeting by apologizing for his appearance there, which was by no means his intention when he published the order which directed them to assemble. But the diligence used in circulating the anonymous pieces rendered it necessary that he should give his sentiments to the army on the nature and tendency of them, and determined him to avail himself of the present opportunity; and, in order to do it with greater perspicuity, he had committed his thoughts to writing, which, with the indulgence of his brother officers, he would take the liberty of reading to them. It is needless for me to say any thing of this production; *it speaks for itself*. After he had concluded his address, he said, that, as a corroborating testimony of the good disposition in Congress towards the army, he would communicate to them a letter received from a worthy member of that body, and one who on all occasions had ever approved himself their fast friend. This was an exceedingly sensible letter; and, while it pointed out the difficulties and embarrassments of Congress, it held up very forcibly the idea, that the army should, at all events, be generously dealt with. One circumstance in reading this letter must not be omitted. His Excellency, after reading the first paragraph, made a short pause, took out his spectacles, and begged the indulgence of his audience while he put them on, observing at the same time, that he had grown gray in their service, and now found himself growing blind. There was something so natural, so unaffected, in this appeal, as rendered it superior to the most studied oratory; it forced its way to the heart, and you might see sensibility

moisten every eye. The General, having finished, took leave of the assembly, and the business of the day was conducted in the manner which is related in the account of the proceedings.

"I cannot dismiss this subject without observing, that it is happy for America that she has a *patriot army*, and equally so that a *Washington* is its leader. I rejoice in the opportunities I have had of seeing this great man in a variety of situations; — calm and intrepid where the battle raged, patient and persevering under the pressure of misfortune, moderate and possessing himself in the full career of victory. Great as these qualifications deservedly render him, he never appeared to me more truly so than at the assembly we have been speaking of. On other occasions he has been supported by the exertions of an army and the countenance of his friends; but in this he stood single and alone. There was no saying where the passions of an army, which were not a little inflamed, might lead; but it was generally allowed that longer forbearance was dangerous, and moderation had ceased to be a virtue. Under these circumstances he appeared, not at the head of his troops, but as it were in opposition to them; and for a dreadful moment the interests of the army and its General seemed to be in competition! He spoke, — every doubt was dispelled, and the tide of patriotism rolled again in its wonted course. Illustrious man! what he says of the army may with equal justice be applied to his own character. 'Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining.'" — pp. 103 – 105.

At the disbanding of the army, Mr. Shaw, having been since 1779 aid-de-camp to General Knox, with the rank of Major of Brigade, received the most emphatic testimonials, not only from his immediate military superior, but from the commander-in-chief.

After the war, "an association of capitalists, who had united for the purpose of opening a commercial intercourse between the United States and China, offered to him the station of factor and commercial agent for the voyage." This was the commencement of the American trade with China. On his return, in 1785, he was appointed a secretary in the War Office, of which his old friend, General Knox, was the head. At this time he addressed a letter, printed in the Appendix to this volume, to Mr. Jay, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, giving an account of the occurrences in the voyage of "the first vessel that had been fitted out by the inhabitants of the United States of America for essaying a commerce with those of the empire of China." Soon after this he left the War Department to engage in a second voyage, and received from Congress the appointment of Consul from the United States at Canton, being of course the first person who ever held that office. From this second voyage he returned in 1789. The next year he sailed on his third voyage, in the Massachusetts, a ship he had himself caused to be built for the China trade, and returned in 1792. In August of that

year he was married to Hannah, the daughter of William Phillips, of Boston. In the month of February of the following year, he sailed on his fourth and last voyage, embarking in a ship of his own at New York. He died soon after taking passage on board the ship *Washington*, which sailed for the United States on the 17th of March, 1794. He had contracted a disease of the liver, incident to the climate of Canton, which caused his death at the early age of thirty-nine.

The Journals of Mr. Shaw contain accounts of the first and second voyages to Canton, and of a visit to Bengal in 1787 and 1788. They are written with his characteristic elegance, and, as Mr. Quincy says in the preface, "They throw a light on the commercial relations of our country with those distant regions at that period, which cannot fail to be interesting; and, although the intercourse of half a century intervening since they were written may have made that which was once novel now familiar, yet, from the unchangeableness of Chinese habits and policy, they undoubtedly contain much information, which, even at this day, is both useful and attractive."

A very pleasing portrait forms the frontispiece of this volume. The traits of the countenance bear testimony to the emphatic eulogy with which Mr. Quincy's preface closes. "It was my happiness," says the venerable author, "in my early youth, to enjoy the privilege of his acquaintance and correspondence; and now, after the lapse of more than fifty years, I can truly say, that, in the course of a long life, I have never known an individual of a character more elevated and chivalric, acting according to a purer standard of morals, imbued with a higher sense of honor, and uniting more intimately the qualities of the gentleman, the soldier, the scholar, and the Christian."

5. — *Contemplations on the Solar System.* By J. P. NICHOL, LL. D., Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. Third Edition. 1847. 12mo.

OF the many attempts to gratify the popular yearning for astronomical intelligence, none seem to have proved quite so successful as those of Dr. Nichol. By his admirably clear and lucid developments of some of the more abstruse matters, he has lifted, higher than it was ever before raised, the veil which protects the inner mysteries of this sublime science from the gaze of all but its sworn high-priests. Notwithstanding his too rhetori-

cal style, of which, however fascinating it may be to common readers, his sober admirers will at times be impatient, his writings abound in happy forms of expression, and exhibit that logical accuracy and philosophical precision which characterize the genuine inquirer after truth. His modest and candid spirit seems to have protected him from the seductive influence of popular applause, and we believe that it is his sincere and single object to explain to his fellow-men the actual arrangements of the physical universe without any coloring of false rhetoric. This object has been pursued with marvellous skill, and while his clever elucidations are a public benefaction of no mean value, he has a right to the credit of having added to the world's knowledge of astronomy. But our duty, as a public censor, must not here be neglected, and while we praise the master, we must not omit to give a gentle check to the pupil. The mass of even the enlightened portion of the public has not time or opportunity for thorough investigation of any physical science, and yet it is ever prone, in consequence of the adulation which it is receiving from its dependants, to imagine that, as soon as it has learned any thing of a subject, it sees through it to its very foundation. Consistently with this character, the world is now disposed to claim a complete knowledge of astronomy, and to summon geometers before its tribunal, where the unerring voice of the godlike majority may decide the most delicate questions in celestial mechanics. But Neptune and Uranus, once claiming to be gods themselves, do not run their mystic course so simply that an ordinary mortal may read it in a half-hour's study; nor are the profound computations of so extraordinary a genius as Leverrier to be overthrown by the defective impressions which may be derived from the inspection of a diagram. If, with all their efforts, the people are unable to solve problems of international perturbation, like those of Mexico and Texas, they cannot be supposed capable of unravelling, at a glance, the mutual actions of these distant orbs. We may hereafter attempt to show that there has been great misconception as to the very nature of this difficult problem; and we are confident that, notwithstanding the radical difference between the orbits of the theoretical and the actual Neptune, a profound study of the original investigations will only increase one's admiration of the twin geniuses of Adams and Leverrier.

Professor Nichol's speculations upon the moon are highly original, and deserve the serious consideration of geologists. His discoveries in regard to the mountain rays which intersect each other, and even cross deep craters in such a way as clearly to indicate their origin and relative age, are of the highest interest, and, if they are confirmed, will give him an elevated rank among

observers. They are truly the beginning of a new era in lunar researches, and confirm the opinion which we have always entertained, that the moon's surface is itself the appropriate study of a life, and should be ranked with geological rather than with astronomical pursuits. We hope that Dr. Nichol will himself complete the investigations which he has so happily commenced.

Dr. Nichol's name has been connected with the defence of Herschel's nebular hypothesis, but in the preface to the present work he avows the opinion that this hypothesis is no longer tenable, on account of the resolution of the great nebula in Orion by Lord Rosse's magnificent telescope. Mr. Bond's excellent observations with the great Cambridge refractor fully confirm this brilliant achievement; and we are also of opinion that, when his son's observations upon the great nebula in Andromeda are published, they will remove another possible line of distinction between resolvable and irresolvable nebulae. Dr. Nichol seems to us, therefore, to be fully justified in abandoning his former position; for there does not now seem to remain any peculiarity of appearance, which will authorize us to select certain of the nebulae and regard them, not as clusters, like the others, but as "masses of self-shining fluid, akin to the cometic." Our present limits will not permit us to discuss the new form which Sir John Herschel has given to the nebular hypothesis in his recent splendid work upon the stars of the southern hemisphere, and which seems to us far more probable than the original speculation, especially because it is not inconsistent with the possible resolution into stars of any or all of the nebulae.

Professor Nichol's development of Bessel's account of the polar forces exhibited in Halley's comet, and his more questionable speculations upon the solar atmosphere, are fine specimens of his captivating powers of illustration, and his readers should be grateful to him for having brought down to them so charming a vehicle for ascending to the stars.

6. — *An American Dictionary of the English Language ; containing the whole Vocabulary of the First Edition in Two Volumes Quarto ; the Entire Corrections and Improvements of the Second Edition in Two Volumes Royal Octavo ; to which is prefixed an Introductory Dissertation on the Origin, History, and Connection of the Languages of Western Asia and Europe, with an Explanation of the Principles on which Languages are formed.* By NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D., Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c., &c. Revised and enlarged, by CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, Professor in Yale College. With Pronouncing Vocabularies of Scripture, Classical, and Geographical Names. Springfield, Mass. : G. & C. Merriam. 1848. 4to. pp. 1367.

WE have copied not more than half of the truly formidable title-page of this huge volume, though our readers may be of opinion that a large portion even of the matter which we have transcribed would find a more appropriate place, if anywhere, in the preface than in the frontispiece to the book. And since we have begun with a criticism on the first leaf, it may be as well to say, that the patriotic sentiment which led Dr. Webster to call his great work an "*American Dictionary of the English Language*" has exposed him to the reproach, for which there is but little foundation, of wishing to set up a different standard for the use of words in this country from that which obtains in the mother land. His variations from good English usage, which after all are not numerous, though they have excited much comment, are attributable not so much to national feeling, as to the pride of original research and to independence of personal opinion. He was not apt to submit lightly to authority of any kind, when it conflicted with his own notions of what was required by analogy, or etymology, or a reasonable desire for the gradual purification of our language from its numerous anomalies in spelling and pronunciation. We like him all the better for his manful defence of many imputed Americanisms, and for his disposition to consider good American authors as at least equally entitled with their English brethren of the same class, period, and reputation, to decide what good usage is, and how strictly its laws are to be enforced. We also respect his manliness, though we may distrust his judgment, for boldly writing some words as he deemed they ought to be written, though the true orthography had not the sanction of a single author of any note on either side of the Atlantic. Thus he discards *comptroller* in favor of *controller*,

though usage is almost universal against the latter form, when it has the legal or technical meaning. He rejects *disannul* and *unloose*, on account of the superfluous syllable in each, though the latter has the authority of Shakspeare and our common version of the Scriptures. But, says Dr. Webster, in his decisive way, "no lexicographer, knowing the proper origin of these words, can be justified in giving support to such outrageous deviations from etymology. They are a reproach to the literature of the nation." Yet this use of an additional syllable with simply an intensive force, instead of its usual negative or privative meaning, is not without precedent in other languages, especially in Greek. In his haste to Anglicize the spelling of some words which have long been adopted into our language, he writes *maneuver* and *reconnoiter*, though he had no authority to quote for the alteration, and his argument in favor of it has not had effect enough to change the usage. In most, if not all, of these cases, the present editor has quietly replaced the old form by the side of Dr. Webster's innovation, leaving the reader to make his own choice between them. Sometimes this is done at the expense of considerable repetition, the whole of the illustrative and explanatory matter being given under both forms of the word.

But our purpose is not now to review a work so well known as Dr. Webster's Dictionary, but simply to commend the present edition of it, with its copious additions to the text, as a highly valuable publication. Great labor has been bestowed upon it, and all the alterations and articles that have been added, so far as we have noticed them, are great improvements. The chief value of the work consists in its full and accurate definitions, and the complete exhibition of the etymology of the language, though scholars will not always assent to Dr. Webster's opinions in this particular; his erudition was immense, but not always accurate. In respect to pronunciation, it is not so complete, nor do we consider it so accurate, as Mr. Worcester's admirable Dictionary. The mechanical execution of the book deserves all praise, the type being very distinct, the paper of good quality, and the binding serviceable. The quarto form is not so convenient for use as the octavo, but an equal quantity of matter could not be given in any other shape, except in two or more volumes, and such a division is intolerable for a dictionary which is to be in constant use. We hope that it will obtain a wide and profitable circulation.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Works of Thomas Reid, D. D., now fully collected, with Selections from his Unpublished Letters, Preface, Notes, and Supplementary Dissertations, by Sir William Hamilton, Bart., of the Institute of France, &c., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Text collated and revised, Useful Distinctions inserted, Leading Words and Propositions marked out, Allusions indicated, Quotations filled up. Prefixed, Stewart's Account of the Life and Writings of Reid, with Notes by the Editor. Copious Indices subjoined. London and Edinburgh: Longmans. 1846. 8vo. pp. 914.

A Letter to Augustus De Morgan, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge, on his Claim to an Independent Re-discovery of a New Principle in the Theory of Syllogism; from Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Subjoined, the Whole Previous Correspondence, and a Postscript in Answer to Professor De Morgan's Statement. London: Longmans. 1847. 8vo. pp. 44.

The Work claiming to be the Constitutions of the Holy Apostles, including the Canons; Whiston's Version, revised from the Greek: with a Prize Essay at the University of Bonn, upon their Origin and Contents. Translated from the German, by Irah Chase, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 496.

A Treatise on the Law of Copyright in Books, Dramatic and Musical Compositions, Letters and other Manuscripts, Engravings and Sculpture, as enacted and administered in England and America; with some Notices of the History of Literary Property. By George Ticknor Curtis, Counsellor at Law. Boston: Little & Brown. 1847. 8vo. pp. 450.

A History of Georgia, from its first Discovery by Europeans to the Adoption of the Present Constitution in 1798. By Rev. William Bacon Stevens, M. D., Professor of Belles Lettres, History, &c., in the University of Georgia, Athens. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 503.

Revolutionary Services and Civil Life of Gen. William Hull, prepared from his Manuscripts, by his Daughter, Mrs. Maria Campbell: together with the History of the Campaign of 1812, and the Surrender of the Post of Detroit; by his Grandson, James Freeman Clarke. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 482.

The Practical French Teacher, or a New Method of learning to read, write, and speak the French Language. By Norman Pinney, A. M. Fourth Edition, corrected, revised, and enlarged. Hartford: Gurdon Robins. 1848. 12mo. pp. 396.

The American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1848. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 370.

Religion and Poetry, being Selections Spiritual and Moral from the Poetical Works of the Rev. R. Montgomery, M. A., Oxon. With an Introductory Essay, by Archer Gurney. Second Edition. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 345.

Biographia Literaria, or Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. From the Second London Edition, prepared for Publication, in Part, by the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, completed and published by his Widow. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847. 2 vols. 12mo.

A Plea for Amusements. By Frederic W. Sawyer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 320.

Catawba River, and other Poems. By John Steinfort Kidney. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1847. 12mo. pp. 119.

Oregon Missions, and Travels over the Rocky Mountains, 1845-46. By Father P. J. De Smet, of the Society of Jesus. New York: Edward Dunigan. 1847. 16mo. pp. 408.

The Genealogy and History of the Family of Williams in America, more particularly of the Descendants of Robert Williams of Roxbury. By Stephen W. Williams, M. D., A. M. Greenfield: Meriam & Mirick. 1847. 12mo. pp. 423.

ΞΕΝΟΦΩΝΤΟΣ ΑΠΟΜΝΗΜΟΝΕΥΜΑΤΑ. Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates, with Notes. By R. D. C. Robbins, Librarian, Andover Theological Seminary. Andover: William H. Wardwell. 1848. 12mo. pp. 417.

Practical Physiology; for the Use of Schools and Families. By Edward Jarvis, M. D. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait, & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 368.

A Summer in the Wilderness, embracing a Canoe Voyage up the Mississippi and around Lake Superior. By Charles Lanman, Author of Essays for Summer Hours, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 208.

Fame and Glory: an Address before the Literary Societies of Amherst College, at their Anniversary, August 11, 1847. By Charles Sumner. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 51.

The Death of Little Children: a Sermon preached at Brighton, September 19, 1847. By Frederic A. Whitney, Minister of the First Church. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847. 8vo. pp. 15.

Observations on the Aboriginal Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, the Character of the Ancient Earth-works, and the Structure, Contents, and Purposes of the Mounds; with Notices of the Minor Remains of Ancient Art; with Illustrations. By E. G. Squier. New York: Bartlett & Welford. 1847. 8vo. pp. 79.

Collegiate Education: an Address pronounced before the House of Convocation of Trinity College, August 4, 1847. By J. M. Wainwright, D. D. Hartford. 1847. 8vo. pp. 38.

Discourses on Medical Education and on the Medical Profession. By John Ware, M. D., Hersey Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 113.

An Address delivered before the Literary Societies of Randolph-

Macon College, June, 1847. By Charles F. Deems, Professor in the University of North Carolina. Philadelphia : Sorin & Ball. 1847. 8vo. pp. 27.

A Poem delivered before the House of Convocation of Trinity College, August 4, 1847. By George Burgess, D. D. Hartford. 8vo. pp. 27.

The Anniversary and Farewell Sermons, preached in the Hollis Street Meeting-House, March 3 and September 19, 1847. By David Fosdick, Jr. With an Appendix. Boston : B. H. Greene. 1847. 8vo. pp. 40.

Popery and the United States, embracing an Account of Papal Operations in our Country, with a View of the Dangers which threaten our Institutions. By Rufus W. Clark, M. A. Boston : J. V. Bean & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 19.

Liberty : a Poem delivered before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, August 3, 1847. By John H. Hopkins, Jr., M. A. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 18.

Remarks on the Character and Writings of Hahnemann. From the New York Journal of Medicine. By the Editor. New York : J. & H. G. Langley. 1847. 8vo. pp. 14.

The Gospel of To-day : a Discourse delivered at the Ordination of T. W. Higginson as Minister of the First Religious Society in Newburyport, September 15, 1847. By W. H. Channing. Boston : Crosby & Nichols. 1847. 8vo. pp. 63.

Investigation of Glycocoll and some of its Products of Decomposition. By Eben N. Horsford, A. M., Rumford Professor. New Haven. 1847. 8vo. pp. 44.

The Eclogues of Virgil, translated into English Verse, Line for Line. By the Rev. George Mackie, D. D. Quebec. 1847. 16mo. pp. 48.

The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation. By Isaac Walton. And Instructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream, by Charles Cotton. With Copious Notes, for the most Part Original, a Bibliographical Preface, and a Notice of Cotton and his Writings, by the American Editor. New York : Wiley & Putnam. 1847. 2 vols. 12mo.

Poems by James Russell Lowell. Second Series. Cambridge : George Nichols. 1848. 16mo. pp. 184.

Lays of Love and Faith, with other Fugitive Poems. By George W. Bethune. Philadelphia : Lindsay & Blakiston. 1848. 8vo. pp. 184.

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ART. I. — *The Miscellaneous Works of the RIGHT HONORABLE SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.* Philadelphia : Carey & Hart. 1846. 8vo. pp. 596.

PHENOMENA and results in the intellectual world are governed by laws no less determinate and unbending than those which regulate and modify the annual products of agricultural skill and labor ; and, in the finely reticulated system of correspondences between the outward and the spiritual universe, we may trace the application of the same principles to the harvest of wheat and barley, and to that of enduring and effective thought and sentiment. It has become an axiom with farmers, that no soil is rich enough to dispense with diligent cultivation. The land spontaneously fertile, if due vigilance be intermitted, will bristle with a ranker growth of weeds than of grain. The husbandman, who forces two or three precocious harvests from his undressed farm, has it left on his hands effete and sterile. Equally little can genius avail without early and diligent culture. Genius is not wisdom or knowledge, but mere susceptibility and capacity. In order to make effort successful, it must work on preëxisting materials extrinsic to itself, and with instruments conventional in their very origin and nature. A brilliant, but undisciplined mind may indeed excite transient admiration by the jaunty air with which it parades its penury ; but it contributes nothing to the permanent wealth of the race. Nor has precocious genius often called forth any deeper emotion than wonder, or achieved more than the promise of subsequent eminence. Sometimes,

as in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White, early death has attached a factitious consecration to works of secondary merit, which, had their authors lived, would have passed quickly out of memory, or have been valued simply as marking certain epochs in the development of minds that soon outgrew them. We can hardly regard the poem of Festus as an exception to the general law. It utterly lacks coherent thought and appreciable sentiment. All that it has worthy of admiration is a per-centage of perfect or almost perfect metaphors, certainly no larger than the doctrine of chances would render probable in a poem worthy to have been written by that valorous knight who

"could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope."

Almost all the master-works of genius have been the fruit of fully matured years and protracted self-discipline. Nor have any great men been idle. Where they have seemed so, it has been because they marked out their own independent systems of culture, adapted to their respective tastes or aims. If they have held less communion with the dead, it has been that they might enter into closer sympathy with the living ; or if they have secluded themselves equally from men and books, still there has been law in their reverie, system in their musing, filaments of order and progress among their wildest fancies.

Homogeneous culture is also essential to high intellectual eminence. "Thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed," is the oldest agricultural precept extant ; and, even in the rude age in which it was promulgated, common sense would have made it needless, had not superstition given rise to the absurdity forbidden. A like superstition or infatuation drives many who are capable of greatness to seek it in more ways than one, or to seek it in connection with mercenary and sordid pursuits and aims. For the attainment of distinguished success in any department of effort, there must be an early choice of the one prime end, and that end must be held so steadily in view as to assimilate to itself, and to incorporate with its appropriate means, every possible diversity of knowledge, speculation, and endeavour. Then, the more extended and various the modes of culture, the richer will be the fruit.

Again, the same fruits of the earth cannot be consumed and

garnered. The field which has fed its owner's guests through the summer will give him but scanty gleanings in the autumn. In like manner, equal mental endowments and industry will make a widely different impression upon posterity, according as they are employed on the current occasions of the passing day, or husbanded with reference to some definite and permanent end. Men who have acquired great posthumous fame have seldom kept themselves much before the eyes of their own coevals, have been deaf to the transient calls upon their energy, and have thus accumulated strength for achievements of imperishable interest and magnitude. On the other hand, there are many, who fill the largest place in the estimation of their contemporaries, and enjoy to the full the applauding suffrages of those whose praise is a token of high merit, who yet, on dying, leave nothing to sustain with the next generation the honored name which they transmit, and pass rapidly to the lists of undistinguished mediocrity. In point of fact, many of this last class are no less highly endowed by nature and by cultivation than those whose death is an apotheosis ; but their readiness to impart, their genial, generous self-sacrifice, their disinterested contributions to the usefulness or fame of more selfish or ambitious men, drain their resources as rapidly as they are accumulated, and leave them always destitute of the durable materials requisite to construct a monument worthy of their own genius.

Perhaps there could not be a more apposite illustration of these remarks, than the case of our lamented fellow-countryman and friend, the late John Pickering. In versatility of genius, in the opportunity of liberal culture, in the power and habit of concentrated industry, he can have had few equals, perhaps not a superior, among the scholars of his day ; and the unimpassioned sketch of his literary life by Judge White presents an amount of thoroughly finished work in the departments of philology and criticism sufficient to have rivalled the fame of Bentley or Heyne. Yet when those who loved him shall have passed away, there will be but a faint penumbra of his merited reputation lingering about his name. And why ? Because he always met, with the utmost prodigality of his own resources and efforts, every temporary draft made upon them by friends, strangers, or the public. More ready to correct, complete, or enrich another's work than his own, stowing away, in prefaces or fugitive essays, speculations and

researches which claimed the most respectful regard of the whole literary world, lavishing upon his casual acquaintance pregnant suggestions, germs of theories, plans of investigation, that helped them to the fame which he never coveted, he was the most self-forgetting man we ever knew, and, we believe, enjoyed the tacit consciousness of having ministered to the rising scholarship and reputation of others far beyond his capacity of appreciating honors exclusively his own.

It is happy for the world, that, among the intellectually great, there are those men who live more for the present than for posterity. There is much of the daily work of life, that needs to be well done, and demands strong men to do it. Were newspapers, reviews, school-books, and such literature as is in its very form and purport ephemeral, all left to mediocrity or dulness, and did men of genius and talent cater only for their own immortality, the means of general and individual culture would soon become too meagre and paltry to enable rising generations to appreciate and enjoy the earlier monuments of literature and taste. It is a kindly arrangement of Providence, which has made some great minds, by the very necessity of their nature, generous in detail, and disposed to let no occasion for the expenditure of their mental wealth go by unused ; while others, by a like necessity, refrain from giving till they can bestow gifts worthy of the gratitude of nations and ages.

In these remarks, we have, as we think, given some hints towards the solution of Sir James Mackintosh's case. Hardly a man of his generation bore so great a name while living ; yet, in the lapse of less than twenty years since his death, his reputation in every department has been more than rivalled, nor is there any one of his numerous works which promises to retain a permanently cherished place in English literature. Either his fame was in a great measure factitious and baseless, or else there was in the man, in his living spirit, in the impulses and influences of which he was the centre, much that has left no adequate memorial of itself. The latter we suppose to have been the case. We believe him to have been a great man, even if we attach a closely circumscribed meaning to that often indefinite title. But we derive our impressions of his greatness much more from the memoirs of his life, and from indubitable facts connected with his position and relations, both social and political, than from his own writings.

We suppose that he was, in early life, very careless and negligent, — nay, absolutely “lazy,” as he terms himself, in laying the foundation of a thorough education. In the University of Aberdeen, of which he was an alumnus, there seems to have been a great deal of noble impulse, but no thorough system. Mackintosh read and studied much that was beyond his years, and derived the utmost benefit from familiar literary intercourse with Robert Hall and other fellow-students of kindred spirit, and with the distinguished men who occupied the various chairs of instruction ; but he seems to have been left mainly to the bent of his own genius, instead of being guided in the homogeneous cultivation of all his powers and of all the various branches of a truly liberal education. The consequence was, that his mind always lacked breadth and comprehensiveness of vision. The filaments of association, that connect the different departments of knowledge and literature together, must be laid in the mind early or never ; and it is mainly in laying them that the value of what is worthily called a *university* education consists. Where all the cardinal divisions of human knowledge are crowded into a few juvenile years, though only the merest rudiments of each can be acquired, the mind learns to contemplate them in their mutual bearings and relations, and has ever afterwards an intuitive perception of the resources of each for the elucidation and adornment of every other. The same knowledge, subsequently acquired, is apt to remain in the mind in detached and insulated masses, incapable of mutual service. Mackintosh became a man of almost unprecedented erudition ; yet he makes this felt rather by the wide range of subjects which successively tasked his industry, than by full and varied affluence of mind in any one department.

We trace in him, also, a fickleness and vagueness of aim, a lack of concentrated purpose and effort, nay, an almost constant discrepancy between his pursuits and his tastes, which leaves us in surprise that he accomplished so much, rather than that he achieved no more. He seems to have wanted the energy of will requisite to the early selection and resolute pursuit of some one department of intellectual labor before all others. His tastes would have led him to devote himself to ethical and political science ; and he seems to have been waiting, with some degree of expectancy, till the last year of his life, for a golden period to be given wholly to pursuits of

this class ; but from his youth onward, he was too prone to leave the direction of his efforts to transient circumstances or impulses, and thus imparted a desultory character alike to the culture of his earlier and the fruits of his maturer years. Why he studied medicine it is difficult to ascertain, and equally difficult to say why he dropped the profession almost before the ink was dry on his diploma, as it would seem with hardly an aim beyond becoming a political pamphleteer. In his subsequent professional life, both at the bar and on the bench, the little leisure which he could command seems to have been dissipated in a great diversity of pursuits, and much of it passed in miscellaneous reading without system or object. The last twenty years of his life, after his resignation of the Recordship of Bombay, were exempted from the necessity of public engagements, and would, with a little more strength of purpose on his part, have been consecrated to the production of some standard work in his favorite branch of philosophy. But they were in fact frittered away by an essay at parliamentary life, for which he had neither genius nor taste, by public employments which an inferior man might as well have filled, and by innumerable social engagements ; so that a few historical and critical essays, and a course of lectures, of which the syllabus only remains, constitute all the surviving memorials of his richest harvest-season.

But most of all, Mackintosh sacrificed fame to immediate effect and utility. He threw his whole soul into occasions of but transient interest. He would labor as sedulously in the preparation of an address to a jury, as if he had had a packed audience from the literati of all Europe. He would waste in a newspaper article thoughts and sentiments which a more thrifty mind would have reserved for the most precious uses. The word *no* seems not to have been in his vocabulary. His genius and learning were at the world's service, and whoever sought to employ them (no matter for how ephemeral a purpose, if only essentially worthy) could have the use of them for the asking. Many of his works were, no doubt, most injuriously contracted within far narrower dimensions than he would have chosen, by the bookwrights to whom he good-naturedly lent his aid. The extended History of England, which he had long had in contemplation, and for which he had been accumulating materials of the utmost value, was reduced to Lilliputian proportions at the solicitation of the

editor of the Cabinet Cyclopædia ; while his Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy, in his own favorite walk of science, bears indubitable marks of its reluctant circumscription within the limits of a preliminary discourse to the Encyclopædia Britannica.

In estimating the actual worth and power of a mind like his, it is necessary to look beyond his finished productions, and to take an accurate survey of his social position and influence. He might have left works bearing the broad seal of universal and undying celebrity, and yet have accomplished far less than he did for the improvement of his country and his race. His intellectual life was under the control of the purest philanthropy. We look in vain through his career for a trace of selfishness, vanity, jealousy, or pride. He envied no man's laurels, and would have been among the foremost to award the crown to his own successful competitor. He lent the most generous aid and encouragement to those just entering the lists. He fostered rising merit by kindly appreciation and no less kindly criticism. His advice and assistance in the labors of others were more readily bestowed than asked. His correspondence was extensive, with men of the most various pursuits, on subjects the most diversified, and always suggestive and fruitful. His social powers were peculiarly brilliant and fascinating, and habitually employed on subjects of the highest interest, and involving profound and original thought. Add to all this his uniform advocacy, as a lawyer, a judge, a legislator, and a man, of the principles of freedom and humanity against arbitrary prescriptions and venerable wrongs. The beneficent outgoings of a mind and life like his surpass human calculation. He undoubtedly is more fully represented in other works of the day than in his own ; nor can we tell to how many spirits his influence may have been an essential condition of mental activity and soundness.

Mackintosh first attracted to himself general regard and admiration by his Defence of the French Revolution, in reply to Burke. He was then but twenty-five years of age, and, with the generous ardor becoming his years, had, in the controversy then beginning to shake Europe to the centre, embraced the popular cause, not yet stained by the atrocities of its adherents, and commended by the weaknesses, vices, and crimes of its opponents. He was moved by sincere indignation at the conservatism of Burke's Reflections, and wrote

with the honest, earnest purpose of arresting the tide of feeling that seemed to be setting irresistibly against the French movement. His argument is at once elaborate and vehement, sustained by a careful analysis of facts, yet instinct throughout with impassioned enthusiasm, — chaste and perspicuous in style, yet often rolling on in a rushing torrent of appeal, vituperation, or invective. His were the natural sentiments of a hopeful optimist ; Burke's were the well-weighed deductions of a wary and experienced statesman. Mackintosh's Defence did honor to his heart, though subsequent events refuted its logic, and vindicated the wisdom that he assailed. Though he may have regretted in after life the impetuosity that made him the popular and successful advocate of a cause with which good men could no longer sympathize, there is hardly a principle or sentiment involved in the work, to which he would not have given the cordial assent of his ripest wisdom and virtue. The Defence met with the most brilliant and unexpected success. Three large editions were disposed of almost simultaneously, the French party in Great Britain received an immediate accession of respectability and influence, and Mackintosh himself became at once a prominent man in the eyes of all England, thenceforth to be watched, conciliated, kept at bay, or provided for, by the party in power.

His next enterprise was the delivery of a course of Lectures on the Law of Nature and of Nations. Only the introductory lecture was fully written out ; but this, the few extracts preserved from the others, and their flattering reception as coming from a young man unsustained by patronage, and making his way by merit alone, lead us to suppose them second, in point of thorough research, mature thought, and attractive rhetoric, to no other intellectual effort of his whole life. Here he was in his true sphere. As a mere metaphysician, we doubt whether he could have distinguished himself. Abstractions had no hold upon him. His power of subtle and patient analysis shrank from essences and attributes, when divested of their sentient subjects. His perfectly trained moral sympathies were at once his instruments of investigation and latent premises to his conclusions. In the relations and liabilities of conscious and self-determining moral agents, not in the underlying facts and the *a priori* necessities of their natures, he found his appropriate range of inquiry and conjecture. He treated even metaphysical theories mainly in their ethical

aspects. Witness his *critique* on Jonathan Edwards, admirable and perfect in its way, endowed with all the power of conviction that attaches itself to a logic stern and close as Edwards's own, yet in fact a mere appeal to consciousness and an argument from sympathy.

“ This remarkable man, the metaphysician of America, was formed among the Calvinists of New England, when their stern doctrine retained its rigorous authority. His power of subtle argument, perhaps unmatched, certainly unsurpassed among men, was joined, as in some of the ancient Mystics, with a character which raised his piety to fervor. He embraced their doctrine, probably without knowing it to be theirs. ‘ True religion,’ says he, ‘ in a great measure consists in holy affections. A love of divine things, for the beauty and sweetness of their moral excellency, is the spring of all holy affections.’ Had he suffered this noble principle to take the right road to all its fair consequences, he would have entirely concurred with Plato, with Shaftesbury, and Malebranche, in devotion to ‘ the first good, first perfect, and first fair.’ But he thought it necessary afterwards to limit his doctrine to his own persuasion, by denying that such moral excellence could be discovered in divine things by those Christians who did not take the same view as he did of their religion. All others, and some who hold his doctrines with a more enlarged spirit, may adopt his principle without any limitation. His ethical theory is contained in his Dissertation on the Nature of True Virtue; and in another, On God's Chief End in the Creation, published in London thirty years after his death. True virtue, according to him, consists in benevolence, or love to ‘ being in general,’ which he afterwards limits to ‘ intelligent being,’ though ‘ sentient’ would have involved a more reasonable limitation. This good-will is felt towards a particular being, first in proportion to his degree of existence (for, says he, ‘ that which is great has more existence, and is farther from nothing, than that which is little ’), and secondly, *in proportion to the degree in which that particular being feels benevolence to others.* Thus God, having infinitely more existence and benevolence than man, ought to be infinitely more loved; and for the same reason, God must love himself infinitely more than he does all other beings. He can act only from regard to himself, and his end in creation can only be to manifest his whole nature, which is called acting for his own glory.

“ As far as Edwards confines himself to created beings, and while his theory is perfectly intelligible, it coincides with that of universal benevolence, hereafter to be considered. The term

‘being’ is a mere encumbrance, which serves indeed to give it a mysterious outside, but brings with it from the schools nothing except their obscurity. He was betrayed into it by the cloak which it threw over his really unmeaning assertion or assumption, that there are *degrees of existence*; without which that part of his system which relates to the Deity would have appeared to be as baseless as it really is. When we try such a phrase by applying it to matters within the sphere of our experience, we see that it means nothing but *degrees* of certain faculties and powers. But the very application of the term ‘being’ to all things shows that the least perfect has as much being as the most perfect; or rather, that there can be no difference, so far as that word is concerned, between two things to which it is alike applicable. The justness of the compound proportion on which human virtue is made to depend is capable of being tried by an easy test. If we suppose the greatest of evil spirits to have a hundred times the bad passions of Marcus Aurelius, and at the same time a hundred times his faculties, or, in Edwards’s language, a hundred times his quantity of ‘being,’ it follows from this moral theory, that we ought to esteem and love the devil exactly in the same degree as we esteem and love Marcus Aurelius.” — p. 130.

The force of this argument could not have scratched the surface of the triple brass and bull’s hide which Edwards held before his heart, in his passionless logic; but it would be conclusive and irresistible, wherever the higher reason was not merged in the unsubjective logomachy of ratiocination.

In the whole Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy, as in the passage just quoted, Mackintosh keeps the concrete being, man, constantly in the foreground, and tests all the various theories and systems which he successively passes in review solely by their accordance with or discrepancy from the obvious and undoubted phenomena of his moral constitution. He thus lays bare many metaphysical juggles and fallacies, which from their very nature admit of refutation only by a *reductio ad absurdum*; for it is undeniably a very easy thing to reach, by trains of logical reasoning in which no flaw can be detected, conclusions which consciousness promptly negatives, just as one may so use postulates, which none are prepared to deny, respecting zero or other inappreciable quantities in mathematics, as to reach the most glaringly absurd results. It is interesting, also, to mark in this Dissertation the strength of the author’s personal sympathies. As philosophers, divines, and moralists are brought upon the

stage, and subjected often to a provokingly brief examination, we are in almost every instance made, not only aware of the strong or weak points of the system, but sensible of the moral *aura* of the man, so that, without any ostensible delineation of character, a few undesigned traits often compel us to love the man in spite of his system, or dispose us to withhold from the man the favor with which we are constrained to regard the philosopher. Now this very habit of viewing and presenting subjects in the concrete eminently fitted him to be the historian of mental and moral science, and make us regret that he had not devoted a solid portion of his life to a task, of which the part that he has executed (while far inferior to German works of the kind in profoundness and parade of learning) is unrivalled in perspicuity, vivacity, and soundness of judgment.

The history of opinions ought to be, more than it generally is, the history of men. Their social environments and moral tendencies and habits are, in numerous instances, the sole causes of their opinions, — their reasonings mere afterthoughts fabricated when called for. The process by which systems innumerable have been brought to the light has been somewhat as follows. An intelligent and cultivated man finds himself in a certain position, in which it is for his interest and pleasure to remain, and in which it is essential that he should at once fortify himself in his own esteem and present to others the show of self-consistency. He first generalizes the habits or necessities of his place, and throws them out in the form of aphoristic maxims, thus intimating that his life is underlaid by principle. These maxims soon grow numerous, and clash when confronted with each other, so that their author finds himself obliged to demonstrate their mutual compatibility, and to fuse their incongruities into a system. This system must then be somehow connected with, and made to depend upon, the undeniable facts of consciousness and experience, and the fallacies of scholastic logic offer themselves to be braided and twisted into a halter of the requisite dimensions. Hobbes's philosophy can be accounted for only on this ground. Had he not been through life the passive *protégé* and pensioner of kings and earls, he could not have conceived of a system so thick-sown with self-contradictions and absurdities. His problem was, to legitimate his sycophancy and man-worship to his own consciousness, and to render himself not altogether contemptible to his coevals and to posterity. His entire

theory of the spiritual universe is neither more nor less than a magnificent apology for the facts of his own personal history. This is but one of the many cases in which the man has made the philosopher, and in which, to destroy the *prestige* that hangs about the philosopher, one has only to unmask the man.

The same endowments, which fitted Mackintosh so well to be the historian of ethical science, prepared him to excel in biography; and we regret that he attempted so little in this department. His *Life of Sir Thomas More* is perfect in its kind. It tells the whole story of the old Chancellor with the utmost simplicity and directness, challenging the warmest admiration for his integrity, contentment, and fortitude, admitting with candor his weaknesses and faults, keeping the author himself in the background, forbearing all irrelevant rhetoric and impertinent discussion, and, wherever it is possible, letting Sir Thomas himself or his near kindred take up the thread of the narrative. It is precisely one of those sketches which would win the smallest amount of panegyric for the author, because it keeps the subject perpetually before the eye, as through a transparent medium, and the art of doing this and concealing the painter's hand is too exquisite for general appreciation. Nor is justice done to biography of this class by transferring extracts to the pages of a review; for a paragraph furnishes as good a specimen of it as a brick of a house. Its beauty consists in its symmetry as a whole, and in the coherency, unity, and truthfulness of its impression on the reader. It is not, therefore, for the sake of justifying our verdict on the biographer, nor yet because we suppose many of our readers ignorant of the beautiful developments of More's character, when, under his monarch's displeasure, he descended by rapid grades from the Great Seal to the Tower and the block; but it is because we love to renew and repeat any record of the great and godlike in man, that we quote the following paragraphs.

“At the time of his resignation, More asserted, and circumstances, without reference to his character, demonstrate the truth of his assertion, that his whole income, independent of grants from the crown, did not amount to more than £ 50 yearly. This was not more than an eighth part of his gains at the bar and his judicial salary from the city of London taken together; — so great was the proportion in which his fortune had declined during eighteen

years of employment in offices of such trust, advantage, and honor. In this situation the clergy voted, as a testimonial of their gratitude to him, the sum of £ 5000, which, according to the rate of interest at that time, would have yielded him £ 500 a year, being ten times the yearly sum which he could then call his own. But good and honorable as he knew their messengers, of whom Tunstall was one, to be, he declared, '*that he would rather cast their money into the sea than take it*'; — not speaking from a boastful pride, most foreign from his nature, but shrinking with a sort of instinctive delicacy from the touch of money, even before he considered how much the acceptance of the gift might impair his usefulness.

“ His resources were of a nobler nature. The simplicity of his tastes, and the moderation of his indulgences, rendered retrenchment a task so easy to himself, as to be scarcely perceptible in his personal habits. His fool or jester, then a necessary part of a great man's establishment, he gave to the lord mayor for the time being. His first care was to provide for his attendants, by placing his gentlemen and yeomen with peers and prelates, and his eight watermen in the service of his successor, Sir T. Audley, to whom he gave his great barge, — one of the most indispensable appendages of his office in an age when carriages were unknown. His sorrows were for separation from those whom he loved. He called together his children and grandchildren, who had hitherto lived in peace and love under his patriarchal roof, and, lamenting that he could not, as he was wont, and as he gladly would, bear out the whole charges of them all himself, so that they might continue living together as they were wont, he prayed them to give him their counsel on this trying occasion. When he saw them silent, and unwilling to risk their opinion, he gave them his, seasoned with his natural gayety, and containing some strokes illustrative of the state of society at that time : — ‘ I have been brought up,’ quoth he, ‘ at Oxford, at an inn of chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and also in the king's court, from the lowest degree to the highest, and yet I have at present left me little above £ 100 a year’ (including the king's grants) ; ‘ so that now, if we like to live together, we must be content to be contributaries together ; but we must not fall to the lowest fare first : — we will begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, where many right worshipful and of good years do live full well ; which if we find not ourselves the first year able to maintain, then will we the next year go one step to New Inn fare : if that year exceed our ability, we will the next year descend to Oxford fare, where many grave, learned, and ancient fathers are continually conversant. If our ability stretch not to maintain either, then may we yet with bags and wallets go a beg-

ging together, and hoping for charity at every man's door, to sing *Salve regina*; and so still keep company and be merry together.' On the Sunday following his resignation, he stood at the door of his wife's pew in the church, where one of his dismissed gentlemen had been used to stand, and making a low obeisance to Alice as she entered, said to her with perfect gravity, — 'Madam, my lord is gone.' He, who for seventeen years had not raised his voice in displeasure, could not be expected to sacrifice the gratification of his innocent merriment to the heaviest blows of fortune.

"Nor did he at fit times fail to prepare his beloved children for those more cruel strokes which he began to foresee. Discoursing with them, he enlarged on the happiness of suffering, for the love of God, the loss of goods, of liberty, of lands, of life. He would further say unto them, 'that if he might perceive his wife and children would encourage him to die in a good cause, it should so comfort him, that for very joy, it would make him run merrily to death.' " — pp. 72, 73.

Mackintosh has succeeded beyond most writers in imparting to history the glow and charm of biography. He does this in two ways. In the first place, he personifies and individuates the nation of which he treats, ascribing to it a continuous and homogeneous moral life, corresponding to the average of its moral developments, and enabling us to trace its pervading impulses, currents, and tendencies, as we might the motives and principles of an individual man. Where this art is wanting, history may be minute and accurate to the last degree, and yet be utterly uninteresting. It is of little consequence that we know the separate forces that act upon the complex person called the nation, unless we can see them combined and discern the actual direction of their resultant. For facts, mere annals or a file of newspapers would be the best authority. The true history must borrow from the drama its symmetry, from the epic its succinct and unincumbered progress, and unity from both. Then, again, Mackintosh substitutes biography for history, wherever it can be truthfully and gracefully done. He describes an era or epoch, so far as may be, by its representative men. There is hardly a portion of history that does not admit of being thus written; for there are always men who are types of their times, and the prime agents or central objects of all leading movements and events. And it is through such delineations only that the lessons of history move the conscience, impress the moral

nature, and lay the foundation for practical wisdom. In both the regards that we have named, the Review of the Causes of the Revolution of 1688 might be taken as an almost faultless specimen of history. It was a period adapted to tax the writer's skill to the utmost, so many were the coexistent or successive *cliques* and cabals, so rapidly did the phases both of the court and the people vary, and so numerous were the prominent actors who crossed, thwarted, and supplanted each other, during the entire reign of James II. We will give but a single extract, and that shall be the brief and graphic sketch with which the infamous Jeffreys is first brought upon the stage.

“James had, soon after his accession, introduced into the Cabinet Sir George Jeffreys, Lord Chief Justice of England, a person whose office did not usually lead to that station, and whose elevation to unusual honor and trust is characteristic of the government which he served. His origin was obscure, his education scanty, his acquirements no more than what his vigorous understanding gathered in the course of business, his professional practice low, and chiefly obtained from the companions of his vulgar excesses, whom he captivated by that gross buffoonery which accompanied him to the most exalted stations. But his powers of mind were extraordinary; his elocution was flowing and spirited; and, after his highest preferment, in the few instances where he preserved temper and decency, the native vigor of his intellect shone forth in his judgments, and threw a transient dignity over the coarseness of his deportment. He first attracted notice by turbulence in the petty contests of the Corporation of London; and having found a way to Court through some of those who ministered to the pleasures of the king, as well as to the more ignominious of his political intrigues, he made his value known by contributing to destroy the charter of the capital of which he had been the chief law officer. His services as a counsel in the trial of Russell, and as a judge in that of Sidney, proved still more acceptable to his masters. On the former occasion, he caused a person who had collected evidence for the defence to be turned out of court, for making private suggestions — probably important to the ends of justice — to Lady Russell, while she was engaged in her affecting duty. The same brutal insolence shown in the trial of Sidney was, perhaps, thought the more worthy of reward, because it was foiled by the calm heroism of that great man. The union of a powerful understanding with boisterous violence and the basest subserviency singularly fitted him to be the tool of a tyrant. He wanted, indeed, the aid of

hypocrisy, but he was free from its restraints. He had that reputation for boldness which many men preserve, as long as they are personally safe, by violence in their counsels and in their language. If he at last feared danger, he never feared shame, which much more frequently restrains the powerful. Perhaps the unbridled fury of his temper enabled him to threaten and intimidate with more effect than a man of equal wickedness, with a cooler character. His religion, which seems to have consisted in hatred to Nonconformists, did not hinder him from profaneness. His native fierceness was daily inflamed by debauchery; his excesses were too gross and outrageous for the decency of historical relation; and his court was a continual scene of scurrilous invective, from which none were exempted but his superiors. A contemporary, of amiable disposition and Tory principles, who knew him well, sums up his character in few words, — ‘he was by nature cruel, and a slave of the Court.’” — p. 275.

It would be idle to offer a detailed account of a volume so miscellaneous as the one before us. It contains almost every thing of permanent value written by Mackintosh, except his *History of England*, all his principal contributions to periodical literature, and several of his speeches at the bar, from the bench, and in the House of Commons. It is curious to remark the entire sameness of his style in all these various classes of productions. Only in his *Defence of the French Revolution* does he exceed the easy, calm, graceful movement of a writer whose emotions are always subservient to his taste, and to whom a solecism in language and an extravagance in thought are on the same list of impossibilities. His style is always perspicuous and smooth, ornate without floridness, chaste without euphuism. It has an even and uniform vivacity, like that of conversation on matters of interest, the parties to which are of one mind; but on controverted subjects, it seldom gains the impetuosity which the consciousness of antagonism is wont to impart. These traits of style appear to the least advantage in his speeches. They are finished and polished essays, in no way different, except in the insertion of an occasional vocative, from what they would have been, had they been designed for the private reading of a select few. Several of them, however, are of exceeding interest as memorials of his genuine philanthropy. The subject of criminal reform attracted much of his attention, and called out some of his best and most successful efforts. In his judicial office in Bombay he tried the experiment of dis-

pensing wholly with capital punishment, and with results so satisfactory, that we are astonished at the little prominence given to them in recent discussions of that subject in our own country. Deeming it important that such facts should meet every eye, at the risk of multiplying quotations to excess, we transfer to our pages the following paragraphs from his valedictory charge to the Grand Jury of Bombay.

“Since my arrival here, in May, 1804, the punishment of death has not been inflicted by this Court. Now the population subject to our jurisdiction, either locally or personally, cannot be estimated at less than two hundred thousand persons. Whether any evil consequence has yet arisen from so unusual — and in the British dominions unexampled — a circumstance as the disuse of capital punishment, for so long a period as seven years, among a population so considerable, is a question which you are entitled to ask, and to which I have the means of affording you a satisfactory answer.

“The criminal records go back to the year 1756. From May, 1756, to May, 1763, the capital convictions amounted to one hundred and forty-one; and the executions were forty-seven. The annual average of persons who suffered death was almost seven; and the annual average of capital crimes ascertained to have been perpetrated was nearly twenty. From May, 1804, to May, 1811, there have been one hundred and nine capital convictions. The annual average, therefore, of capital crimes, legally proved to have been perpetrated during that period, is between fifteen and sixteen. During this period there has been no capital execution. But as the population of this island has much more than doubled during the last fifty years, the annual average of capital convictions during the last seven years ought to have been forty, in order to show the same proportion of criminality with that of the first seven years. Between 1756 and 1763, the military force was comparatively small: a few factories or small ports only depended on this government. Between 1804 and 1811, five hundred European officers, and probably four thousand European soldiers, were scattered over extensive territories. Though honor and morality be powerful aids of law with respect to the first class, and military discipline with respect to the second, yet it might have been expected, as experience has proved, that the more violent enormities would be perpetrated by the European soldiery, — uneducated and sometimes depraved as many of them must originally be, — often in a state of mischievous idleness, — commanding, in spite of all care, the means of intoxication, and corrupted by contempt for the feelings and rights of

the natives of this country. If these circumstances be considered, it will appear that the capital crimes committed during the last seven years, with no capital execution, have, in proportion to the population, not been much more than a third of those committed in the first seven years, notwithstanding the infliction of death on forty-seven persons. The intermediate periods lead to the same results. The number of capital crimes in any one of these periods does not appear to be diminished either by the capital executions of the same period, or of that immediately preceding : they bear no assignable proportion to each other.

“In the seven years immediately preceding the last, which were chiefly in the presidency of my learned predecessor, Sir William Syer, there was a remarkable diminution of capital punishments. The average fell from about four in each year, which was that of the seven years before Sir William Syer, to somewhat less than two in each year. Yet the capital convictions were diminished about one third.

“The punishment of death is principally intended to prevent the more violent and atrocious crimes. From May, 1797, there were eighteen convictions for murder, of which I omit two, as of a very particular kind. In that period there were twelve capital executions. From May, 1804, to May 1811, there were six convictions for murder, omitting one which was considered by the jury as in substance a case of manslaughter with some aggravation. The murders in the former period were, therefore, very nearly as three to one to those in the latter, in which no capital punishment was inflicted. From the number of convictions I of course exclude those cases where the prisoner escaped ; whether he owed his safety to defective proof of his guilt, or to a legal objection. This cannot affect the justness of a comparative estimate, because the proportion of criminals who escape on legal objections before courts of the same law must, in any long period, be nearly the same. But if the two cases — one where a formal verdict of murder, with a recommendation to mercy, was intended to represent an aggravated manslaughter ; and the other of a man who escaped by a repugnancy in the indictment, where, however, the facts were more near manslaughter than murder — be added, then the murders of the last seven years will be eight, while those of the former seven years will be sixteen.

“This small experiment has, therefore, been made without any diminution of the security of the lives and properties of men. Two hundred thousand men have been governed for seven years without a capital punishment, and without any increase of crimes. If any experience has been acquired, it has been safely and inno-

cently gained. It was, indeed, impossible that the trial could ever have done harm. It was made on no avowed principle of impunity or even lenity. It was in its nature gradual, subject to cautious reconsideration in every new instance, and easily capable of being altogether changed on the least appearance of danger. Though the general result be rather remarkable, yet the usual maxims which regulate judicial discretion have in a very great majority of cases been pursued. The instances of deviation from those maxims scarcely amount to a twentieth of the whole convictions." — pp. 506, 507.

We suppose, that, with all the versatility and compass of Mackintosh's mind, he can hardly be called an original thinker. We are not aware of any contribution exclusively his own to the previously existing stock of ideas in morals, politics, or literature. But if he has not enlarged the bounds of human knowledge, it is no small praise that he has made no addition to the rubbish of baseless and worthless theories and speculations, which serve no conceivable purpose except as buoys to keep their authors' names afloat. On the other hand, he has done much towards disentangling and systematizing the materials that lay before him, and has touched no subject without leaving upon it the indubitable impress of a sound, clear-sighted, and judicious intellect. In imagination, in wit, in those discursive powers, which, even when most gracefully exercised, are prone to play the judgment false, he was undoubtedly deficient ; but instances of the healthful and vigorous use of the rational and æsthetic faculties on so wide a range of subjects are so rare, as on that ground alone to entitle him to the place which at the outset we professed ourselves ready to assign him, among the world's few great men.

We should be glad, had we time, to trace with some minuteness of detail the beautiful development and growth of his character. As a young man, he seems to have been fickle, impulsive, reckless, and given to some of the less censurable irregularities common among youth of that day. No wonder that he should have been so ; for he lacked all the essential benefits of early domestic discipline, having been neglected by his father, and over-petted by his slighted mother, while a circle of indulgent aunts supplied every needed additional means of spoiling the child. At the age of ten, he left their roof, and, with hardly any subsequent check or guidance, was thenceforward virtually his own master. An imprudent mar-

riage with a woman of the rarest excellence of character seems to have put a period to whatever of objectionable license may have tinged the first years of manhood ; and her early death constituted a marked epoch in his moral growth. From that time we trace the constant outraying of his benevolent sympathies, and recognize an expansive love of his race and a sincere interest in every thing appertaining to the welfare of humanity as pervading elements in every form of his activity. Generous, self-forgetting devotion to the happiness and improvement of friends and strangers, the few and the many, the near and the distant, was the prominent trait of his moral nature, and moulded his whole character into the most lovely and attractive forms and expressions. Few men have had so many intimate friends ; few have loved their friends with so genial and unselfish an attachment. Nor was sincere religious faith wanting to add its crowning grace to a life so rich and beautiful in all its manward aspects. In his early sorrows, we find him seeking relief by trust in a fatherly Providence ; recognitions of the worth and power of Christianity grew more and more frequent with the growing experience of life ; and his Saviour's name, coupled with expressions of faith and love, was almost the last word that fell from his lips in dying.

ART. II. — 1. *The History of Rome, from the First Punic War to the Death of Constantine.* By B. G. NIEBUHR. *In a Series of Lectures, including an Introductory Course on the Sources and Study of Roman History.* Edited by LEONHARD SCHMITZ, Ph. D. London. 1844. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *A History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Death of Commodus, A. D. 192.* By DR. LEONHARD SCHMITZ, F. R. S. E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. New York : Harper & Brothers. Published also at Andover, by Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1847. 12mo.

A SINGULAR fatality seems to attend the history of Rome. While that of Greece has been written again and again, and

by able hands, the student looks in vain for any corresponding work on the most important period of the Roman annals. The posthumous volume of Niebuhr's immortal work leaves us at the First Punic War ; and the third volume of Dr. Arnold's history, also published after its author's death, breaks off just before the battle of Zama. The interval between this point and that chosen by Gibbon for the opening of his history, a period which embraces the entire career of Rome as mistress of the world, is yet open, and offers unquestionably the noblest unappropriated field for historical composition. But one shudders to think of the almost impossible combination of powers which the successful execution of such a task must require. Nor is it likely soon to be accomplished, for a great work of this kind is not usually undertaken all at once. It is first dissected, and its several portions are worked out by various hands. Then comes the master mind, to sit in judgment on their labors, reducing them to their just proportions, and moulding them into a perfect whole. But in the present case, the partial scenes and scattered biographies of this interesting period are by no means so thoroughly completed as to leave nothing for a diligent gleaner. The life of Julius Cæsar, for instance, has never been so written as to drive competition out of the field ; nor has Middleton's right to Cicero become so firmly vested as to silence every other claim. The reign of Augustus, too, forming as it does the transition stage from republicanism to monarchy, is a subject which has attracted far less attention than it deserves. What its capacities are may be guessed from Wieland's beautiful essays on the character of that emperor and his friend Mæcenæ.

The imperfect and unsettled state of this portion of history imparts a high degree of interest to every contribution, however cursory or fragmentary, which it receives from respectable writers. But when those whose living voice was an oracle speak to us as from the grave, we catch with reverent curiosity these last memorials of departed wisdom. No man can have studied the writings of Niebuhr without being profoundly impressed with his amazing knowledge and his more amazing use of it. By his side, the herd of philologists, antiquaries, and compilers, great as they may have been in their generation, dwindle into dwarfs. The whole firmament of history lies open before him, and he awes the reader by the wonder-

ful ease with which he draws from its recesses the scattered rays which had eluded less observant eyes, and collects them into obscure but yet distinguishable points. In the too much neglected constitutions of the early Swiss republics, for instance, he finds the best illustration of the relations subsisting between Rome and her municipalities and colonies ; and attributes the removal of his doubts respecting the agrarian laws to a study of the ryot tenure in Hindostan. We lay ourselves open, we are aware, to the charge of idolatry, when we say that he seems to us to have possessed the greatest intellect which has been applied to history in modern times. But we doubt if any one, after studying his works, — for they must be studied, and not merely read, — will venture to place any other name in competition with his. Whatever comes from such a man, however casual and hasty, must bear the stamp of his mind, and be valuable. Dr. Schmitz, therefore, deserves our gratitude for the great pains he has taken to reproduce, from his own notes and those of his fellow-students, the Lectures on Roman history delivered by Niebuhr at the University of Bonn. The introductory course, in particular, on the historians of Rome, is inestimable, as containing his deliberate opinions on a subject of which no man was a more competent judge.

But it is not our purpose to enter on a discussion of the merits of these Lectures. We confine ourselves to a few remarks on the manner in which the editor has discharged his office. His labor was a difficult one, for Niebuhr's oral style, though familiar and colloquial in its tone, was a series of "anacoluths"; a fault of which, as we are told, he was painfully conscious, though it was probably attributable in part to the perverse structure of the German language, which to his rapidity of thought must have been intolerable.

The style, therefore, of these volumes must belong chiefly to Dr. Schmitz ; and he seems to us to have done his work remarkably well. He has succeeded in breaking up into correct and easy English sentences the crude materials with which he had to deal. More than this, however, was incumbent on him. He was bound, so far as was possible, to free the text from those oversights and misstatements, to which, in the haste of extemporaneous delivery, every one is liable. And it was especially his duty, in no instance to make Niebuhr accountable for any of his editor's mistakes. It appears from

Dr. Schmitz's Preface, that he was fully aware of the delicacy and difficulty of his task ; and in pointing out a few errors which have fallen under our notice, some of which, we suspect, are to be placed to the editor's account, we have no desire to call in question his pious zeal or his diligent care.

At page 188, Vol. I., we are told, that, after the battle of Trasimenus, "the Romans began even to enlist *prisoners* as soldiers, when they were willing to serve." This is founded, we believe, on this passage in Livy (xxii. 11) : — "*Magna vis hominum conscripta Romæ erat ; libertini etiam, quibus liberi essent et ætas militaris, in verba juraverant.*" The *prisoners* could not have been numerous enough to make it worth while to enlist them. On the same page, we have an account of a singular mistake into which Hannibal was led by the carelessness of *one of his generals*, who conducted the army, with Hannibal in it, to Casilinum, instead of Casinum. How any other general than Hannibal could be in command of Hannibal's own army is not accounted for. The passage in Livy (xxii. 13), which Dr. Schmitz refers to as his authority, is as follows : — "*Ipse imperat duci, ut se in agrum Casinatem ducat. . . . Sed Punicum abhorrens ab Latinorum nominum prolatione, pro Casino Casilinum ut dux acciperet, fecit*" ; — where *dux*, of course, means simply *the guide*, and the context shows that he spoke Latin. Hannibal had him whipped and crucified ; a punishment which he would not have inflicted on his own general for a venial mistake. Dr. Schmitz has copied both these misstatements into his own *History of Rome* ; Niebuhr, we think, could never have made either of them. At page 273, Perseus is said to have married "a daughter of *Antiochus Epiphanes*," who is accurately described in the Bible as a savage tyrant ; only Livy (xlii. 12) is cited in confirmation, where, however, it is expressly stated that it was the daughter of *Seleucus*. This may have been a slip of the memory on Niebuhr's part ; but Dr. Schmitz has indorsed it in his own history. At page 361, we read, — "Respecting the internal history of Rome during this time [an early period of the Jugurthine War] little is known, and not even the names of those who were *put to death* by the quæstors. That Opimius and Bestia fell is certain." There is, however, in Roman history, a great difference between *falling* by a judicial sentence, and being *put to death*. Opimius died in exile ; a fact for which we have the express

testimony of Cicero (*Pro Sextio*, c. 67). Dr. Schmitz, we think, should have the credit of this. In Vol. II., p. 25, it is said that the ambassadors of the Allobroges "had been drawn into the conspiracy *by Catiline*, and were initiated into the whole plan." Cicero and Sallust know nothing of this. Indeed, it is quite clear from their narratives, that the Allobroges were first tampered with by Catiline's accomplices at Rome, from whom they received letters *to* Catiline. Here, too, Dr. Schmitz has repeated the error in his own History.

Niebuhr, as every one who is familiar with his works is aware, was nearly infallible on points of genealogy, chronology, and geography. Yet at page 312, Vol. I., he is made to say that Q. Pompeius, who obtained the command in Spain in the year 613, "was one of the ancestors of Pompey the Great." This is impossible, or at least incapable of proof; for this Pompeius was a *Rufus*, and Pompey the Great was a *Strabo*. Again, at p. 355, we read that the Balearian islands were conquered by one of the *brothers* of Metellus Numidicus. Metellus Balearicus was a *cousin* of Numidicus, as Drumann's Table of the Cæcili is sufficient to show. These inadvertencies were possible in an oral lecture; but Dr. Schmitz goes farther, and in the index to his History makes Balearicus and Numidicus one and the same person.

The editor of any of Niebuhr's works ought either to have a passable acquaintance with *modern* history, so frequent are the historian's allusions to modern times, or at least to be doubly cautious in his statements. At page 310, Vol. I., Niebuhr is made to speak thus: — "They [the Spaniards] have never fought a battle in the open field, except under the command of an Hamilcar and a Hannibal; and in modern times under a *Gonsalvo*, a *Corduba*, or an *Alba*." This reminds one of the good lady who preferred the Waverley novels to Sir Walter Scott's. Again, at p. 301, we are told, that the Achæan league "resembled the American confederacy previous to the *Constitution of Washington*, when Delaware, for instance, with its 70,000 inhabitants, was on an equality with Virginia, which had a population of a *million and a half*." Americans have nearly ceased to wonder at any depth of ignorance on the part of European writers, in reference to the history or politics of this country; but this passage is so grotesque in its errors, that it would have surprised us even in Mr. Alison.

We turn now to the History of Rome, recently prepared by Dr. Schmitz. His chief object, as we gather from his Preface, is to furnish the young student with a manual, containing the results of the most recent, as well as the older and more familiar, researches in this field of inquiry. As a pupil and admirer of Niebuhr, he adopts many of his views, and draws upon his History and Lectures for a large portion of his volume. Down to the First Punic War, he could avail himself of the three volumes of the History; and in several chapters, which we have closely compared with that work, we find marks of care and skill. His style, though rather dry for a school or college class-book, is on the whole good, and in the Introduction, in particular, is excellent. He falls, however, into occasional errors, which he might have escaped by committing his manuscript to the revision of some native Englishman. For instance, at p. 136 of the New York edition, he says, — “This is the story of the sacking of Rome by the Gauls, and of her final *delivery*”; a word which he uses elsewhere in the same sense. At p. 113, he says, — “His friends had *to pay the sureties* which they had given for him.” At p. 211, he uses the expression, “would *make* recourse to them.” In one case, (on p. 252), he makes Hannibal proceed from Fæsulæ in Etruria “straightway *to* Rome.” Here the difference between *to* and *towards* is essential, as Hannibal found to his cost. We hope that, in another edition, these and other similar blemishes will be removed.

We could wish, too, that the proportions of Roman history had been better observed. The earlier chapters are worked out in disproportionate detail, quite as many pages being devoted to the period anterior to the Punic wars, as to the interval from the beginning of the first of those wars to the death of Julius Cæsar. In a compend of this sort, the importance of events is not in the ratio of the quantity of debate which they may have occasioned. Some points, also, of Roman antiquities are very meagrely treated. The notice of the military system of the Romans, for instance, a subject of some moment in the history of a warlike people, is wretched. Besides this, we find too few of those picturesque and characteristic traits which impart a rich coloring to the sober page of history. Anecdote and apothegm, which make up the chief part of our first lessons in history, form also the most convenient nucleus for subsequent knowledge, and should

never be overlooked by those who write for the young. We miss in the work before us the sprightliness of Michelet's sketches. Take, for example, the account, on p. 263, of Hasdrubal's expedition into Italy. The famous march of Nero to join his colleague Livius, one of the most brilliant exploits in Roman military history, and so well described by Dr. Arnold, is dismissed in three lines, and with an evident misunderstanding of the topography of the ensuing battle. But with all these and some other exceptions, this work has considerable merit, and may be used with profit in our colleges, which have long been in need of good text-books in ancient history. Its author has evidently an enlarged and elevated sense of the dignity and breadth of his subject, in which we trace the influence of Niebuhr's generous and lofty spirit.

We cannot close our notice of this volume without a word on the carelessness of which the author is too often guilty, and which seriously impairs the trustworthiness of the book. A general censure of this sort being of little value, we will point out, even at the risk of being charged with pedantry, some of the errors into which he has fallen.

Dr. Schmitz's seventeenth chapter contains the account of the Second Punic War. To the errors which we have already mentioned, in our remarks on Niebuhr's Lectures, may be added the following. On p. 249, "the valley of *the* Aosta" occurs twice, as if Aosta were the name of a river. After informing us, on p. 255, that the Roman army at Cannæ consisted "of 80,000 foot and upwards of 6,000 horse," he states on the next page, that "45,000 dead covered the field of battle," that "the surviving Romans capitulated," and that "Hannibal sent the Roman prisoners home to be ransomed." He has overlooked the clause in Livy (xxii. 49), "*Et tanta prope civium sociorumque pars*," which swells the number of the slain to 80,000 at least. Hannibal, instead of sending the Roman prisoners home, which would have been an act of madness, sent *ten* out of the three thousand, with a *single* Carthaginian envoy, and not with several, as Dr. Schmitz asserts. On p. 260, Marcellus, it is said, when Syracuse was taken, "did not allow the soldiers to plunder or destroy it." Livy (xxv. 31) says expressly, "*Urbs diripienda militi data est*." On p. 263, Sena is said to be "on the river Metaurus," a statement which any tolerable map, to say nothing of the recorded manœuvres of the hostile armies, will refute.

We might swell our list with instances from other parts of the volume ; but two or three will suffice. On p. 357, P. Sulpicius is said to have surrounded himself with "a body of 3000 gladiators, whom he used to call his anti-senate." Plutarch inserts "and 600 *knights*," as the antecedent of "whom" ; and these, though not the gladiators, might well be called an anti-senate. On p. 359, Sylla, we are told, pardoned the famished Athenians, but plundered their city. One would hardly suppose that his victory was stained by a most cruel massacre of the inhabitants, as was really the case ; one account, perhaps exaggerated, asserts that scarcely a free person was left alive. On p. 377, Spartacus is said to have taken up his position "on Mount *Ætna*," which, of course, should be *Vesuvius*. On p. 396, *Cato* is mentioned in different paragraphs, as if only *Marcus* were meant ; whereas, in the last instance, it should be *Caius*. The conquest of Macedonia is twice stated (on p. 301 and p. 326) to have so stocked the treasury as to make the *poll-tax* unnecessary. We have looked in vain for any authority to justify such a translation of the word *tributum* in the present case. But the most slovenly piece of carelessness is to be found in the Chronological Table, in which the year of the city is inconsistent with that before Christ, in every date but two. That any one, after making 753 B. C. correspond with 1 A. U., should make 1 B. C. correspond with 752 A. U., and publish the mistake, is almost incredible.

Errors in numbers, as 15,000 for 150,000, and 8,000 for 80,000, are frequent, as well as wrong names ; — *e. g.* M. for M', Q. for P., and the like. These must be typographical ; but they might have been avoided. The two American editions have been pretty faithful in copying the typographical and other mistakes of the English copies. Of the New York edition we expected no better. But as the Andover publishers issued theirs under the sanction of a scholar, we had hoped that he would not suffer it to appear without a careful revision. Dr. Henry's edition of Taylor's Manual ought to have been the last of its kind. We do not hesitate, however, to give the preference to the Andover reprint ; for the New York edition, though superior in mechanical execution, adopts an intolerable orthography. Some of the most portentous of Dr. Webster's innovations cannot be foisted upon the reading world on the sole authority of a bookseller.

ART. III. — *History of the Girondists ; or Personal Memoirs of the Patriots of the French Revolution, from Unpublished Sources*. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, Author of *Travels in the Holy Land, &c.* Translated by H. T. RYDE. London : Henry G. Bohn. 1847. 3 vols. 12mo.

THE intrinsic difficulties belonging to the department of history are strikingly illustrated in the instance of the French Revolution. It is a récent event ; it occurred in the full sight of all nations, on a theatre central and most conspicuous, and compelled the breathless attention of a world awed into silence, and gazing with the most scrutinizing and earnest curiosity upon all its scenes and actors. But where and when shall we find the truth, and nothing but the truth, relating to it ? The incidents that crowded within its limits were so horribly strange, and succeeded each other with such appalling rapidity ; its leading characters were wrought into so extravagant a frame of mind, inflamed by so ungovernable and fanatical a temper, and swept to such excesses of delirious enthusiasm ; human nature and society so far exceeded their ordinary bounds, and plunged into such frightful depths of disorder, violence, and crime ; fear and fury had such entire possession of all minds and all hearts, that it is yet impossible to contemplate the spectacle, or portray the actors, or narrate the story, without experiencing many disturbing influences on the judgment. The mind becomes agitated by the theme, the historian loses sight of the dividing line between fact and imagination, and the picture he presents is colored in the deep dyes, and glows with the fervent heat, of his own strongly excited sensibilities. When the entire people of a vast city, and even a nation, are convulsed by passions let loose in their utmost fury, a state of things is exhibited which the capacities of language must necessarily be exhausted in the attempt adequately to describe. All that, in other applications, might be regarded as highly wrought exaggeration, here fails to meet the actual demands of the subject.

Then, again, there was such a reiteration of horrors and enormities, the same terrific manifestation of human nature, perverted into preternatural dimensions of cruelty and crime, was repeated over and over again in such rapid and long suc-

cession, that the heart sickens at its details, and the mind subsides into a vague and indiscriminating feeling of horror and disgust. Innumerable events, which, if occurring separately, would impart interest to the annals of nations, were crowded and heaped up in one unnatural mass of monstrous and strange occurrences. The noise and turbulence of the scene, the bewilderment of men's judgments, and the violence of their passions, resulting from and aggravating the elements then at work, were unfavorable for the production and preservation of careful and accurate records of transactions. Moderation, truth, and justice were driven, not only from the popular assemblies and the hearts of private men, but from the journals of legislation and the tribunals of justice, and none were left to guard the altars, or perpetuate the light of history. The result is, that the French Revolution is shrouded in dark, undefined, and mysterious clouds, and all embraced within their confines is invested with a fabulous and almost demon-like aspect. The characters who figure in the tragedy are marked, indeed, by great energy and talent, but we shudder at the thought that they belong to the same species with ourselves ; as they pass before our vision, their hands are dripping with blood, and they pursue each other in swift succession to the guillotine. The shouts of popular liberty are drowned in the shrieks of assassination, rising at noonday from the open streets, and involving all parties, ages, and conditions of life. Brilliant military achievements heighten the glare of the unnatural scene. Philosophy and poetry mingle in the fray. Eloquence maddens the mob, and sways the factions of the clubs and the constituent assembly. The fine arts bring their elegances and their treasures to adorn the processions, and give splendor to the ceremonies, which dazzle and inebriate the popular masses. We see royalty swept from the loftiest elevation of feudal grandeur and pride into the deepest abasement, made to drink, from the rudest hands, the bitter cup of helplessness and misery to its very dregs, and dragged by a brutalized people, from whose breasts the human instincts of regard for innocence, virtue, and the tenderness of sex had been eradicated, to the prison and the scaffold. We see liberty rising from the ruins of long ages of absolute despotism ; for a moment, it shines with the brightest lustre, beaming with all that is most beautiful and hopeful in humanity ; but instantly its glory disappears. Its countenance exchanges

the lineaments of an angel for those of a demon. Its hands, instead of dispensing blessings to others, tear its own heart-strings, and it perishes a maniac suicide.

Such are the images which the French Revolution presents to the mind that dwells with sensibility and with a kindled imagination upon its scenes. Particular persons, acting its prominent parts, are distorted into aspects so entirely without precedent in the ordinary observation of life, and their actions are in such violation of the restraints of society and of those sentiments that usually control mankind, that we lose sight of them as individuals, and they become, as it were, generalized personifications of the awful passions, which, swaying the multitudinous populace to and fro, overwhelm all private remonstrance and compunction, and rule the hour with an irresistible and devouring fury. That race of beings, which, because it is alive to the calls of conscience, pity, and love, we call human, is no longer before us, but gigantic monsters, gorgons and chimeras dire, fill the scene. It is not to be wondered at, that history, in attempting to record such a passage in the world's annals, has found it difficult to reduce the whole into the shape and order of truth and justice, and bring it within the limits of the established laws of human nature.

The French Revolution is still too recent to be clearly discerned and justly described. It is, indeed, true of history in general, that it cannot take into its contemplation the near and the present. It is blind to what is immediately before it, and distance of time, unlike distance of space to the physical vision, is needed to give accuracy and precision to historical sight. It is not merely because prejudices and passions must have time to subside and disappear, that many years are required to elapse before events can come within the purview of history. The materials and evidences cannot be collected until long periods have supervened. The observation of every individual is necessarily limited to a narrow circle; for all beyond that circle he is dependent upon the observations of others. They, as well as himself, see but a portion of the motives, springs of action, and particulars, of the transactions brought within their view. Different persons witness the same event. Each one sees only what is visible from his own particular stand. Prejudices, prepossessions, passions, interpose more or less a refracting and deranging medium to the vision of them all. The truth can be obtained only by col-

lecting and collating their evidence. The observations of each are corrected, enlarged, illustrated, by those of the others; and the narrative compiled from their combined statements is more accurate and complete than the separate recollections of him who saw the most and observed the best of them all. Again, the evidence by which events and characters are illustrated is brought out, not wholly at one time, but item by item, in the long lapse of years and ages. The farther they recede in time, the more is known about them. The work to be performed by history extends through all past ages, and its greatest achievements have been accomplished by the most modern writers revealing in a new light the most ancient epochs. The French Revolution is not yet ready to be recorded. In the mean time, contributions are continually flowing in, and the materials requisite to present it in a just and full light will at last be provided. Innumerable writers, occupying various points of observation, and enjoying different degrees of advantage, are collecting and exhibiting, each in his sphere, what they can. They are all to be heard and considered, and from the whole a final result will be inscribed, in letters of truth and justice, on the permanent page of history.

The work before us, as the previous writings of the author would lead us to expect, is an extremely interesting, and may in some respects be considered as quite a valuable, addition to the means of attaining a correct knowledge of the French Revolutionary events and characters.

In the strictest sense, history wears the form of annals, and is a continuous relation of events, sustained by such official or documentary evidence, or monumental records, as render it certain and unquestionable. In this form it conveys to the mind all the satisfaction — and perhaps there is none that ought to be greater — of assurance, of feeling the solid ground of fact and truth beneath us. But the narrative of what is thus absolutely sure and certain is often too dry, meagre, and fragmentary, to suggest lively emotions to the mind. Fable and fancy have been called in to supply the deficiency. The imagination is a faculty whose sphere is of far higher utility and importance than is commonly allowed. It is needed, and unconsciously exercised actively and potently, even in the most sluggish minds, in the daily experience of life. Language does not so much convey as suggest ideas. In every

application, it seeks and needs the coöperation of the imagination. Language presents the skeleton ; imagination clothes it with flesh, and bloom, and life. Language, as used to recall the past to the knowledge of the present and the future, that is, in the form of history, can offer but a few detached facts and features ; the mind of the reader must supply, by its faculty of imagination, much that is requisite in order to answer the purpose, which is for the moment to bring the past and the dead into an ideal presence and life. And this is done by all who read with attention. When a Moses, a David, a Cæsar, is the theme of ancient scripture, whether sacred or profane, the reader creates in his own mind some sort of image or picture of his person or aspect ; and so of all characters or scenes. The accuracy, the completeness, and the interest of such ideal creations, on the part of the reader, depend of course upon his knowledge of the manners, institutions, domestic and private life, costume, and general conditions of the time and place. The child always does this, and derives from it the highest delight ; and the most mature mind does it too, although not so evidently to others, or consciously to itself. A discerning analysis would always reveal such a process in the mind of a reader or hearer ; and not in historical matters only, but in all things. Indeed, this complement supplied by the imagination is necessary, and occurs in the use of all general, or as they are called, abstract terms. Unless this is done, such terms become mere words ; they can only thus be rendered the vehicles of any sense or meaning whatever. The word *white* can answer its purpose only by recalling to the mind some image or object of which it is a quality. Indeed, the creative process of the imagination, in thus calling up images in the mind to complete the picture, of which language presents the suggestive elements, takes place in all minds, and at all times.

In reverting from these general reflections to the consideration of history, we would observe, that, in respect of the records which have come down to us from a remote antiquity, our knowledge of the interior scenes and familiar experience of private and social life is so limited, that the mind cannot fill up the outlines and supply the details to complete the brief records of history to any considerable extent. But in respect of recent eras and transactions in modern history, there promises to be an abundant supply of materials. The diffi-

culty is rather in selecting than in collecting them. Memoirs, and other forms of historical literature, in our day, give us an abundance of details of private and, in themselves separately considered, trivial circumstances, from which the imagination of the reader, if guided by a discriminating judgment, may cull the elements by whose combination the actors and the scenes can be reproduced, as in real life and visible motion. The great danger is, that, instead of leaving this task, or rather gratification, to the reader, the writer himself will undertake to draw upon his imagination. If he will confine himself to truth and fact, the more minute and full he is in his details, the better ; if, like the work before us, his history is gathered from unpublished sources, if it relates matters so private and interior as to be beyond the reach of official or public records, such as familiar conversations, domestic incidents, minutiae of dress, fashion, or person, all that we ask is, that he present nothing which has not been ascertained, to his own conviction, by the requisite and appropriate evidence. With such grounds of general confidence in the accuracy and truthfulness of a writer, the more details he gives us ; the better for the better he enables us, while we read his pages, to construct a perfect and life-like moving panorama of the scenes and characters he describes.

Whenever a new work makes its appearance, of sufficient interest to attract the notice of the public, and of any considerable intrinsic value, it is one part of the office of the critic to help the reader perform a task, which must always be accomplished before we can derive the proper benefit from books, but which, to the great discredit of the prevalent literature, is a peculiarly necessary and onerous task, at the present time. A large quantity of rubbish is to be cleared away. The reigning fashion encumbers literature with an overshadowing, but very superficial, growth of irrelevant conceits, which obscure much that deserves a better fate than to be hidden and lost. In the days of the schoolmen, there was not a greater proclivity to indulge in certain mystic combinations of terms, which then, as well as now, men were deluded enough to call philosophy. What is really no more than a play upon abstract and general terms is thought to give an air of profoundness to style, and admits a writer to the favor and privileges of a select circle of mutual admirers. To obtain the fame of a philosopher or a profound thinker, little more is

needed than to become familiar, adept, and flippant in the use of a limited number of expressions applied on all occasions and to all topics alike. Such peculiarities are to be thrown aside, as he advances, by a sensible reader, and utterly disregarded as an unfortunate superfluity and incumbrance, with which the writer has diluted his pages, and interrupted the current, and darkened the import of his narrative, his reasoning, or his reflections. Our author belongs to this school of writers, and, mistaking the nature of abstract terms, is much inclined to strain after singular collocations of them, and often appears to imagine that he has said something very deep and very bright, because, in this talismanic use of particular words and phrases, he has arranged them in strange and bold juxtaposition. We will select some instances of this kind of boy's play, but would observe by the way, that, as with other writers of real force of mind, who have fallen into this conceited and unhappy style, the commencement of his work is much more disfigured by it than the advanced portions. As Lamartine's mind becomes warm and earnest in the narrative of facts and the description of men and events, it loses sight of artificial frivolities of manner, and insensibly redeems itself from trifles.

The fact, that peculiarities of talent, taste, and genius sometimes appear to be hereditary, is stated in the following inflated and oracular style.

"The ancestors of Mirabeau speak of their domestic affairs as Plutarch of the quarrels of Marius and Sylla, of Cæsar and Pompey. We perceive the great men descending to trifling matters. Mirabeau inspired this domestic majesty and virility in his very cradle. I dwell on these details, which may seem foreign to this history, but explain it. The source of genius is often in ancestry, and the blood of descent is sometimes the prophecy of destiny." — Vol. i. p. 3.

Again, a plain and simple thought is thus expressed : —

"His youth was passed in the prisons of the state ; his passions becoming envenomed by solitude, and his intellect being rendered more acute by contact with the irons of his dungeon, where his mind lost that modesty which rarely survives the infamy of precocious punishments." — Vol. i. p. 4.

It would be no slight task to reduce into intelligible, manly common sense the purport of the following clauses.

"His faith was posterity; his conscience existed but in his thought; the fanaticism of his idea was quite human; the chilling materialism of his age had crushed in his heart the expansion, force, and craving for imperishable things. His dying words were, 'Sprinkle me with perfumes, crown me with flowers, that I may thus enter upon eternal sleep.' He was especially of his time, and his course bears no impress of infinity. Neither his character, his acts, nor his thoughts have the brand of immortality. If he had believed in God, he might have died a martyr, but he would have left behind him the religion of reason and the reign of democracy. Mirabeau, in a word, was the reason of the people; and that is not yet the faith of humanity!" — Vol. I. p. 7.

Of Rousseau Lamartine thus lucidly expresses himself: —

"He had been the tribune of nature, the Gracchus of philosophy — he had not produced the history of institutions, only its vision — but that vision descended from heaven and returned thither." — Vol. I. p. 15.

But it will suffice to indicate the character of the extraneous matter with which he has encumbered and obscured his work, to quote the following, which constitutes an entire section of the First Book. The reader who demands that language shall have some meaning in it will find himself unable to interpret this oracular passage, and whenever he encounters similar effusions, will pass over and set them aside, just as he would brush from the page any foreign substance that might be thrown upon it.

"Human thought, like God, makes the world in its own image.

"Thought was revived by a philosophical age.

"It had to transform the social world.

"The French Revolution was therefore in its essence a sublime and impassioned spirituality. It had a divine and universal ideal. This is the reason why its passion spread beyond the frontiers of France. Those who limit mutilate it. It was the accession of three moral sovereignties: —

"The sovereignty of right over force;

"The sovereignty of intelligence over prejudices;

"The sovereignty of people over governments.

"Revolution in rights; equality.

"Revolution in ideas; reasoning substituted for authority.

"Revolution in facts; the reign of the people.

"A Gospel of social rights.

"A Gospel of duties, a charter of humanity.

"France declared itself the apostle of this creed. In this war of ideas France had allies everywhere, and even on thrones themselves." — Vol. I. p. 12.

The following sentence concludes another section.

"The earth cannot remain without an altar, and God alone is strong enough against God." — Vol. I. p. 156.

Surely the force of folly can no farther go. All that is necessary to expose and explode such a style of writing, such habits of language, such pretending and mystic phrases as these, is to pause and analyze them. The process of attempting to eliminate their meaning will show what a mere vapor of words they are. It is because readers, as well as writers, fall into a habit of using words without rigidly insisting upon knowing what they mean, that the literature of an age becomes visionary, pedantic, and delusive, at once feeble and enfeebling. The great defect in our systems of education, in schools, colleges, and universities, is in the department of language, particularly our vernacular tongue. If the young were trained to habits of severe precision in the use of words ; if the text-books employed, the oral teachings given, and the examples held up, were scrupulously guarded against all vague, misty, and obscure expressions, and the pen were always, with prompt severity, drawn through every passage that did not give forth its meaning full and clear, we should soon be relieved from the faults that emasculate our literature, from the mortifying impositions that invest unmeaning phrases with the pretensions of philosophy, and, by filling the popular mind with a cloud of general terms which convey no real sense, involve in darkness all practical moral judgments, and threaten to obliterate the lessons of experience, dissolve the obligations of society, and undermine the foundations of national and civil law, order, and right.

As we have before remarked, these peculiarities deform the first few books much more than the subsequent ones. They are mere affectations, superficial appendages, assumed to conciliate a prevalent fashion, and to obtain currency in a literary *coterie* which has, unhappily, obtained for a brief hour possession of some of the upper seats of criticism and taste. The moment men begin to grow earnest and lose themselves in their work, affectation disappears, and every motion becomes efficient and graceful, because natural and unconstrained. This is the case with Lamartine. As he gets warm in his work,

paradoxes, fanciful combinations of phrases, affected profoundness of abstract and oracular expressions, are forgotten. He rises above their sphere into a clear, strong, manly, but most brilliant, style of narrative and description. No writer excels him in minute, graphic, lifelike delineations of characters, scenes, and actions. It is excellence in these points that constitutes the charm of the work before us, and gives it the highest value and interest.

We could not say any thing which would so effectually commend these eloquent and attractive volumes as to lay before our readers a few of the portraits of persons, and pictures of scenes, with which they are adorned and enriched from beginning to end. In the following passages, words are made to rival the pencil.

“Still deeper in the shade, and behind the chief of the National Assembly, a man almost unknown began to move, agitated by uneasy thoughts which seemed to forbid him to be silent and unmoved; he spoke on all occasions, and attacked all speakers indifferently, including Mirabeau himself. Driven from the tribune, he ascended it next day: overwhelmed with sarcasm, coughed down, disowned by all parties, lost amongst the eminent champions who fixed public attention, he was incessantly beaten, but never dispirited. It might have been said, that an inward and prophetic genius revealed to him the vanity of all talent, and the omnipotence of a firm will and unwearied patience, and that an inward voice said to him, ‘These men who despise thee are thine: all the changes of this Revolution, which now will not deign to look upon thee, will eventually terminate in thee, for thou hast placed thyself in the way like the inevitable excess, in which all impulse ends.’

“This man was Robespierre.

“..... Alone perhaps among all these men who opened at Versailles the first scene of this vast drama, he foresaw the termination; like the soul, whose seat in the human frame philosophers have not discovered, the thought of an entire people sometimes concentrates itself in the individual the least known in the great mass. We should not despise any, for the finger of Destiny marks in the soul and not upon the brow. Robespierre had nothing, neither birth, nor genius, nor exterior which should point him out to men’s notice. There was nothing conspicuous about him; his limited talent had only shone at the bar or in provincial academies; a few verbal harangues filled with a tame and almost rustic philosophy, some bits of cold and affected poetry, had vainly displayed his name in the insignificance of the literary productions.

of the day : he was more than unknown, he was mediocre and contemned. His features presented nothing which could attract attention, when gazing round in a large assembly : there was no sign in visible characters of this power which was all within ; he was the last word of the Revolution, but no one could read him.

“ Robespierre’s figure was small, his limbs feeble and angular, his step irresolute, his attitudes affected, his gestures destitute of harmony or grace ; his voice, rather shrill, aimed at oratorical inflections, but only produced fatigue and monotony ; his forehead was good, but small and extremely projecting above the temples, as if the mass and embarrassed movement of his thoughts had enlarged it by their efforts ; his eyes, much covered by their lids and very sharp at the extremities, were deeply buried in the cavities of their orbits ; they gave out a soft blue hue, but it was vague and unfixed, like a steel reflector on which a light glances ; his nose straight and small was very wide at the nostrils, which were high and too expanded ; his mouth was large ; his lips thin and disagreeably contracted at each corner ; his chin small and pointed ; his complexion yellow and livid, like that of an invalid or a man worn out by vigils and meditations. The habitual expression of this visage was that of superficial serenity on a serious mind, and a smile wavering betwixt sarcasm and condescension. There was softness, but of a sinister character. The prevailing characteristic of this countenance was the prodigious and continual tension of brow, eyes, mouth, and all the facial muscles ; in regarding him, it was perceptible that the whole of his features, like the labor of his mind, converged incessantly on a single point with such power that there was no waste of will in his temperament, and he appeared to foresee all he desired to accomplish, as though he had already the reality before his eyes.

“ Such, then, was the man destined to absorb in himself all those men, and make them his victims after he had used them as his instruments. He was of no party, but of all parties which in their turn served his ideal of the Revolution. In this his power consisted, for parties paused, but he never did. He placed this ideal as an end to reach in every revolutionary movement, and advanced towards it with those who sought to attain it ; then, this goal reached, he placed it still further off, and again marched forward with other men, continually advancing, without ever deviating, ever pausing, ever retreating. The Revolution, decimated in its progress, must one day or other inevitably arrive at a last stage, and he desired it should end in himself. He was the entire incorporation of the Revolution, — principles, thoughts, passions, impulses. Thus incorporating himself wholly with it,

he compelled it one day to incorporate itself in him — that day was a distant one.” — Vol. I. pp. 29–32.

The two extracts that follow present scenes of a character quite in contrast with each other, but strikingly and truly illustrating the forms in which the spirit of the Revolution displayed itself at an early and a later stage.

“On the 11th of July, the departmental and municipal authorities went in state to the barrier of Charenton, to receive the mortal remains of Voltaire, which were placed on the ancient site of the Bastille, like a conqueror on his trophies; his coffin was exposed to public gaze, and a pedestal was formed for it of stones torn from the foundations of this ancient stronghold of tyranny; and thus Voltaire when dead triumphed over those stones which had triumphed over and confined him when living. On one of the blocks was the inscription, ‘*Receive on this spot, where despotism once fettered thee, the honors decreed to thee by thy country.*’

“The next day, when the rays of a brilliant sun had dissipated the mists of the night, an immense concourse of people followed the car that bore Voltaire to the Pantheon. This car was drawn by twelve white horses, harnessed four abreast; their manes plaited with flowers and golden tassels, and the reins held by men dressed in antique costumes, like those depicted on the medals of ancient triumphs. On the car was a funeral couch, extended on which was a statue of the philosopher, crowned with a wreath. The National Assembly, the departmental and municipal bodies, the constituted authorities, the magistrates, and the army, surrounded, preceded, and followed the sarcophagus. The boulevards, the streets, the public places, the windows, the roofs of houses, even the trees, were crowded with spectators; and the suppressed murmurs of vanquished intolerance could not restrain this feeling of enthusiasm. Every eye was riveted on the car; for the new school of ideas felt that it was the proof of their victory that was passing before them, and that philosophy remained mistress of the field of battle.

“The details of this ceremony were magnificent; and in spite of its profane and theatrical trappings, the features of every man that followed the car wore the expression of joy, arising from an intellectual triumph. A large body of cavalry, who seemed to have now offered their arms at the shrine of intelligence, opened the march. Then followed the muffled drums, to whose notes were added the roar of the artillery that formed a part of the cortège. The scholars of the colleges of Paris, the patriotic societies, the battalions of the national guard, the workmen of the

different public journals, the persons employed to demolish the foundations of the Bastille ; some bearing a portable press, which struck off different inscriptions in honor of Voltaire, as the procession moved on ; others carrying the chains, the collars, and bolts, and bullets found in the dungeons and arsenals of the state prisons ; and lastly, busts of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Mirabeau, marched between the troops and the populace. On a litter was displayed the *procès-verbal* of the electors of '89, that *Hegyra* of the insurrection. On another stand, the citizens of the Faubourg Saint Antoine exhibited a plan in relief of the Bastille, the flag of the donjon, and a young girl, in the costume of an Amazon, who had fought at the siege of this fortress. Here and there, pikes surmounted with the Phrygian cap of liberty arose above the crowd, and on one of them was a scroll bearing the inscription, '*From this steel sprung Liberty !*'

" All the actors and actresses of the theatres of Paris followed the statue of him who for sixty years had inspired them ; the titles of his principal works were inscribed on the sides of a pyramid that represented his immortality. His statue, formed of gold and crowned with laurel, was borne on the shoulders of citizens, wearing the costumes of the nations and the times whose manners and customs he had depicted ; and the seventy volumes of his works were contained in a casket, also of gold. The members of the learned bodies and of the principal academies of the kingdom surrounded this ark of philosophy. Numerous bands of music, some marching with the troops, others stationed along the road of the procession, saluted the car as it passed with loud bursts of harmony, and filled the air with the enthusiastic strains of liberty. The procession stopped before the principal theatres, a hymn was sung in honor of his genius, and the car then resumed its march. On their arrival at the quai that bears his name, the car stopped before the house of M. de Villette, where Voltaire had breathed his last, and where his heart was preserved. Evergreen shrubs, garlands of leaves, and wreaths of roses decorated the front of the house, which bore the inscription, '*His fame is everywhere, and his heart is here.*' Young girls dressed in white, and wreaths of flowers on their heads, covered the steps of an amphitheatre erected before the house. Madame de Villette, to whom Voltaire had been a second father, in all the splendor of her beauty, and the pathos of her tears, advanced and placed the noblest of all his wreaths, the wreath of filial affection, on the head of the great philosopher.

" At this moment the crowd burst into one of the hymns of the poet Chenier, who, up to his death, most of all men cherished the memory of Voltaire. Madame de Villette and the young

girls of the amphitheatre descended into the street, now strewed with flowers, and walked before the car. The Théâtre Français, then situated in the Faubourg St. Germain, had erected a triumphal arch on its peristyle. On each pillar a medallion was fixed, bearing in letters of gilt bronze the title of the principal dramas of the poet; on the pedestal of the statue erected before the door of the theatre was written, '*He wrote Irène at eighty-three years; at seventeen he wrote Œdipus.*'

"The immense procession did not arrive at the Pantheon until ten o'clock at night, for the day had not been sufficiently long for this triumph.

"If we judge of men by what they have *done*, then Voltaire is incontestably the greatest writer of modern Europe. No one has caused, through the powerful influence of his genius alone, and the perseverance of his will, so great a commotion in the minds of men; his pen aroused a world, and has shaken a far mightier empire than that of Charlemagne, the European empire of a theocracy. His genius was not *force*, but *light*. Heaven had destined him, not to destroy, but to illuminate, and wherever he trod, light followed him, for reason (which is *light*) had destined him to be first her poet, then her apostle, and lastly her idol." — Vol. I. pp. 149 – 152.

"The five hundred and seventy-five carcasses of the Châtelet and the Conciergerie were piled up in heaps on the Pont-du-Change. At night, troops of children, revelling in these three days' murders, and with whom dead carcasses had become things of sport, lighted up small lamps by these heaps of slain, and danced the Carmagnole, whilst the Marseillaise was sung all over the city. Lamps, lanterns, pitch torches, mingled their pale lights with that of the moon, which beamed on these heaps of victims — these hacked trunks — these severed heads — these pools of blood. The same night, Henriot, spy and swindler under the monarchy, assassin and executioner under the people, at the head of a band of twenty or thirty men, directed and executed the massacre of ninety-two priests of the seminary of Saint Firmin. Henriot's satellites, pursuing the priests through corridors and into cells, flung them, still alive, out of the windows on to a forest of pikes, spits, and bayonets, which transfixed them when they fell. Women, to whom the butchers then resigned them, finished the bloody work with billets of wood, and then dragged the mangled bodies through the kennels. The same scenes polluted the cloisters of the Bernardins.

"Yet already in Paris victims were not in sufficient quantity to satisfy the thirst excited by these ninety-two hours of massacre.

"The prisons were empty. Henriot and the butchers, more than two hundred in number, reinforced by the wretches recruited in the prisons, went to the Bicêtre with seven pieces of cannon, which the Commune allowed them to take with impunity.

"Bicêtre, a vast sewer, wherein flowed all the refuse in the kingdom, in order to purify the population of lunatics, mendicants, or incorrigible criminals, contained three thousand five hundred prisoners. Their blood contained nothing of political taint; but, pure or impure, it was still more blood! The ruffians forced in the gates of the Bicêtre, drove in the dungeon doors with cannon, dragged out the prisoners, and began a slaughter, which endured five nights and five days. Vainly did the Commune send commissaries, — vainly did Pétion himself harangue the assassins. They hardly ceased from their *work* to listen to the admonitions of the mayor. To words without force the people only lend a respect without obedience. The cutthroats only paused before a want of occupation. Next day, the same band, of about two hundred and fifty men, armed with guns, pikes, axes, clubs, attacked the hospital of the Salpêtrière, at the same time a hospital and a prison, which contained only prostitutes, — a place of correction for the old, reformation for the young, and asylum for those still bordering on infancy. After having massacred thirty-five of the most aged women, they forced the dormitories of the others, whom they made the victims of their brutality, killing those who resisted, and carrying off with them in triumph young girls, from ten to fourteen years of age, the foul prey of debauchery saturated with blood.

"Whilst these proscriptions created consternation throughout Paris, the Assembly in vain sent commissaries to harangue the people at the doors of the prisons. The assassins would not even suspend their work to lend an ear to the official harangues. Vainly did the minister of the interior, Roland, groaning over his own impotency, write to Santerre to use force, in order to assure the safety of the prisons. It was three days before Santerre appeared to demand of the council-general of the Commune authority to repress the bloodhounds, now become dangerous to those who had let them loose on their enemies. The ruffians, reeking in gore, came insolently to claim of the municipal authorities payment for their murders. Tallien and his colleagues dared not refuse the price of these days' *work*, and entered on the registers of the Commune of Paris these salaries, scarcely concealed under the most evident titles and pretexts. Santerre and his detachments had the utmost difficulty in driving back to their foul dens these hordes, greedy for carnage, — men who, living on crime for seven days, drinking quantities of wine mingled with

gunpowder, intoxicated with the fumes of blood, had become excited to such a pitch of physical insanity, that they were unable to take repose. The fever of extermination wholly absorbed them. Some of them, marked down with disgust by their neighbours, left their abodes and enrolled as volunteers, or, insatiable for crime, joined bands of assassins going to Orleans, Lyons, Meaux, Rheims, Versailles, to continue the proscriptions of Paris. Amongst these were Charlot, Grizon, Hamin, the weaver Rodi, Henriot, the journeyman butcher Alaigre, and a negro named Delorme, brought to Paris by Fournier l'Américain. This black, untiring in murder, killed with his own hands more than two hundred prisoners during the three days and three nights of this fearful slaughter, with no cessation beyond the brief space he allowed himself to recruit his strength with wine. His shirt fastened round his waist, leaving his trunk bare, his hideous features, his black skin red with splashes of blood, his bursts of savage laughter, displaying his large white teeth at every death-blow he dealt, made this man the symbol of murder and the avenger of his race. It was one blood exhausting another; extermination punishing the European for his attempts on Africa. This negro, who was invariably seen with a head recently cut off in his hand, during all the popular convulsions of the Revolution, was two years afterwards arrested during the days of Prairial, carrying at the end of a pike the head of Féraud, the deputy, and died at last the death he had so frequently inflicted upon others.

“Such were the days of September. The ditches of Clamart, the catacombs of the Barrière St. Jacques, alone knew the number of the victims. Some said ten thousand, others only two or three thousand.” — Vol. II. pp. 139 – 141.

Among the portraiture of character, none, perhaps, exceed in interest those of Robespierre and Louis Philippe. The former is particularly curious, as showing what reversed decisions history is sometimes called upon to give; and the latter from the strange contrast between the early career of Louis Philippe, and the influence he is now exerting upon the institutions of Europe.

“The life of Robespierre bore witness to the disinterestedness of his ideas — his life was the most eloquent of his speeches; and if his master, Jean Jacques Rousseau, had quitted his cottage of the Chaumettes or Ernonville to become the legislator of humanity, he could not have led a more retired or more simple existence; and this poverty was the more meritorious as it was voluntary. Every day the object of attempts at corruption from the Court, the party of Mirabeau, the Lameths, and the Girond-

ists, during the two Assemblies, he had fortune within his reach, and disdained to open his hand ; summoned by the election to fill the post of public accuser and judge at Paris, he had resigned and refused every thing to live in honest and proud indigence. All his fortune, and that of his brother and sister, consisted in a few small farms in Artois ; the farmers of which, related to his family, and very poor, paid their rents but irregularly. His salary as deputy, during the Constituent Assembly and the Convention, supported three persons, and he was sometimes forced to borrow from his landlord or his friends. His debts, which, after six years' residence in Paris, only amounted to 4000 francs (£ 160) at his death, attest his frugality.

" His life was that of an honest artisan ; he lodged in the Rue St. Honoré, at the house now No. 396, opposite the Church of the Assumption. This house, low, and in a court, surrounded by sheds filled with timber and plants, had an almost rustic appearance. It consisted of a parlour opening on to the court, and communicating with a *salon* that looked into a small garden. From this *salon* a door led into a small study in which was a piano. There was a winding staircase to the first floor, on which the master of the house lived, and thence to the apartment of Robespierre.

" This house belonged to a cabinet-maker, named Duplay.

" Love also attached his heart, where toil, poverty, and retirement had fixed his life. Eléonore Duplay, the eldest daughter of his host, inspired Robespierre with a more serious attachment than her sisters. This feeling, rather predilection than passion, was more reasonable on the part of Robespierre, more ardent and simple on the part of the young girl. This affection afforded him tenderness without torment, happiness without distraction ; it was the love that filled a man plunged all day in the agitation of public life — repose of the heart after mental weariness. ' A noble soul,' said Robespierre of her ; ' she would know equally how to die as how to love.' She had been surnamed Cornelia. This mutual affection, approved of by the family, commanded universal respect from its purity. They lived in the same house as betrothed, not as lovers. Robespierre had demanded the young girl's hand from her parents, and they had promised it to him.

" " The total want of fortune, and the uncertainty of the morrow, prevented him from marrying her until the destiny of France was determined on,' he said ; ' but he only awaited the moment when the Revolution should be determined and wholly concluded, in order to retire from the turmoil and strife, and marry her whom he loved, retiring to live in Artois, in one of

the farms which he had saved from amongst the possessions of his family, there to mingle his obscure happiness in the common lot of his family.'

"Of all Eléonore's sisters, Robespierre preferred Elizabeth, the youngest of the three, whom his fellow-townsmen and colleague, Lebas, sought in marriage, and subsequently espoused. This young lady, to whom the friendship of Robespierre cost the life of her husband eleven months after their union, has survived for more than half a century since that period, without having once recanted her entire devotion to Robespierre, and without having comprehended the maledictions of the world against this brother of her youth, who appears still to her memory so pure, so virtuous, so gentle !

"The chamber of the deputy of Arras contained only a wooden bedstead covered with blue damask ornamented with white flowers, a table, and four straw-bottomed chairs. This apartment served him at once for a study and dormitory. His papers, his reports, the manuscripts of his discourses, written by himself, in a regular but laborious handwriting, with many marks of erasure, were placed carefully on deal shelves against the wall. A few chosen books were also ranged thereon. A volume of Jean Jacques Rousseau or of Racine was generally open upon his table, and attested his philosophical and literary predilection for these two writers.

"It was there Robespierre passed the greater part of his day, occupied in preparing his discourses. He only went out in the morning to attend the meetings of the Assembly, and at seven in the evening those of the Jacobins. His costume, even at the period when the demagogues affected the slovenliness and disorder of indigence, in order to flatter the people, was clean, decent, and precise, as that of a man who respects himself in the eyes of others. His white powdered hair, turned up in clusters over his temples, a bright blue coat, buttoned over his hips, open over the breast to display a white vest, short yellow-colored breeches, white stockings, and shoes with silver buckles, formed his invariable costume during the whole of his public life.

"It was said that he desired, by thus never varying the style or color of his garments, to make the same impression of himself in the sight and imagination of the people, as a medal of his face would have caused."— Vol. II. pp. 194 – 197.

"The Duc de Chartres (Louis Philippe) was the eldest son of the Duc d'Orléans. Born in the cradle of liberty, nurtured in patriotism by his father, he had not even a choice in his opinions

— his education had made that choice for him. He had imbibed the air of the Revolution, but not of the Palais Royal, that focus of the domestic irregularities and political schemes of his father. His youth was passed studiously and virtuously in the seclusion of Belle-Chasse and Passy, where Madame de Genlis directed the education of the princes of the house of Orléans. Never did a woman so well mingle in herself intrigue and virtue, or associate an ambiguous position with most austere precepts. Hateful to the mother, the favorite of the father, Mentor of the children, at the same time democrat, and yet friend of the prince, her pupils left her hands combining in themselves the amalgam of prince and citizen. She fashioned their mind on her own. She imparted to them much intelligence, many principles, and great prudence. She, moreover, insinuated into their dispositions that address amongst men, and that plasticity amongst events, which for ever betoken the imprint of the hand of a skilful woman in the characters she has handled. The Duc de Chartres had no youth. Education suppressed this age in the pupils of Madame de Genlis. Reflection, study, premeditation of every thought and act, replaced nature by study, and instinct by will. She made men, but they were factitious men. At seventeen years of age the young prince had the maturity of advanced years. Colonel in 1791, he had already gained two civic crowns from the city of Vendôme, where he was in garrison, for having saved, at the peril of his life, the lives of two priests in a riot, and a citizen from drowning. Constant in his attendance at the sittings of the Constituent Assembly, affiliated by his father to the Jacobins, he was present in the tribunes at the displays of popular assemblies. He seemed himself carried away by the passions he studied, but he always controlled his apparent excitement. Always sufficiently in the stream of the day to be national, he was still sufficiently out of it not to sully his future destiny. His family was the greater portion of his patriotism. At the news of the suppression of the right of primogeniture, he embraced his brother, saying, 'Good law, which lets brothers love each other without jealousy! It only enjoins me what my heart had done before. You all know that nature had created this law between us.' War had fortunately led him to camps when the blood of the Revolution was pure. He signalized himself first under Luckner, in Belgium; and, at twenty-three years of age, had followed him to Metz. Called on by Servan to take the command of Strasbourg, he replied, 'I am too young to shut myself up in such a place; I beg to be left with the army on service.' Kellermann, who succeeded Luckner, saw his valor, and confided to him a brigade of twelve battalions of infantry and twelve squadrons of horse.

“The Duc de Chartres had been welcomed by the old soldiers as a prince, by the new ones as a patriot, by all as a comrade. His intrepidity did not carry him away; he controlled it, and it left him that quickness of perception and that coolness so essential to a general; amidst the hottest fire he neither quickened nor slackened his pace, for his ardor was as much the effect of reflection as of calculation, and as grave as duty. His stature was lofty, his frame well knit, his appearance serious and thoughtful. The elevation of his brow, the blue hue of his eyes, the oval face, and the majestic, though somewhat heavy, outline of his chin, reminded every one strongly of the Bourbon family. The bend of his neck, the modest carriage, the mouth slightly drawn down at each corner, the penetrating glance, the winning smile, and the ready repartee, gained him the attention of the people. His familiarity — martial with the officers, soldierly with the soldiers, patriotic with the citizens — caused them to forgive him for being a prince. But beneath the exterior of a soldier of the people lurked the *arrière pensée* of a prince of the blood; and he plunged into all the events of the Revolution with the entire yet skilful *abandon* of a master mind; and it seemed as though he knew beforehand that events dash to pieces those who resist them, but that revolutions, like the ocean's waves, often restore men to the spot whence they tore them. To perform that skilfully which the exigency of the moment required, and to trust to the future and his birth for the rest, was the whole of his policy, and Machiavel could not have counselled him more skilfully than his own nature. His star never lighted him but a few steps in advance, and he neither wished nor asked of it more lustre, for his only ambition was to learn to wait. Time was his providence; and he was born to disappear in the great convulsions of his country, to survive crises, outwit the already wearied parties, satisfy and arrest revolution. Men feared, in spite of his bravery and his exalted enthusiasm for his country, to catch a glimpse of a throne raised upon its own ruins and by the hands of a republic. This presentiment, which invariably precedes great names and destinies, seemed to reveal to the army that of all the leaders of the Revolution, he might one day be the most useful or the most fatal to liberty.” — Vol. II. pp. 159 – 161.

In connection with the last extract, the following passage is of curious interest.

“About this time the Duc de Chartres (since King of the French) presented himself at the audience of the minister of war, Servan, to complain of some injustice that had been shown him. Servan, unwell and in bed, listened carelessly to the complaints

of the young prince. Danton was present, and seemed to possess more authority at the war office than the minister himself. He took the Duc de Chartres aside, and said to him, 'What do you do here? You see that Servan is a phantom of a minister, unable either to serve or to injure you. Call on me to-morrow, and I will arrange your business for you.' The next day, when the Duc de Chartres went to the chancery, Danton received him with a sort of paternal *brusquerie*: 'Well, young man,' said he, 'what do I learn? I am assured that your language resembles murmurs; that you blame the great measures of government; that you express compassion for the victims, and hatred for the executioners. Beware, patriotism does not admit of lukewarmness, and you have to obtain pardon for your great name.' The young prince replied, with a firmness above his years, that the army looked with horror on bloodshed anywhere but on the battle-field, and that the massacres of September seemed in his eyes to dishonor liberty. 'You are too young to judge of these events,' returned Danton, with the air and accent of superiority; 'to comprehend them you must be in our place; for the future, be silent. Return to the army; fight bravely, but do not rashly expose your life,—you have many years before you. France does not love a republic; she has the habits, the weaknesses, the need of a monarchy. After our storms, she will return to it either through her vices or necessities, and you will be king. Adieu, young man; remember the prediction of Danton.'—Vol. II. pp. 173, 174.

If the foregoing anecdote could be literally credited, it would disclose a truly wonderful penetration of the remote future on the part of Danton. He is represented by Lamartine as possessing the strongest powers of discernment, and appears upon the whole, as his portrait is drawn by our author, to have been, in prompt and comprehensive judgment, and in decision and manly force of genius, the master spirit of the drama. But no depth of penetration, no profoundness of observation, no knowledge of the workings of human passions, or of the elementary ingredients of natural character, can be imagined great enough to have enabled Danton to look with so clear a vision through the storms and vicissitudes which impended over the civilized world, and convulsed Europe for thirty years, and beyond them all to behold the later fortunes and present elevation of the young Duc de Chartres.

This is one of those cases in which the interest of history is derived from the introduction of statements that cannot be

officially authenticated, and in reference to which confidence in the historian is felt to be of essential and incalculable importance. It is pleasing to contemplate, in sprightly relief from the graver public incidents of the narrative, private conversations, familiar occurrences, and domestic incidents. For these the writer cannot, at the foot of the page, or in the margin, cite his authorities. His own industry, discrimination, and truthfulness must be our only reliance. If we are assured that he possesses such traits, then our confidence is extended to him, and we enjoy the highest satisfaction in the details of his story. If history is to descend at all into the interior spheres of private life, and trace the connection between public events and the personal circumstances and social relations of those who occasion and act in them, such incidents and anecdotes as that just given, and others which abound in these volumes, must be allowed admission. Although depending, as they necessarily must, to a great degree, upon hearsay evidence, living only in the voices of irresponsible rumor, descending from lips to lips, mere floating traditions, and liable, of course, to exaggeration, embellishment, and variation, more than any thing else they give the form and pressure, the hue and spirit, the tone and life, of the times. And while the interest of modern history is thus heightened, its authenticity and authority will not, in the practical result, be essentially weakened by the introduction of such minute and private details. In reference to every important transaction and signal era, like that of the French Revolution, as we have before observed, large numbers of works will always be written, by different individuals, from different points of view, illustrating minutely the characters who figured in the scene. Personal reminiscences, memoirs, correspondences, journals, diaries, reports of conversations, will, in greater or less abundance, be brought before the public; and by the exercise of a cautious and enlightened judgment, every reader may become quite well qualified to discriminate for himself, and, guided by internal indications, to discern the stamp of naturalness and truth, and thus bestow his confidence aright.

By what particular evidence the conversation of Danton with the Duc de Chartres was made known to Lamartine, we are not informed. In his Advertisement he says, in general:—

"We have written after having scrupulously investigated facts and characters : we do not ask to be credited on our mere word only. Although we have not encumbered our work with notes, quotations, and documentary testimony, we have not made one assertion unauthorized by authentic memoirs, by unpublished manuscripts, by autograph letters, which the families of the most conspicuous persons have confided to our care, or by oral and well-confirmed statements gathered from the lips of the last survivors of this great epoch."

One of the most interesting and instructive uses of history is to suggest to the mind speculations as to what would have been the effect upon the course of events, — how far that course would have been varied, — had certain particular incidents been omitted, or differently treated and directed. Perhaps the moral and social elements developed in the French Revolution had been so long gathering, and had worked so deeply into the very essence of the popular associations and passions, that nothing could have availed to check or essentially divert their course, or prevent their final explosion. Our author, in alluding to the attempt of Robespierre and others to procure the utter abolition of the death-penalty, at an early stage of the movement, thus ponders over the consequences that might have ensued, had the attempt succeeded.

"The discussion on the abolition of the punishment of death presented to Adrien Duport an opportunity to pronounce in favor of the abolition one of those orations which survive time, and which protest, in the name of reason and philosophy, against the blindness and atrocity of criminal legislation. He demonstrated with the most profound logic, that society, by reserving to itself the right of homicide, justifies it to a certain extent in the murderer, and that the means most efficacious for preventing murder and making it infamous was to evince its own horror of the crime. Robespierre, who subsequently was fated to allow of unlimited immolation, demanded that society should be disarmed of the power of putting to death. If the prejudices of jurists had not prevailed over the wholesome doctrines of moral philosophy, who can say how much blood might not have been spared in France ?" — Vol. I. p. 43.

Perhaps, as has just been intimated, the internal fires had so long been burning in the secret passions of the people, and had rendered the entire substance of society so combustible, that nothing could have prevented the flame from breaking forth,

and involving all in a destructive conflagration. When the question of the death-penalty was discussed, it may have been too late to stay, by paper barriers in the form of 'votes, the tide of violence that was already swelling into a deluge. Still, it is certain that that deluge could never have risen so high as it did, had not legalized bloodshed and judicial murder opened their sluices upon the scene. It would have been an interesting experiment to see how long, or how far, a political revolution could be conducted, based upon the principle of the inviolability of human life. It would have proceeded, we may be sure, more slowly and moderately. Men of extreme views, and disposed to violence, would have been longer working themselves into popular favor. In a revolution, and indeed at all times, the only ground upon which a political leader can stand is a state of the public temperament in sympathy with his own. The only way in which he can control the people is to infect them with his own passions. He who would sustain violent measures must first madden the populace. This was well understood by the bloody spirits who guided the French Revolution, and drove it on to its horrid issues. How well it was understood, the following passage from Lamartine shows.

"Chabot and Grangeneuve were of the council chambers of Charenton. One evening they left together one of these conferences, downcast and discouraged by the hesitations and temporizing of the conspirators. Grangeneuve was walking with his eyes cast to the ground, and in silence. 'What are you thinking of?' inquired Chabot. 'I was thinking,' replied the Girondist, 'that these delays enervate the Revolution and the country. I think, that if the people give any time to royalty, they are lost. I think there is but the assigned hour to revolutions, and that they who allow it to escape will never recover it, and will owe an account hereafter to God and posterity. Well, Chabot, the people will never rise of themselves — they require some moving power; how is this to be given to them? I have reflected, and at last I think I have discovered the means; but shall I find a man equally capable of the necessary firmness and secrecy to aid me?' 'Speak,' said Chabot: 'I am capable of any thing to destroy what I hate.' 'Then,' continued Grangeneuve, 'blood intoxicates the people: there is always pure blood in the cradle of all great revolutions, from that of Lucretia to that of William Tell and Sydney. For statesmen revolutions are a theory, but to the people they are a vengeance; yet to drive them to vengeance we

must show them a victim. Since the court refuses us this consolation, we must ourselves immolate it to the cause — a victim must appear to fall beneath the blows of the aristocracy, and it must be some man whom the court shall be supposed to have sacrificed, be one of its known enemies, and a member of the Assembly, so that the attempt against the national representative may be added in the act to the assassination of a citizen. This assassination must be committed at the very doors of the château, that it may bring the vengeance down as near as possible. But who shall be this citizen? Myself! I am weak in words, my life is useless to liberty, my death will be of advantage to it, my dead body will be the standard of insurrection and victory to the people!

“Chabot listened to Grangeneuve with admiration. ‘It is the genius of patriotism that inspires you,’ he said; ‘and if two victims are requisite, I will be the second.’ ‘You shall be more than that,’ replied Grangeneuve; ‘you shall be, not the assassin, for I implore you to put me to death — but my murderer. This very night I will walk alone and unarmed in the most lonely and darkest spot near the Louvre; place there two devoted patriots armed with daggers; let us agree on a signal; they shall then stab me, and I will fall without a cry. They will fly — my body will be found next day. You shall accuse the court, and the vengeance of the people will do the rest.’

“Chabot, as fanatic and as decided as Grangeneuve to calumniate the king by the death of a patriot, swore to his friend that he would commit this odious deceit of vengeance. The rendezvous of the assassination was fixed, the hour appointed, the signal agreed upon. Grangeneuve returned home, made his will, prepared for death, and went at the concerted moment. After walking there for two hours, he saw some men approach, whom he mistook for the appointed assassins. He made the signal agreed on, and awaited the blow. None was struck. Chabot had hesitated to complete it, either from want of resolution or instruments. The victim had not failed to the sacrifice, it was only the murderer.” — Vol. II. pp. 23, 24.

The first drop of blood spilled in the movement gave it, as it was thus clearly perceived that it would, a demoniac energy that nothing could withstand; and from that moment it rushed on until humanity and religion were alike prostrated. An awful demonstration was thus given of the truth, that the introduction of violence in any form depraves and destroys a reformation.

On another subject, a question was taken and a decision

made, which awaken the same interesting speculations in the mind of a thoughtful reader. Had that question been differently decided, who can estimate the results that might have ensued? If the revolutionary party in France had not appealed to the sword, and called to its aid the spirit of military enthusiasm, — if its leaders had discountenanced a resort to such an organized form of mere barbarian force, and had earnestly and perseveringly endeavoured to preserve peace in their relations with other nations, and in the public sentiment of their own people, what an auspicious and beneficent career of freedom and happiness might have been substituted for the extremities of crime, misery, and ruin to which they were so rapidly swept!

“ We have already seen that the Statesmen and Revolutionists, Constitutionalists and Girondists, Aristocrats and Jacobins, were all in favor of war. War was, in the eyes of all, an appeal to destiny, and the impatient spirit of France wished that it would pronounce at once, either by victory or defeat. Victory seemed to France the sole issue by which she could extricate herself from her difficulties at home, and even defeat did not terrify her. She believed in the necessity of war, and defied even death. Robespierre thought otherwise, and it is for that reason that he was Robespierre.

“ He clearly comprehended two things; the first, that war was a gratuitous crime against the people; the second, that a war, even though successful, would ruin the cause of democracy. Robespierre looked on the Revolution as the rigorous application of the principles of philosophy to society. A passionate and devoted pupil of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the *Contrat Social* was his gospel; war, made with the blood of the people, was in the eyes of this philosopher — what it must ever be in the eyes of the wise — wholesale slaughter to gratify the ambition of a few, glorious only when it is defensive. Robespierre did not consider France placed in such a position as to render it absolutely necessary for her safety that the human vein should be opened, whence would flow such torrents of blood. Imbued with a firm conviction of the omnipotence of the new ideas on which he nourished faith and fanaticism within a heart closed against intrigue, he did not fear that a few fugitive princes, destitute of credit, and some thousand aristocratic émigrés, would impose laws or conditions on a nation whose first struggle for liberty had shaken the throne, the nobility, and the clergy. Neither did he think that the disunited and wavering powers of Europe would venture to declare war against a nation that proclaimed peace, so long as we did not attack them.

But should the European cabinets be sufficiently mad to attempt this new crusade against human reason, then Robespierre fully believed they would be defeated; for he knew that there lies invincible force in the justice of a cause, that right doubles the energy of a nation, that despair often supplies the want of weapons, and that God and men were for the people.

“He thought, moreover, that if it was the duty of France to propagate the advantages and the light of reason and liberty, the natural and peaceful extension of the French Revolution in the world would prove far more infallible than our arms, — that the Revolution should be a doctrine, and not an universal monarchy realized by the sword, — and that the patriotism of nations should not coalesce against his dogmata. Their strength was in their minds, for in his eyes the power of the Revolution lay in its enlightenment. But he understood more: he understood that an offensive war would inevitably ruin the Revolution, and annihilate that premature republic of which the Girondists had already spoken to him, but which he himself could not as yet define. Should the war be unfortunate, thought he, Europe will crush without difficulty beneath the tread of its armies the earliest germs of this new government, to the truth of which perhaps a few martyrs might testify, but which would find no soil from whence to spring anew. If fortunate, military feeling, the invariable companion of aristocratic feeling, — honor, that religion that binds the soldier to the throne, — discipline, that despotism of glory, would usurp the place of those stern virtues to which the exercise of the constitution would have accustomed the people; — then they would forgive every thing, even despotism, in those who had saved them. The gratitude of a nation to those who have led its children to victory is a pitfall in which the people will ever be ensnared, — nay, they even offer their necks to the yoke; civil virtues must ever fade before the brilliancy of military exploits. Either the army would return to surround the ancient royalty with all its strength, and France would have her Monk, or the army would crown the most successful of its generals, and liberty would have her Cromwell. In either case, the Revolution escaped from the people, and lay at the mercy of the soldiery, and thus to save it from war was to save it from a snare. These reflections decided him; as yet he meditated no violence; he but saw into the future, and read it aright. This was the original cause of his rupture with the Girondists; their justice was but policy, and war appeared to them politic. Just or unjust, they wished for it as a means of destruction to the throne, of aggrandizement for themselves. Posterity must decide, if in this great quarrel the first blame lies on the side of the democrat, or the ambitious Girond-

ists. This fierce contest, destined to terminate in the death of both parties, began on the 12th of December, at a meeting of the Jacobin Club." — Vol. I. pp. 304 – 306.

Perhaps the lesson which the history of liberty in the Old World proclaims from all its pages, and which is repeated again and again in the New, will at last be received. When politicians bring on war, they must pay the penalty. In republics, if civilians wish to retain their just influence as statesmen, they must preserve peace. War always has given, and, as Robespierre so clearly predicted in reference to France, always will give, in our own and in every free country, ascendancy to military reputation. Snatching the prizes of political ambition from the politician, it will carry the successful general to the seats of power. In some respects it is well that it should be so. If party leaders could secure the popularity and patronage that belong to war, and still divide among themselves the spoils of office, and arrange the order of their succession to the government of the country, we might reasonably consider the prospect of peace, prosperity, and freedom darkened over. Elsewhere, the sword drawn for liberty has turned against it. Here, the lesson is repeated in another form. War inflicts a mortal blow, not upon the liberty of the people, we trust, but upon the political party that makes it. Some of the politicians who pushed this country into the war of 1812 still live to brood over the fact, that that war raised up military chieftains who clutched from their grasp the Presidential crown which otherwise would have encircled their brows in sure succession. It is a most instructive circumstance in our history, that when James Madison, then at the head of the government, manifested a reluctance to favor a declaration of war with England, a committee of three was despatched from a Republican caucus to communicate to him the determination of that party to insist upon the measure. The experienced wisdom of that great statesman was overruled and constrained by the short-sighted zeal of less wary politicians. Of that caucus Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun were the master spirits, and of that committee they were members. Although quite young men, they had, by their genius and eloquence, even then acquired the greatest degree of popularity that can be attained in the sphere of statesmanship. The whole nation was waiting, with admiring eagerness, to confer upon them,

one after the other, its highest honor. They had their way, and war was declared. When the revolutionary series of Presidents was brought to a close, on the retirement of James Munroe, the hero of New Orleans took from Mr. Clay so many of the electoral votes of the West, and from Mr. Calhoun, so many of the votes of the South and the Middle States, as to leave them both distanced in the race. The popularity of Jackson only yielded to that of the hero of Tippecanoe; and a fresh crop of military chieftains has just been reared, to destroy, in all probability, the last chance of these veteran aspirants for the great prize. It is not the least of the eminent services they have rendered their country, that, in their baffled ambition, the distinguished statesmen and truly great men whom we have named teach to all coming times the salutary lesson, that, if politicians will have war, they must step aside for ever from the path of honor, and relinquish the posts of power to overshadowing rivals, created by their own suicidal hands. It is not unlikely, as just intimated, that the lesson will be corroborated by the political results of the war in which the country is now involved. Let us hope that it may make a deep and durable impression upon that class of persons whom it so vitally concerns. When the leaders of parties become convinced, that in promoting warlike measures and a military spirit, they are digging their own graves, we may confidently rely upon perpetual peace.

Another lesson taught by the French Revolution, and taught with terrific clearness, was the power of organized associations, operating upon popular sentiment. Under different names, public opinion — called, when it is intended to commend it, the voice of the people, but denominated mob law, when its developments are condemned — is a mighty power, generated in masses of men, which deserves to be profoundly considered in all free countries. This power was evoked in its utmost strength, as an implement in the hands of those who raised, and for a while ruled, the storm in France. Lamartine describes it, to the life, in the following passage.

“The whole of France was but one vast sedition: anarchy swayed the state, and in order that it might be, as it were, self-governed, it had created its government in as many clubs as there were large municipalities in the kingdom. The dominant club was that of the Jacobins: this club was the centralization of

anarchy. So soon as a powerful and high-passioned will moves a nation, their common impulse brings men together ; individuality ceases, and the legal or illegal association organizes the public prejudice. Popular societies thus have birth. At the first menaces of the court against the States General, certain Breton deputies had a meeting at Versailles, and formed a society to detect the plots of the court and assure the triumphs of liberty : its founders were Siéyès, Chapelier, Barnave, and Lameth. After the 5th and 6th of October, the Breton Club, transported to Paris in the train of the National Assembly, had there assumed the more forcible name of 'Society of the Friends of the Constitution.' It held its sittings in the old convent of the Jacobins Saint Honoré, not far from the Manège, where the National Assembly sat. The deputies, who had founded it at the beginning for themselves, now opened their doors to journalists, revolutionary writers, and finally to all citizens. The presentation by two of its members, and an open scrutiny as to the moral character of the person proposed, were the sole conditions of admission : the public was admitted to the sittings by inspectors, who examined the admission card. A set of rules, an office, a president, a corresponding committee, secretaries, an order of the day, a tribune, and orators, gave to these meetings all the forms of deliberative assemblies : they were assemblies of the people, only without elections and responsibility ; feeling alone gave them authority : instead of framing laws, they formed opinion.

"The sittings took place in the evening, so that the people should not be prevented from attending in consequence of their daily labor : the acts of the National Assembly, the events of the moment, the examination of social questions, frequently accusations against the king, ministers, the *côté droit*, were the texts of the debates. Of all the passions of the people, their hatred was the most flattered ; they made it suspicious in order to subject it. Convinced that all was conspiring against it, — king, queen, court, ministers, authorities, foreign powers, — it threw itself headlong into the arms of its defenders. The most eloquent in its eyes was he who inspired it with most dread — it had a parching thirst for denunciations, and they were lavished on it with prodigal hand." — Vol. I. pp. 33, 34.

When men are assembled in crowded meetings, we behold one of the deep and portentous mysteries of our nature, in the contagious flame that is enkindled throughout the entire company, melting their passions into one which flows through the breasts of all, and the whole body, thus divested

of the restraining and resisting power of individual reason and will, is swayed to and fro, and borne to any extreme. In such circumstances, each person is transformed into an irresponsible agent; and sentiments, impulses, extravagances, to which, in a solitary and independent sphere, he would be entirely superior, gain possession and control of his bosom. The strength of purpose and passion thus generated is immeasurably greater than the aggregate strength of all the individuals that compose the assembly. And when a whole people, in associations gathered at different points, but identified by the magnetic wires of sympathy, is brought under this influence, the combined result is a power of will which nothing can withstand.

We are inclined to think that the surest test of the advancement of society towards true refinement is the degree to which individuals are raised beyond the reach of the multitude, and the sacred supremacy of the reason and intellect of each private person is guarded against the ruthless encroachments of blind and intoxicated popular excitements. The true theory of political freedom is the limitation of the power of society. It is the dictate of wisdom, and the safeguard of liberty, to disarm the mob. For certain purposes, and to a certain extent, individuals must yield themselves up to be controlled and guided by the general will. These purposes are described, and this extent is defined, among us, by constitutions of civil government, established by the compact and consent of the people. The more the action of social power is confined to the channels opened for it in these constitutions, the better. Beyond them, it is desirable that individuals should be guided by their own several preferences and inclinations. To secure and preserve such independence of character, a careful and suspicious watch must be kept upon the power of society. It is, in fact, the only tyranny that can obtain a foothold in this country, and there is reason to apprehend that it has already obtained one. The most impartial and well-disposed persons who travel among us concur in noticing indications of its existence and operation. It leads to the suppression of freedom of utterance and discussion. It has generated a timidity and indecision, pervading the style of conversation in the most educated circles of society, and has rendered frankness and strength of speech a marked and startling eccentricity of manner. The fear of giving

offence stifles the best judgments of men, and substitutes for the good sense that actually pervades the community, but which is awed into silence, the narrow, superficial, untenable theories and declamations of a bigoted fanaticism, which, in reality, is approved by the convictions of quite a small faction, in either the literary or political community. It sometimes happens, no doubt, that the result to which many come by conference is wiser than the counsels of individuals. But this always occurs when the parties conferring have been kept free from the influence of the sympathetic excitement, or whatever may be its best descriptive expression, of the passion that is developed by the congregation of many. As the effect of true wisdom is to disclose more and more the doubts that hang over every question and the difficulties that embarrass every movement, and thereby produce and deepen a sentiment of humble diffidence of ourselves and respectful toleration of the judgments of others, it invariably happens that the wisest men fall behind the public confidence in matters involved in general excitement, and conducted in associations and assemblages; while the superficial, unreflecting, and ignorant, taking no thought either of the lessons of experience or the contingencies of the future, by their vehement assurance and headlong zeal, get in front of the popular sentiment, and assume its direction. They are sure to acquire predominating influence. Under their rash and blundering guidance, the best of causes soon becomes perverted, flies from the track of reason, truth, and right, plunges from one stage of violence to another, and continually severs itself from the support and sympathy of intelligent, moderate, and just persons, until it explodes at last in a frenzy of delirious fanaticism.

There is another lesson taught by the French Revolution which may be profitably considered at the present time. Those who raised and conducted it were almost altogether social theorists and speculative philanthropists. Their own minds were inflamed, and they inflamed the minds of others, with the most sanguine visions of liberty, equality, and universal prosperity and happiness. They were captivated by ideal scenes of political felicity. Disregarding all prescriptive titles and obligations, all established law and authority, they recognized only the general principles of absolute right and truth, as existing in their own minds, and re-

solved to reduce every form of government and social institution into an agreement with them. Circumstances gave them an opportunity to show the consequences, when men undertake to tear down the fabric of society in order to reconstruct it according to their own theoretic views of justice, liberty, and order.

If the absolute right were an independent and distinct object or existence, that is, if it existed in a form and shape, external to all particular minds, and on which all could turn and look, then might men endeavour to frame their institutions in precise conformity with it. But, in point of fact, the right, truth, justice, and, in short, whatever we characterize as general ideas, exist only in the minds of men or other moral beings, and in each mind with different degrees and sorts of apprehension. The consequence is, that when many persons, acting together, profess and imagine themselves to be acting upon the same principles, because they use the same terms, they are in reality acting upon different principles, according as those terms signify different combinations of thought and sentiment in their several minds. Hence, collision, confusion, contention, arise. Passions are roused; intolerance is evoked; violence ensues. Each individual, identifying his own views of righteousness with the absolute and supreme law to which alone they severally and all acknowledge allegiance, becomes utterly uncompromising. The authority of absolute right and truth, of course, overrides all other authority, nullifies all other obligation; and he who makes it the only rule of his actions follows his own ideas wherever they lead him. The law of the land, the institutions of society, sacred as well as political, the most venerable and universally received axioms and sentiments, the word of holy writ, the voice of revelation itself, all temporal and personal consequences to himself or to others, are for ever disregarded and defied. The French Revolution stands forth in the annals of mankind, an awful monument and exhibition of the consequences that naturally ensue, nay, of the results that must follow, when a people rebels against the established order of society, tramples upon the authority of civil law, discards the sentiment of allegiance to government, and pursues, with an entire abandonment, what is called the absolute right.

If, in our own country, the ideas on these subjects which

as yet are happily confined to a few speculative theorists and unreflecting fanatics, were to pervade the population generally, the entire structure of society, all the securities of property and order, would fall at once to the ground. It is time for men of reflection to look deeply into this subject, and to exert themselves to rectify and keep right the public sentiment respecting it. The only danger that threatens our political institutions, and through them the very existence of civilization, is the prevalence in certain fashionable circles of literature, and the diffusion thence through all the channels of popular reading, of false metaphysics. Errors, once exploded, are again circulating under new names, and, thus disguised, are fraudulently claiming the attractive merit of novelty and originality. Fanciful abstractions and artificial general terms have before usurped the authority of truth. The Baconian philosophy expelled them for ever from the departments of physical science. They have not yet been wholly dislodged from moral and political science. That achievement remains to be accomplished. The old controversy of the Nominalists and Realists is to be waged once more to a final issue. What are mere names, words used only for convenience, expressive of generalizations which as such have no actual existence, must again be shown to have no claim to the character of realities. The phantoms of language must be dispelled from the sphere of human knowledge, and none but real things be allowed to wear the honors of philosophy, or to take to themselves the sacred name of truth.

Truth, right, justice, love, worshipped as absolute existences, are idols. Their only real essence is in God ; and, derived from him, in the souls of his children. Their only perfect and adorable existence is in God. They are possessed of supreme authority only as they exist in unerring perfection in Him. In matters that relate to ourselves, as insulated individuals, they are to be obeyed with reverent allegiance, when they utter their edicts through our own souls, in all cases in which we are not provided with an express communication of the Divine will. But respecting interests in which others participate, of a social and political nature, it is dangerous to introduce or to countenance the practice of appealing to the authority of abstract ideas. There will always be more or less opposition to the decisions

of those who frame the laws. Things will be done, policies adopted, provisions enacted, very much against the judgment of numerous minorities. Unless individuals yield, and continue faithfully to render, their allegiance, when occasionally overruled, they cannot demand or expect it from others when they rule, and all government, law, order, security, and civilization, the entire social state, must come to an end. If each individual's sense of right is to prevail over the law, when the two happen to be in conflict, the result will be, that the law will bind only those whose private views it expresses, and becomes of course a perfect nonentity.

The question, then, arises, What shall be done, when unrighteous institutions, political establishments adverse to freedom, justice, and truth, exist over and around us? If unwise and oppressive laws are enacted, — if the policy of the government is, to our apprehension, in violation of the great principles of the moral law, — what shall we do? There are two courses that may be taken, and we are to choose one or the other.

We may enforce a direct application of our ideas of absolute right and truth to the institutions and order of society, and demolish whatever is repugnant to them, at every hazard, however deeply rooted, or however complicated by manifold tissues with the existing and transmitted state of things. This is one course. The French Revolution is the most conspicuous instance of it in history. But all the other instances were of the same character, and terminated in similar disastrous results. There is no case where men have attempted to pull down and remodel the fabric of society, to adapt it to any speculative and abstract notions or schemes, that has not proved an utter and ruinous failure.

The other method is, withholding the hand of violence, to rely upon gradual efforts, made in a spirit of patience and moderation; to devote our energies to the promotion of knowledge and virtue, of a cultivated intelligence and benevolent affections through the bosom of society, trusting to them to transmute insensibly, as is the case with the processes of the great laws of nature, and with a silent interior energy, the institutions of society into forms of benignity, freedom, and righteousness. To give an opportunity for this influence to diffuse itself, all extravagance of action or of language must be avoided. The public mind must not be irritated or dis-

tempered by keeping it fixed upon the contemplation of existing evils, but a hopeful spirit must be breathed into it. The efforts of philanthropy and benevolence ought to be to clothe their cause with the strength of encouragement ; and to invigorate the hearts of those who work together for good with the only energy that can secure success, — an energy that may be literally said to descend from heaven itself, — derived from an assurance that Providence is working with them, and that therefore all is well and going on well. If those who love their race, and desire to promote its freedom and happiness, direct their efforts, in this spirit, to purify and sweeten the fountain-head of all social and political life, in the minds and hearts of individuals, their labors will not be in vain. The hope of mankind is, not in what may be done in the political sphere, which, among us particularly, occupies a much more inconsiderable portion of human experience than is imagined, but in education, in refinement of manners and sentiments, in prosperous industry, in a cheerful, genial, and beneficent tone of feeling, and in the purifying and elevating power of moral and religious truth. Let these things be sought after, and just laws, free institutions, and good government will necessarily follow. In the mean while, it is essential to preserve, throughout the community, the principle and sentiment of allegiance to the state, which will become more important and valuable, as a gradual amelioration of the laws, and an increasing conformity of the government to the improving character of the people, will more and more justify and deserve that allegiance.

ART. IV. — 1. *Nieboska Komedya*. Paryż. 1835.

2. *Przedświt*. Paryż. 1845.

“ THIS literature, more than the existing literature of any people, deserves the attention of serious men ; for this, above all other, bears upon itself the stamp of reality. It is serious, earnest, noble ; — noble both by the spirit which inspires it, and the aim after which it strives. Every work is at the same time a deed. It is the life of the man himself that animates

his book. What he has thought, has felt, reveals itself in the written word, —

‘As joy in smiles; as sorrow in the tear.’ * ”

Thus speaks Mickiewicz † — himself one of the most gifted of her sons — of the present literature of Poland. Nor can this praise, glowing as it is, be reproached with exaggeration. No one can open the books of the Polish writers of the last thirty years, without feeling that he reads the words of men thoroughly in earnest; who write, not for the sake of book-making, not for popularity, not even for future fame; but because they feel they have that to say which the world should hear; or, as one of themselves has expressed it, “that they may declare the thought of God as it has rested upon them.” ‡ At no period of the history of Poland has her literature been distinguished by a character so original as in the present time; never before has it been so completely the exponent

* Garczyński.

† A few general rules for the pronunciation of Polish words may perhaps be acceptable to the reader. The vowels are pronounced, — *a* as in father; *e* as in *pën*, or as in *fête*; *i* as in *pîn*, or as in *pique*; *o* as in the English alphabet; *ó* nearly as *u*; *u* as in *rude*; *ą* represents a nasal sound, nearly resembling *on* in *maison*. Before a labial, it is sounded as *om*; thus, *dąb* is pronounced *domb*; *skąpy*, *skompy*, &c. Before a dental, *ą* has the sound of *on*; as *kąt*, pronounced *kont*; *dokąd*, *dokond*, &c. Before *g* and *k*, *ą* is sounded as *ong*; as *drag*, pronounced *drong*. *ę* is sounded nearly as the French *in* in *pin*; but the nasal sound becomes *m* before the labials, and *n* before the dentals, as in the case of *ą*; as *dęby*, pronounced *demby*; *węda*, pronounced *wenda*. Of the consonants, *c* is pronounced like *ts*, or as the German *z*, except when followed by *i*; before this letter it is softened; the sound of *c* before *i* might be expressed in English characters thus, *tsyee*; *g* is pronounced as in German, or as in the English word *give*; *h* is a deep guttural; *j* and *i* before a vowel are pronounced as *y* in English; the *l* is slightly *mouillé*; *w* is pronounced as *v*; *z* nearly as in English; *ż* as the French *j*. The accented consonants are pronounced as if followed by a faint sound of *i*, or of *y* as it is sounded in English at the beginning of a word. The consonants take this softened sound also before the vowel *i*. *Cz* is pronounced like *ch* in *chair*; *sz* as *sh* in *shall*; *ch* like the Greek *χ*. These directions will, we believe, be found sufficient for the guidance of the general reader in the pronunciation of Polish words. There are, in every language, peculiarities of sound, of which it is impossible to convey an idea by description, or by illustrations from other languages. Such are in Polish the *rz* and the *ř* (or crossed *l*), of which the exact pronunciation can be learned only from a native Pole. The direction usually given for the *rz* is to pronounce it like the French *j* with the sound of *r* before it. This is inadequate, but is perhaps as near an approach as can be made to a written description of this sound. The *ř* is a sound extremely difficult for foreigners; it is made by a peculiar motion of the tongue, and no idea can be given of it in writing. The accent, in Polish words, falls on the penultimate.

‡ Zaleski.

of the character and genius of the nation ; never before animated by a spirit so truly Slavonian.

On each successive period of her former literature, we see the stamp of the fashion which prevailed, at the same time, in the other countries of Europe ; the earlier authors followed classic and Italian, the succeeding ones French models. Among the disciples of each of these schools there were, indeed, men of true genius, who, with a nicer discrimination than falls to the lot of the mere imitator, knew how to distinguish what was essential in the works of their masters from that which was accidental, and have followed them in their excellencies, without copying their defects. These men have composed excellent and lasting works in each department of letters, and stand, of right, among the distinguished scholars and poets of Europe. In the field of science, the sons of Poland have done excellent service ; but in science there can be no nationality ; the names of Kopernik, of Zalužiański, of Ciołek, belong not to Poland, but to the world. Out of the long list of distinguished names which crowd the annals of Polish literature, we can, in truth, select comparatively few whose works could have been written only by a Slavonian. These few belong chiefly to that early period, when the writers of Poland, regarding themselves rather as members of the community of letters than as citizens of any country, still composed their works principally in Latin. The men who at this time wrote in their native tongue wrote wholly for their own people ; and their works are imbued with a spirit truly national. However the form may be sometimes fashioned upon foreign models, the language, the thought, the feeling, are all Slavonian. To this class belong the prose writings of Rey ; the poems of Kochanowski ; of Rybinski ; of Szymonowicz.

Before entering on the works of the living authors of Poland, we will give a slight sketch of these their worthy predecessors, and take a rapid view of the course of Polish literature, from its dawn in the sixteenth century, under the auspices of the Jagellon princes, to the beginning of the present age.

Mikołaj Rey may be regarded as the first Polish author who made his native language the vehicle of finished literary compositions ; * for though the national tongue had been

* We must not omit all mention of a remarkable book which appeared

rising in estimation from the time of the first Jagiello, — in whose reign the earliest impulse was given to its cultivation, by the exertions of the wise and patriotic Jadwiga, — yet no work of any importance had hitherto appeared in it, except some portions of the Scripture, translated by the order of that queen. It was not, indeed, until the reign of the last two princes of the Jagellon dynasty, that Polish was admitted as the spoken language of the court, where Latin and Italian had hitherto been almost exclusively used.

Rey was the son of a nobleman of moderate fortune ; his childhood and youth were passed in the country, in the midst of rustic occupations and field sports. The home of his early life was in Red Russia ; and here, among a people song and music loving, even above other Slavonians, his mind became wholly penetrated with the spirit of rural life, and he acquired that familiarity with the customs and modes of thought of the people, which afterwards gave to his works the simplicity and freshness which make their peculiar charm. His early education was neglected by a too indulgent father ; the talents, which were afterward to make him the favorite of a king and the delight of a nation, discovered themselves only in his superior daring and address as a sportsman ; the woods and wilds along the Dniester knew him as the boldest hunter and the most successful fisher. It was not until his age, and the habits of independence which he had formed, had unfitted him for the restraints of a school, that his father became sensible that it was time the abilities of his son were directed to higher objects. The neglect, however, which would have been fatal to the progress of a less vigorous intellect, served only to preserve to Rey his freedom and originality, and to deter his ambition from the beaten paths of scholarship, in which he might perhaps have achieved the

in the fifteenth century, which is, indeed, the earliest monument of the Polish language. It is entitled "*Memoirs of a Polish Janissary*," and is the work of a Pole, who, being made captive by the Turks, entered the service of the Sultan. He traversed, with the Turkish army, Greece, Syria, and Mesopotamia, was in all the battles of Mahomet II., and was witness of the taking of Constantinople. His object in writing this book was to warn his countrymen of the danger which threatened Europe and the Christian religion, through the increasing power of the Turks. This work, however, of which only fragments now remain, stands alone in the time which produced it, and can hardly be regarded as belonging to the literature of Poland.

honors of a mediocre Latin author. As it was, when the impulses of an ardent and energetic mind compelled him to express its convictions, it was in his own language that he must speak them ; for although Rey afterwards acquired a competent knowledge of the ancient tongues, and entered with interest into the philosophic and religious discussions of the day, which, up to his time, were conducted wholly in Latin, he never composed in that language with such ease and pleasure to himself as could tempt him to abandon for it the use of his native tongue, which he wrote with vigor and felicity. The father of Rey at length resolved to send his son to Cracow, then the centre of intellectual life in Poland, and to place him in the house of one of the great nobles, that he might enjoy the advantages of cultivated society. The Wojewode, who was chosen as the guardian of Rey, was a man of refined taste and accurate judgment ; he discerned the capacities of his charge, and aided him by his counsel and instructions. The society of this excellent nobleman, and that of the literary men who frequented his house, quickened the intellect of Rey, and inspired him with the ambition to repair the defects of his early education. A few years of resolute study enabled the rustic noble to stand on equal ground with the trained graduates of the schools. In after life, he felt and acknowledged the benefits which his mind had drawn from this early association with men of refinement and learning ; and in his directions for the education of youth, he mentions especially the conversation of distinguished men as among the most important means of instruction.

The first literary productions of Rey were books of devotion and religious songs ; he was afterward distinguished for his polemical and philosophical writings ; but his most remarkable work is that entitled "*Zwierciadło Szlacheckie*," *The Mirror of the Noble*, otherwise known by the title, "*Zywot Poczciwego Człowieka*," *The Life of an Honorable Man*. In this work he lays down rules for the conduct of each class in the state. The soldier, the deputy, the senator, the private man, has each his peculiar duties pointed out and inculcated. He gives many rules for a prudent choice in marriage ; and especially dissuades men from allying themselves above their condition, instancing many pleasant examples of the inconveniences attending this unwise ambition.

“For he who marries one of high condition shall not be able, without prejudice to his fortune, to support that state and ceremony in which, of necessity, her Grace must be entertained. There must be for the coachman red stuff and bears’ skins even to the knee. Curtains must hang on both sides of the carriage. The walls of the rooms must be covered with hangings. No sourkrout can show itself on the table; and for supper must there be rice groats, for it is not be seeming to set barley before the gracious lady. Arrives now suddenly the father-in-law, with some fifty horses. Quickly set on the table six dishes, and pour out wine for all; for, each in his fox-skin collar, who can tell which is a lord? To the rest, give out the fodder for the horses; heap oats on oats; so that by the spring thou shalt have hardly enough for the geese; only, perhaps, some in a chest kept under the roof, where no one could find it. But comes Sir Son-in-law to my lord Father-in-law, in his turn; then must his horses and servants be content at the tavern. He himself is greeted, to be sure, — ‘O, welcome, Sir Son-in-law! Be seated, Sir Son-in-law. Fill out wine for Sir Son-in-law.’ But, in all eternity, no one asks whether Sir Son-in-law have eaten, or where the horses are; so that, perhaps, the poor son-in-law must drink on an empty stomach, and then find himself a lodging where he may. But should it chance that he have brought with him a pretty horse, or a greyhound, or bird; then are they his no longer, but the property of my lord Father-in-law.”

His pictures of quiet domestic life are touched with great truth and tenderness. He thus describes the interior of a well-ordered house, and the in and out-door pleasures of those who preside over it.

“Have they not their pleasant walks in the gardens and fields? Together they weed, they trim, they graft, they plant flowers; and, with great delight, care for and order all things. Come now into the house; there is all neat, all cheerful; the food, if not in overmeasure, yet agreeable and daintily prepared. The table-cloth is white; the spoons and dishes brightly clean, the bread sweet, the pulse well-boiled, the groats white and fine-sifted, the chicken fat. In every corner to which thine eye can turn is comfort and cheerfulness. All is as if it smiled on thee. Thou shalt find all things here more pleasant, and more friendly, than when, in another house, three full dishes are set before thee. And when these dear little silly ones, these lovely children, come springing in; when, like little birds, they come hopping round the table, chattering, laughing, hugging themselves for joy; — what charm, what delight, is this! Each hands some-

thing to the other ; and thus they receive and give, and all with such mirthfulness, and such dear caressing ways, that thou art fain to laugh over the pretty innocents. When the parents look upon this their happiness, how shall they but praise God, and from a full heart offer him thanks ? And the Lord, will he not look with a loving eye upon such sweet ties, and the offering that is brought to him in these pure and honest lives, and shall not his blessing descend upon them, according to his promise ? ”

Nor is he less happy when he writes of the duties and pleasures of the military profession. His rules for the conduct of the soldier are replete with an excellent prudence and a generous humanity. When we consider the time in which they were written, they must be regarded as truly admirable. He recounts it among the advantages of a military life, that a man is therein exercised in the virtues of order, frugality, and patience. He exhorts the soldier to regard himself as the protector of the weak and humble, and never to suffer the pillage of the defenceless inhabitants of the lands through which he must pass ; he counsels him rather to suffer hunger himself, than to tear from the poor peasant his subsistence ; “ for this shall be better for thee, than that thou shouldst bring upon thyself the cry and the curse of the innocent.”

“ *The Life of an Honorable Man* ” contains the most graphic sketches of Slavonian manners ; it is, indeed, the “ mirror ” in which the modes of thought and life of the Polish noble of the last part of the fifteenth and the first part of the sixteenth century are perfectly reflected. To Rey belongs the merit of having first called attention to the popular songs and melodies of the land. His own poetical compositions had much credit in their day ; but in his verse he is less a poet than in his prose.

First, both in time and by his genius, among the elder poets of Poland, is Jan Kochanowski.* His name is well worthy to stand with those of the other great sons of the sixteenth century, — of that illustrious age, whose every decade is marked by a name destined to be immortal. The youth of Kochanowski, unlike that of Rey, was carefully trained in the study of the wisdom and eloquence of the ancient world ; and his mind was formed and his taste refined

* Born 1532, died 1584.

still further by foreign travel, and by the society and works of his distinguished contemporaries. Kochanowski had already acquired distinction as an author by his works in Latin, when the idea inspired him of devoting his genius to the service of his country, and of doing for his native language what the great poets of Italy had done for theirs. His first labors were guided by devotion as well as by patriotism; he prepared for his countrymen a translation of the Psalms of David, which is said to be the most poetical version of those sacred poems found in any language, and that which conveys the most perfectly the spirit of the original. Mickiewicz says, speaking of this version of the Psalms: —

“Kochanowski was in this work truly inspired. His diction is noble, clear, glowing. He has throughout a bold, bard-like walk, a measured dignity, and a priestly solemnity. Never can all the circumstances combine again which met to create this wonderful work. There were needed for its production, first, high poetical genius; secondly, a living spirit of devotion in the people; and, thirdly, that glow and exaltation of feeling upon sacred subjects, which the religious controversies of the time excited. All parties alike appealed to the holy writings. The phraseology of Scripture, thoughts, maxims, images, drawn from it, became current in every-day life, and passed into the common language. The Bible was ever before the eyes of the people, who lived in the midst of the fiery excitement of religious warfare; and this excitement, possessing likewise the mind of the poet, raised him to that height of inspiration in which he gave forth the tones of the ancient Psalmist in all their fervor and sublimity.”

Kochanowski composed works in every style, lyric, dramatic, and satirical. His satires have nothing of the bitterness of the misanthrope, nor the sneering levity of a man who, with acuteness enough to discern the follies of his age, is yet not in spirit raised above them.

Kochanowski writes fearlessly, but nobly and gently; and, in the spirit of a good and true man and patriot, reproves the errors of his age and country. In the drama, he followed classic models, and drew his subjects from the Grecian poets. His plays were written for a private theatre, and for an audience of cultivated men, who were probably more familiar with the history and traditions of Greece than with those of their own country. His lyrics are graceful and charming;

but the most interesting of all his works are his elegies on the death of his daughter Ursula, taken from him in her early childhood. These poems have nothing in common with other productions of this sort, — usually the constrained and elaborate expressions of a factitious sorrow, bringing no conviction of reality, and awakening no sympathy. The “*Treny*” of Kochanowski are the very outpourings of grief and tenderness ; and even now, when, for three hundred years, the heart of the father has been as cold as the little form it mourned, his grief is still fresh and living as in the first hour of bereavement ; — those “*tears*” are not yet dried. Willingly would we set in our pages some of these gems ; but our purpose is with the living authors of Poland ; and we can but touch slightly, in passing, the names of these elder sons of Polish song, whose genius, after a sleep of two centuries, has at length waked again, to animate bosoms as faithful and as ardent as their own.

Szymonowicz must not be passed in silence. His idyls won for him the doubtful honor of the name of the Polish Theocritus, and were written professedly upon classic models. Yet, in the whole cycle of Polish literature, there is hardly a work in spirit more truly Slavonian. These idyls possess a life and reality wholly denied to modern compositions of this sort in other languages ; perhaps because only among the Slavonians yet continued to exist that simple, contented life, of whose modest hopes and quiet pleasures idyllic poetry is the expression. The Italian, the German, the French writers of pastoral and rural poetry, must transport themselves to classic regions, and call up the shadows of the shepherds and husbandmen of early Greece ; or, passing wholly into the realm of fantasy, dress out the knights and dames of a modern court to act the parts of their dainty herdsmen and soft-handed rustics. The scene of the idyls of Szymonowicz lies not in Arcadia. His nymphs and swains belong to the real world ; their cares and joys are actual. While Lycoris is milking cows in the stall, Lycidas chops straw, and sings a song in praise of labor and of his mistress at the same time. He does not paint her as he has seen her in the dance, nor dwell upon her charms and graces ; he describes her as she sits at the spinning-wheel, or when, in the reaping-field, her sickle moves so quickly, that “*no one can see it in her hand.*” He praises her that she rises

early ; that, in her father's house, the table is always clean, and each thing ordered in its place.

“ That mortal is happy,”

he exclaims in rapture,

“ To whom the good God hath intended the gift of this maiden.
At his door, while he liveth, disorder or want shall not enter.”

While Lycidas sings, a great heap of straw rises before him, and Lycoris ceases not from tending on her cows.

These idyls contain fresh and beautiful sketches of the rural life of the Polish peasants and lesser nobles ; but in some of them, and especially in the most beautiful of them, “ The Reapers,” we see evidence of the change of manners which the increase of luxury and demand for wealth among the great was already preparing, and trace the approach of that harder age in which want and over-toil are to shut poetry from the door of the poor.

Many other poets of less eminence, yet of merit which would well entitle them to attention in a more extended sketch, belong to this period. Among them are Sebastian Klonowicz, who wrote works both in Polish and Latin ; humor is their distinguishing characteristic ; — Rybinski, a lyric poet of great merit, who has even been compared with Kochanowski ; he also wrote both in Polish and Latin ; — Zimorowicz, a contemporary and friend of Szymonowicz, and, like him, a writer of idyls ; he has received the appellation of the Polish Moschus. To these names may be added those of Dąbrowski, of Bartoszewski, Miaskowski, Turnowski. Andrzej Kochanowski, a brother of the celebrated poet, Jan Kochanowski, translated the *Æneid*. His nephew, Piotr, has left an admirable version of the “ Orlando,” and of the “ Jerusalem Delivered.”

The first twenty years of the seventeenth century saw the last gleams of the splendors of the Jagellon age, the golden period of Polish literature. From this time, for nearly a century and a half, the Polish mind rested in tame mediocrity. This decline of intellectual vigor is partly to be attributed to the ascendancy of the Jesuits, — upon principle, the enemies of freedom and expansion of mind, — who, about this period, acquired entire supremacy in the schools and colleges of Poland, and guided the education of the nation. Another cause is to be found in the increasing influence of French literature, which, in the middle of the seventeenth

century, had already acquired great popularity among the cultivated classes of Poland. A French theatre was, in 1650, established at Warsaw, in which the plays of the French tragedians were performed in the original, while translations of French authors supplied to the reading public the place of original Polish works. The prevalence of French taste continued to exert an unfavorable influence over the literature of Poland, even when, the pressure of Jesuitic domination being withdrawn, the national mind started into new life and activity, and poetry and the arts bloomed afresh, under the auspices of the amiable and cultivated Stanislaus Poniatowski. A crowd of scholars, eloquent men, and poets gave lustre to his court; but the titles of the Polish Voltaire, the Polish Boileau, the Polish Bossuet, which were accorded to them, prove that they drew their inspiration from foreign sources, and not from the wells of Polish genius and sentiment. The writers of this period may not stand with the elder bards of Poland, nor with her patriot poets of a later day; they were men of shining talents, rather than of genius, and never reached that moral height whose attainment is needful to the full development even of the intellect. Yet they take a high place as scholars and elegant writers, and may claim to rank with the contemporary authors of the other countries of Europe.

The most eminent among them is the Bishop Krasicki, author of elegant and finished compositions in almost every department of literature. His works are distinguished for their piquant wit and easy gracefulness of style, rather than for depth of feeling or glow of fancy; yet there are times when a higher spirit seems to kindle in him, when the patriotic ardor never wanting in any Pole lends a temporary glow to his pencil. There are passages in his "*Wojna Chocimska*" eloquent and stirring, and though this work cannot claim to be regarded as a great poem, it rises, in many parts, far above the level of modern epics. The fables of Krasicki are gracefully and pleasantly written, and have deservedly enjoyed great popularity; but the most esteemed of his works, and those which have the best preserved their first reputation, are his satires. To this style of composition his powers were peculiarly adapted; for satire addresses itself to the intellect, and, making no demand upon the feelings, leaves us the less sensible of the absence of enthusiasm.

Among the other names that gave lustre to the reign of the last king of Poland are those of Naruszewicz, of Szymonowski, of Trembecki, Kniaźnin, Zablocki. Naruszewicz was one of the earliest favorites of Stanislaus. He possesses greater power and depth of thought, but less grace and versatility, than Krasicki. He is the author of poems in various styles, that won for him a reputation in their time, and of a version of Pindar which is said to be unsurpassed. But his fame as a historian overshadowed his renown as a poet. His history of Poland, and his memoirs of Chodkiewicz, are regarded as models for strength and clearness of style. Naruszewicz attached himself to Augustus, with all the zeal of a loyal subject, and all the affection of a friend. After the fall of his patron, he wrote no more. He withdrew from the capital, forgot all his former occupations and pleasures, refused to hear any tidings from the outer world, and thus died, forgotten and alone. Melancholy, indeed, was the end of most of those gifted writers, whose brilliancy lent a false splendor to the mournful reign of Stanislaus Augustus. There were among them men who, in a time when a higher taste and nobler tone of feeling prevailed, might have risen to the highest excellence; but, living in an age of skepticism and frivolity, they shared its levity and its indifference. When they were at once called to serious thought by the downfall of their king and the ruin of their country, they were struck by sudden despair. Zablocki, the poet of mirth, was silent from the day of his king's dethronement; he hid himself for ever from the world in a cloister. The hour that brought the tidings of the defeat of Maciejowice overthrew the reason of the pleasant, genial Kniaźnin. From that day he never smiled; but for thirty years mourned darkly over a grief he no longer comprehended. The variously gifted Trembecki, who, of all the writers of his time, possessed the richest fancy and the highest poetic power, survived the genius he had too often squandered upon trifles, or had perverted to the adulation of the enemies of his country. Amidst the ruins of his intellect, he retained so much of the poetic sense as to feel the charm of his own verses, when they were read to him by a stranger, but shook his head with mournful incredulity, when he was told that it was himself who had been their author.

One name stands alone in this age of foreign imitation and

religious indifference, as that of a poet truly national and ardently pious. It is the name of Karpiński. His works were held in but light esteem by the writers and critics of his day, whose judgment, wholly governed by the French standard of taste, rejected the poetry of nature and feeling ; but they were welcomed with delight by the nation at large, and above all, by the population of the rural districts, who saw their own simple life reflected in his idyls. Karpiński, too, was silent from the day of his country's fall. His latest poem was his " Lament of a Sarmatian upon the Grave of Sigismund Augustus." In this elegy he recalls the ancient glories of his country, — mourns, for the last time, her fallen state, the woes of her banished children, and the yet keener misery of those who " wander, aliens, through their fathers' fields." In the close he lays down upon the grave of the last of the Jagellons these offerings, for which he has no more a use, — " his sword, his lyre, and his hope."

Thus set in sorrow that brilliant day, whose dawn had seemed that of a new Augustan age ; but though this period of promise passed suddenly, with all its lights, the day of gloom was to raise nobler spirits up to Poland, and stouter hearts than those that broke over her fall.

We approach now the latest period of the literature of Poland, the day of her living authors, in whose works we are to see developed the true genius and character of the Slavonian ; of that gentle people, noted in every time for kindness, loyalty, and simplicity of heart ; for generous ardor, and for courage, prompt for the defence of freedom, but not aggressive. The early annals of this race, unlike those of the other tribes of Europe, are unstained by violence and rapine ; they sent forth no expeditions for conquest,* but wandered, in peaceful emigration, benefactors of the earth, to set themselves upon the wasted slope and desolated plain, there to renew what the hand of violence had spoiled. The nature of the Slavonian is peculiarly in harmony with Christianity, and accordingly we find, in the works of the Polish writers of the present time, its truths received, not as dead points of faith, judged of and accepted by the reason, to be thereafter treated with cold respect, but as a principle which sheds a living influence through them.

* See Herder.

The very gentleness and docility of character, however, which hereafter, in a more humane period of the world's history, will fit them to exhibit the highest degree of civilization, is one of the causes of that proneness to submit themselves to foreign influence, and govern themselves by foreign models, which has been for ages known as the prevailing error of the Poles. This disposition, in vain rebuked by their historians and satirists of every time, has led them to the constant attempt to introduce into their social and political life customs and institutions inconsistent with the Slavonian character, and with the original constitution of their government ; and the same spirit has exerted an influence over their men of letters, unfavorable to originality of thought and design. But the severe lessons of the last half-century have not been profitless to the Poles. They have been taught, at length, how feeble a reliance is to be placed in the regard of the stranger ; how worthless, compared with that of their own countrymen, is his sympathy and applause. They have learned to rely upon their own energies ; to feel that it is to themselves alone they must look henceforth. Paradoxical as it may seem, the Poles were never so truly patriotic as since they have no more a country ; never have they so fully displayed the nobler attributes of the national character, as since they have, in name, ceased to be a nation.

The effect of this newly won self-reliance and self-respect is strikingly manifested in their writings. No fashion governing any other existing literature can be said to reign over that of modern Poland. Connected as are the Polish authors of this period with France, speaking and writing French with the same facility as their native tongue, and living, as many of them do, in the very vortex of her giddy, restless, uncertain literature, we yet find in their writings nothing of French. The works of the modern Polish authors — certainly of all the most distinguished among them — are characterized by a steady and high morality, not too conscious of itself, but simple and sincere ; by a constant reverence for the domestic virtues ; and by deep religious trust. If the influence of the genius of any foreign people is to be traced in their works, it is that of the English, and, in a less degree, of the German. But the obligations which the Polish writers are under to Shakspeare, to Byron, to Scott, are only such as one man of genius may owe to another without detriment

to his own originality. They have borrowed nothing from the great masters of English literature ; they have but caught inspiration from their inspiration ; they have been aided by them to think with decision and to speak with fearlessness. The thoughts which they express and the form of the expression are their own, are Slavonian ; their literature is as distinct from that of any other people, as the English is from the French, or either of these from the Italian.

Julian Niemcewicz * is the link between the old time and the new. His fame as a poet, and his sufferings as a patriot, date from the reign of Stanislaus Poniatowski. Like most of the distinguished writers of Poland, Niemcewicz won honors in the fields both of poetry and history. He essayed, indeed, and with success, every branch of literary composition. He was a dramatist, a novelist, a satirist, a writer of fables, of epigrams, of idyls ; but, before all things else, he was a Pole. Niemcewicz never practised poetry as an art ; he valued the gifts of fancy, and the power of expression, only as these furnished him with weapons against the enemies of his country, or gave him the means of reaching the hearts of her sons. Accordingly, a great part of his poems are written with an especial political aim ; and many of the pieces which were most popular in their time are so connected with the politics of the period, and often so dependent for their interest on the passing events of the day, that they are scarcely to be appreciated out of Poland, and perhaps, in another age, will hardly be so, fully, even there.

Niemcewicz was a patriot after the manner of a former age. His love of his country is equalled only by his hatred of her foes. This passionate ardor in love and hate, which lends an added inspiration to his verse, detracts from his merits as a faithful historian. He dwells with glowing delight upon the triumphs of his country, but traces with a lighter touch the story of her reverses and her errors. His most celebrated work is the "*Spiewy Historyczne*," in which he unites the characters of bard and annalist. This work, though written in the spirit of a past time, must ever be regarded as a noble monument of genius and patriotism, and

* Born 1755, died 1841.

confers upon Niemcewicz the right to stand with the highest names in Polish literature.

The life of Niemcewicz was in itself a poem. His long career knew every vicissitude of human fate. A large portion of his life was passed in banishment from the land he so ardently loved. But amid all his reverses and wanderings, the thought of Poland, and the hope of yet working in her cause, went with and sustained him. His first exile was self-imposed. He quitted his country in sorrow, after the failure of the constitution of 1791, but returned to bear a part in the brilliant achievements of Kościuszko, and to share his prison after the fatal day of Maciejowice. Restored to freedom, he refused the clemency and the liberality of Paul, and, passing once more into exile, remained for ten years a stranger to his native soil. He returned to Poland in 1807, but the fall of Napoleon made him, in 1815, again a wanderer. Ardent longing for his country, and the hope, not yet relinquished, of serving her within her own borders, drew him irresistibly homeward. Niemcewicz listened to the promises of Alexander, and for a season, in common with many sincere patriots, believed that Poland might at least know peaceful days under the sway of Russia. This faith deceived, he entered zealously into those combinations against the existing government which resulted in the insurrection of 1830, whose unsuccessful issue drove him once more into exile, this time destined to be perpetual. Niemcewicz closed at Paris, in 1841, his stormy life, whose history covers nearly a century.

The extended career of this author has connected him with the writers of the present time. In spirit he belongs to the past ; but rather to the ancient day of Poland's literary splendor, than to the cold, artificial period in which the lot of his own early days was cast.

Before we pass to the living writers of Poland, we must yet give the names of two authors whose works belong to our own century, and who are in spirit closely united with the modern school of Polish poetry, but who have been by death prematurely numbered with the past. These are Antoni Malczewski, a poet of the Ukraine ; and Casimir Brodziński, Professor of Polish Literature in the University of Warsaw, before the insurrection of 1830. Malczewski was born in Wolynia, in 1792. He received his education at

Krzeminec, and by his talents and distinguished diligence won the particular regard of the celebrated Czacki, the founder of that college. Malczewski had just completed his academic career at the time of the invasion of Russia by Napoleon. He entered the army of the French emperor as a volunteer, and served during the disastrous campaign of 1812. After the overthrow of Napoleon, he passed several years in travelling through the various countries of Europe. During his foreign sojourn, he formed acquaintance with the literature of England; his mind was particularly impressed with the genius of Lord Byron, then at the height of his popularity. This influence is plainly to be traced in his writings. Malczewski is, however, no imitator; he is one of the most original of Slavonian poets; a true son of the Ukraine, full of fire and of gentleness.

The fame of Malczewski as a poet rests upon his "Maria," a poem which, little appreciated during the life of the author, has become since his death the object of the warmest admiration of his countrymen. Maria is a narrative poem founded on an actual event. The story is shortly this. The son of a Polish magnate has married the daughter of a nobleman of ancient family, but narrow fortune. The Wojewode, enraged at his choice, refuses to sanction the alliance, and endeavours to persuade him to abandon his bride, and to break his marriage. His attempts to shake his son's resolution are fruitless; but the old Miecznik (*sword-bearer*), the father of Maria, as proud as the magnate, refuses, on his part, to receive the young Wacław as his son-in-law, until the Wojewode shall himself make overtures for a reconciliation. The father of Wacław, despairing of compelling him to obedience, feigns compliance. Affecting to be overcome by the grief and the entreaties of his son, he feigns to reconcile himself with the Miecznik, and sends Wacław, under the command of this old warrior, to repel an incursion of the Tatars, that he may prove himself, by knightly deeds, worthy of the hand of Maria. Wacław obtains a victory over the Tatars, and hastens home in triumph to claim his bride. The treacherous Wojewode, however, has, during the absence of his son, sent a party of armed servants to the house of the Miecznik with orders to take the life of Maria. When her husband returns, it is to find her murdered.

The characters in this poem are sketched with great life.

The descriptive passages are of singular beauty. The scene, in especial, which the Wojewode beholds, as he looks out from his gloomy room, upon the gathering of his household troops, in the early dawn, is exquisitely painted. "Maria" reminds us often, as we have before remarked, of the narrative poems of Byron. The resemblance, however, is chiefly in the versification, in the brilliancy of the images, the vigor of the language, and a certain passionate fervor which equally characterizes the poems of Byron and of Malczewski. The religious feeling which breathes through the Maria stamps this poem with a character totally different from that of the works of the English poet.

The poem was written in Włodzimier, where, after his return to his native country, Malczewski had purchased a small village, intending to lead a life of retirement and quiet. This period of his life was, however, embittered by an unhappy and misplaced attachment; while pecuniary embarrassments added their anxieties to his other griefs. He left Włodzimier for Warsaw, where he died in poverty and sorrow, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

Casimir Brodziński began his career as a soldier, and his first literary efforts are the enthusiastic lays of a youthful patriot and hero. He was of those who believed in Napoleon, and looked for the restoration of the father-land through him. When, with the fall of the emperor, fell his hopes for his country, he withdrew his thoughts from public concerns, and gave himself wholly to the pursuit of literature. The later poems of Brodziński glow no longer with the hopeful ardor that characterized his early lays and those of his comrades, the poet-soldiers of the legions of Napoleon; but they are not the less national, not the less patriotic. They are instinct with the very spirit of Slavonian life. His song is of rural pleasures; of the field and fireside life of the villager; of the delights of a tranquil existence among the scenes of nature. He seeks to reawaken in his nation the gentle, contented spirit of ancient Slavonian life, and, despairing to see revive the former greatness of his country, would at least restore to her the old simplicity of manners. If his tones had been more stirring, if the griefs and wrongs of his country had thrilled through them to the hearts of his nation, they could hardly have seen the light in those iron days of the "Constitutional Kingdom," when even singing-

birds, who had been taught to warble the national airs,* paid with their lives the penalty of the unconscious treason.

The history of the literature of this period is the history of a perpetual struggle with an intolerable censorship. The patriotic writers and editors of that day, unable to address themselves directly to their countrymen, invented stratagems by which to communicate with them. Tricks of punctuation, capitals, Italic letters, served as mediums to express the love of liberty and the hate of tyrants. The words, "the past," were distinguished by capitals, to recall the thought of the former greatness of Poland; "the future" was written in Italics; while the characters of "the present" were blurred in the printing. If France was spoken of, her name was followed by a note of exclamation. Was it question of the measures of government, a note of interrogation suggested doubt and suspicion.

In this gloomy time, hardly thought itself was free. Those who wrote or who spoke in public were considered as open traitors; those who remained silent were regarded only as more dangerous, because more prudent, conspirators.

Yet, even amid these hard conditions, genius found its aliment. Under this heavy bondage, the Polish mind was expanding into power and freedom. The instructions of the gentle and Christian-minded Brodziński must have had no small influence in forming the minds of the youth of that period. However their more fiery zeal may often have revolted against his mild doctrines, yet must their spirits have become insensibly imbued with them. He cherished a pure and lofty patriotism; with him, the love of his own country comprised the hatred of no other. Shortly after the breaking out of the insurrection of 1830, Brodziński delivered an address before the society of the "Friends of Science," in which he showed himself once more possessed of all his youthful ardor, yet tempered with the mildness of the Christian philosopher. In this address, he exhorted his countrymen to a pure patriotism, divested of all selfishness and party zeal; warning them that only through this purity and this disinterestedness could Poland be redeemed. He declared to them that the Polish nation was destined to be, "through inspiration, the Copernicus of the moral world"; that as

* See Gnorowski's *Insurrection of Poland in 1830*, p. 38.

this philosopher developed the system of the physical world, and men may no longer consider this earth as the central point of the universe, even so was it the mission of Poland to reveal to the world that nations should no more regard each itself as the centre of all that surrounds it, but that each, holding its own place, and keeping its just balance, should form a part of one great whole, each separate nationality circling round the great central idea of humanity.

“O my people! this thought, this destiny, take thou upon thee to fulfil, or for ever to descend into the tomb! Shouldst thou also thus perish, even so dost thou perfect thy last mission, and, with the palm-branch in thy hand, shalt thou come to Christ, thy Master!”

Brodziński survived not many years the last disappointment of his country's hopes. He died at Dresden, in 1836, deeply mourned; for he had been beloved, even with enthusiasm, by those who shared the privilege of knowing him. They who sat under his teaching yet cherish his memory with reverent affection, and recall, with sad delight, his gentle and eloquent tones, and the angelic light that beamed from his pale, spiritual features.

The author of the works the titles of which we have prefixed to this article was a student at the University of Warsaw during the professorship of Brodziński; and the influence of the genius and character of this excellent man is, we think, plainly to be traced in the writings of his pupil. It is with this author, one of the most remarkable, though one of the youngest of their number, that we propose to begin our sketches of the living writers of Poland.

His name has never been formally given to the public; it is, however, no secret to his countrymen. He is known to be a son of one of the noblest and most ancient families of Poland, and allied either by birth or by marriage to the most powerful magnates of the land. This circumstance is not to be lost sight of in reading his works; it is necessary to the full appreciation of an author, that we should know the point of view from which he looks upon the world. It is, besides, a fact full of significance and of hope for Poland. It shows what she may expect of her privileged children, when the day of her restoration at length arrives; it proves that their long-suffering has not been without its fruit, — that they are substi-

tuting a wise patriotism for an unreasoning and selfish nationality, — that her aristocracy no longer regard themselves as the whole nation, but have learned, that, in order rightly to love one's country, it is needful to love even the humblest of her sons. Through all the works of the author of "*Przedświt*" and the "*Nieboska Komedya*," breathes a spirit truly liberal, thoroughly humane, and profoundly religious. He accepts in its entirety the Christian law, and looks forward with a confident hope to the time when this law shall be not merely the rule for the conduct of individuals, but shall govern in the councils of states, and be heard from the throne and the senate-house.

Przedświt (*Morning Twilight*) is the last published of the works of this author. As his other writings are in the dramatic form, and his character and opinions are rather to be inferred than directly gathered from them, we shall begin our selections from his works with some extracts from the Preface to this poem, that the reader may form an acquaintance with the mind and cast of thought of the poet before proceeding to the consideration of his dramatic compositions.

In the Preface to the *Przedświt*, the author draws a parallel between the condition of the ancient world immediately before the time of Cæsar and that of the modern world before the coming of Napoleon. He believes, that, as the ambition and conquests of Cæsar made the path smooth for the reception of the Christian religion, it was, in like manner, the office of Napoleon to prepare the world, not indeed for a new revelation, but for the more perfect reception of the Christian doctrine, and for its introduction into the political sphere.

"During the day of Cæsar, preceding the great day of Christ, the world had arrived at the last results of its history; in religion, to absolute doubt, — in philosophy, to the entire overthrow of the principles of polytheism. Augur laughed at augur, the Greek sophist at himself. The critic Reason annihilated all ancient faith, all existing life among the people, and established nothing more living, or equally living, in its place. The view into the world of the soul discovered only ruin, license, discord; — *quot capita, tot sensus*. Epicureanism, Stoicism, Platonism, passed like phantoms over the widowed breast of humanity. After so many wars, proscriptions, and revolutions, there remained in the hearts of men only a sense of weariness and exhaustion. All political faith

had vanished. The plebeian Marius, the patrician Sylla, could not realize their ideas, though by unheard-of pouring forth of human blood, by violence, by injustice, by terrorism, they strove to call from the past the old decaying order of things, and to frame it once more into a living present. All the great men of the last days of Rome, whether destroyers or renovators, are stamped with the same sign; they are consumed by an intolerable thirst to change the form of things, but they know not whither tends the history of the world. Some hold to the traditions of the Gracchi, and wish democracy. Others believe yet in the divine manes of the Appii, and the dream of an aristocratic republic. Misled by such a dream, Brutus murders his father, and calls it virtue; and despairing of himself, his country, and the gods, cries out in dying, 'Thou, too, Virtue, art only a delusion!' The soul of the self-murdering Brutus is the type of the whole world of his time. Weakness, uncertainty, a feverish desire of something better, a feverish terror after every accomplished deed, — these were the characteristics of this soul; and from these signs it was easy to discern that the world was near to the day of judgment and of transformation. And not alone this intellectual state void of faith, full of vain anxiety and regret, witnesses of this. Another sign manifests itself, — a sign above all others clear and un failing, though resting on the material side of the humanity of that day; — while in the field of spirit all is dissipation and distraction, all in the field of the material condenses and concentrates.

"Rome, torn within herself, and already possessing no ideas of her own, conquers, thunders, subjects, without ceasing, and stands at length as one man, whose name is Cæsar. And this man will teach the earth unity (*jedność*) and community (*wspólność*). In appearance, he has wounded it; in appearance, he has put the short sword into the hand of brother against brother, of son against father. The impious one crosses the Rubicon; he cries, '*Jacta alea est.*' He dashes Gaul against Egypt. He shows the Germans the blue Grecian heavens at Pharsalia. He carries Greeks with him to Africa. He confuses, mingles, ensanguines all; he fills the world with the clash of weapons, the noise of war, the cry of fate. And yet, unconsciously, involuntarily, he unites and fraternizes all. And of him the Jews will think that he is the Messiah; of him the earth will think, for a season, that he is her God. He was the forerunner of her God. In the field of historic event, he is that angel to whom it was commanded to sweep obstacles from before the feet of the coming Lord. He forced the earth to material unity, without which no word of life could spread itself; he changed the world of that time into one broad highway. And

not many years after, who trod this beaten road? Was it not Peter? Was it not Paul? Was it not John? The successors of the great Julius madly persecuted the new faith. Amid their feasts, they jested at the proclaimed word. They knew not, that, to hinder the spreading of the new religion, they must annihilate the work of the first of the Cæsars. They knew not, that it was even that which had raised them to be ephemeral earthly divinities which had also prepared the way for the movement begun in heaven; that the unity of the material empire, which inclosed within itself the rest of the world under the name of conquered provinces, was the pledge, the condition, the absolute means for the entrance of Christianity. They cherished this unity, watched over it, defended it with such effeminate force as they had left; and by this means, blindly, unconsciously, protected the ever higher growth of Christianity. In the hand of Providence, they were instruments. They fulfilled the law of history, led by their own advantage, — as the merchants and tradesmen of our time, — and from so many visible Satans upon earth, each one became the minister of Divine thoughts.

‘Discite historiam, exemplo moniti.’

“Two thousand years pass, and again these same signs spread themselves upon the waves of time. The last spasms of the Roman republic are reflected in the terrible epileptic convulsions of the French Revolution. The shades of Marius, of Sylla, of Catiline, start up under the bloody forms of Danton, of St. Just, of Robespierre. But the Cæsar of Christianity, higher by a whole epoch than his predecessor, filled with knowledge of himself and of the object for which the Spirit of God had sent him, said, when dying on the rock of exile, — ‘From me will be reckoned the beginning of a new era.’ In this word was contained the truth of himself and of the whole future. But before this can be developed and fulfilled, before the world passes forward from the standing-point of Napoleon to a more complete, more holy transformation, it must have exhausted itself as the ancient world exhausted itself, must have denied itself as the ancient world denied itself. This progressive movement in annihilation was not begun to-day or yesterday. From the days of the Gracchi, the heathen world did not rest till it heard the promises of Christ; from the days of Luther, the modern world has known no peace; ever more and more a terrible civil war of thought and of sword has rent it. The modern world also will not rest till it comes, not to the hearing only, but to the understanding and fulfilling, of the promise of Christ.

“The hopes, the dreams, the noble faith, the terrible blas-
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phemies, of all the ages that have passed over humanity, all the forms of Christian heresy, Indian pantheism, Persian dualism, Hebrew monotheism, exclusive idealism, and exclusive sensualism, all arisen at the same time, and each lapped over the other so as hardly to be distinguished, and all crying to heaven for the day of dissolution, that they may the sooner pass away, — praying for death, that they may be the sooner transformed, that they may the sooner rise up young again, informed by a new spark of life ; — behold the image of the spiritual sphere of our time. This anarchy, so terrible, tends at length to crisis ; this longing, so great, and hitherto so vain, calls at last on the aid of our Father who is in heaven. When was this aid denied ? When did God reject the appeal of History, when she has raised to him her hands, and, with the voice of all the people of the earth, has cried, ‘ Reveal thyself to us, O Lord ! ’

“ You all know, my brothers, that we are born in the lap of death ; and from the cradle your eyes have been accustomed to see the lividness of dissolution spreading itself over the body of this European world. Hence the unceasing pain that gnaws your hearts ; hence the uncertainty that has made itself as your life. You go, and you know not whither ; and already you pray not, as in former years ; you only repeat, ‘ It is ill with us.’ But all end already comprehends in itself an approaching beginning. The hour of death only heralds the day of waking. Know you not that this is the Christian faith ? and shall it deceive when it is of God ? Look, then, and you shall see the marks of death change suddenly into the signs of resurrection.

“ No one calls the Middle Ages civilized ; no one ours — hitherto — religious. Civilization began when faith died. Civilization is the unity of the material existence, the community of worldly interests, waiting for the manifestation of the word of God. Look how it grew, how it made plain, that the coming word of God might the more easily diffuse itself, might the more easily pass from house to house, from country to country ! What was Napoleon, if not this other angel in history, who sweeps obstacles from the way of the Lord, when the day of his coming is already near ?

“ His universal empire vanished like an illusion ; he died on a distant island, his only son in the capital of his enemy. His brothers and their race rest in mediocrity. When those bodies die, there will not remain a trace that each of them, in life, wore a kingly crown. And yet, in spite of this, the memory of this man is not as the remembrance of the dead, but of a spirit ever more powerfully living. What he set in motion, that still rolls

on. What that hand, for a while all-powerful, joined, that ever binds and knits itself more closely together. Napoleon waked earthly nationalities from their sleep. Christ revealed to men the idea of humanity. Before him there were no real nations except the Hebrew ; for unknown was that end to which nations tend, to which they gravitate, as planets to the sun. It is he who has promised that one day there shall be in the world but one flock and one shepherd. It is he who has ordered those praying to God to repeat every day these words, 'Thy kingdom come'; and with even this prayer, for two thousand years, we have entreated God for the manifestation of the idea of humanity upon earth.

“The revelation of the Son of God must, then, pass through ages from an ideal state to a state of manifestation and realization ; on this depends the progress of humanity. The Christian word could not at once transform the policy of the Pagan world ; for the political constitution and social existence of any epoch visibly depend upon the moral state of the individuals living in it. Individual souls must therefore have become Christian, before the Christianizing of the relations between nations becomes possible.

“But, in our days, every individual is a Christian, and the relations between individuals are Christian. Whither now are Christian ideas to be carried ? Visibly into a sphere untouched, untransformed, hitherto ; and such is the political sphere. Already in these expressions, 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's,' is contained the whole future movement of humanity ; for since all is God's, this state of separation, of temporary, momentary separation, between the property of Cæsar and of God must evermore diminish, and that which even yesterday was esteemed the property of Cæsar shall be to-morrow numbered among the things of God ; till the dominion of Cæsar shall be counted as nothing, the kingdom of God as all.”

The author believes that his own country is chosen as the instrument by which the progress of Divine ideas is to be furthered ; that the example of the wrongs and sufferings of Poland is to hasten the advance of the kingdom of God.

“The Divine law, wounded and offended in this world, must possess the inward force to heal itself from the wound, to reinstate itself in its own form. In that nationality, by whose injury humanity has been most cruelly violated, the idea of humanity must most powerfully vibrate.

“ Our death was necessary, our rising up will be necessary, in order that the word of the Son of God, the eternal word of life, may diffuse itself through the social circles of the world. It is through our nationality, tortured to death upon the cross of history, that it will be revealed to the human spirit, that the political sphere must be transformed into a religious sphere, and that the temple of God on earth must be, not this or that place, this or that form of worship, but the whole planet. For ‘the earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof.’ ”

The *Nieboska Komedya* is the work by which this author was first made known to the public ; and as it is also the one which we think gives the best idea of the peculiar style and genius of his writings, we shall select this poem for more particular consideration. As we are not aware that any translation of the works of this author has yet appeared, and as the originals themselves are not easily to be procured in this country, it is our purpose, in a future number, to offer our readers a full analysis of the *Nieboska Komedya*, with extracts so copious, as shall, better than any commentary, enable them to judge of the character and turn of thought of the writer.

ART. V. — *An Autobiographical Memoir of SIR JOHN BARROW, BART., late of the Admiralty ; including Reflections, Observations, and Reminiscences at Home and Abroad, from Early Life to Advanced Age.* London : John Murray. 1847. 8vo. pp. 515.

THE multiplication of biographies is one of the striking characteristics of the literature of the day. A man’s life is now very far from being finished at his death. If, in the estimation of the public, he was deemed to be a great man, or if in the judgment of his friends he ought to be so esteemed, though the public differ from them, divers ponderous octavos are very sure to be brought out to vindicate or reprove the opinion of his contemporaries. The writers of these books do not seem to remember, that, in estimating men, a *valet-de-chambre* and a grandson look from very different points of view. And so it happens, that the time seems to be near at hand when

no humbleness of occupation, no apparent insignificance of life, and no Smithiness of name, will save the community from that call to read which cannot be safely listened to or neglected.

The increased and increasing size of such books is an alarming feature in the case. The number of volumes given to the record of a man's life is apparently regarded as truly indicating his real position in the world. And this necessity of multiplying volumes brings with it the necessity of filling them. In the olden time, when a respectable octavo would contain all of the greatest man which it concerned the world to know, and an humble duodecimo "for the use of schools" was the second and last "reward of merit" bestowed in the distribution of posthumous honors, the biographer had, at least, a simple duty to perform. He had a story to tell, and he told it. But in these modern days, the circumstances of the hero's life are quite secondary affairs. All that belonged to him peculiarly is merely subsidiary to the main object. The biography has come to be an encyclopædia. If the subject of it happened to be born on a farm, we are let into much learning upon rotation of crops, sub-soils, and all the other marvellous mysteries of the art and science agricultural. A single battle in which he may have been engaged is fatal to all readers who are not learned in strategy, and not prepared by previous study to enjoy criticisms on Cæsar and Napoleon. Biographies of politicians, especially, are favorite pegs on which to hang dissertations on geography, diplomacy, statistics, and all that pertains to the origin and operations of government, the rights of man, or the course of nature.

Sometimes we are warned by the ominous title which announces the "Life and Times" of an individual, and the knowing ones prepare themselves accordingly. Of course, the history of the "Times" may not only include an account of all that was seen, done, or suffered by the men and women and Miss Martineaus of the day, but may legitimately be preceded by indefinitely protracted narratives of prior events, which give significance to, or explanation of, the thoughts, words, and deeds of the thousand heroes with whom our business more particularly lies, and be followed by a summary of subsequent events which shall gratify the excited curiosity of the reader. The "Life and Times of Old Parr" would furnish a complete history of the world from

the creation to the present day. The Flood would be a mere circumstance in the great chain of events which went to the formation of his character, or had some influence, in some way, upon some person or some thing referred to in the terrible book.

Autobiographies are especially dangerous matters. They are generally written in advanced life, when senility conspires with egotism to magnify trifles, — when a man is quite apt to differ with the public in his estimate of himself, as he is and was, — when small events become dignified, and great events are belittled, as they may have borne upon his fortunes, — when the faculty of nice discrimination is, in a good degree, lost, — and when the temptation to discursiveness, garrulity, and all manner of gossipry has become irresistible.

No period of English history is more interesting or important than the forty years between the commencement of the American war and the battle of Waterloo. There have been times when there was much more of court intrigue, and of personal and unworthy jealousies and rivalries, among her distinguished men, — times, too, when the elements of domestic strife and revolution were more rife, and when the stability of the *form* of government was more seriously endangered ; but none when the struggle was so severe to maintain power, or so decisive in establishing England's true *status* among the nations. The combination of Europe against her, during the latter years of our Revolution, rendered it doubtful whether she would not sink to the station of a second-rate power ; and the wars growing out of the French Revolution appear now, as they seemed then, to be struggles for national existence.

Such are the times which produce great men, and England had her full share of them. The second crop of such seasons is an abundance of biographies, and England has formed no exception to that rule. In stirring times, when startling events follow each other in rapid succession, every man feels his individual importance increased, without being aware that he is rising with the tide and not above it ; and very lamentable mistakes are, consequently, made in regard to the relative standing of men. The cock that enacts the crowing looks upon himself as contributing as largely to the great movement of the tragedy as the man who does Hamlet.

George III. is the prominent figure in all the accounts

of those days, not merely as the king, but as a monarch who, in an unusual degree, stamped his peculiarities upon the last thirty years of his *sane* life. His great peculiarity was his obstinacy, and most amusing it is to see how this trait in his character gave a tone to almost all the sayings and doings of the great men of the day, — how it was yielded to by the good-nature of North, how it was bullied by Fox, how it was scorned and circumvented by Pitt, how it was fed by the simplicity of Addington, and pampered by the congenial stubbornness of Eldon. The king's biography is one great ingredient in all the personal histories of the time.

We are inclined to think that the younger Pitt has suffered more than any of his contemporaries by the universal outpouring of private anecdotes and personal experiences to which we have alluded. The stately pen of history, dealing merely with his vast intellectual power and the events of his protracted administrations, — so protracted, that, when he resigned in 1801, leaving a great part of his friends in office, Sheridan said he had sat so long, that, when he rose, he left, like Hercules, the sitting part of the man behind him, — this pen of history would have sent him down to posterity as entitled to universal admiration. But when the search is carried farther, it seems to us that that calmness which gave him power in public was a coldness which was most forbidding in private life; that he was not only imperious as a politician, and contemptuous as a subject, but haughty and exacting as a friend; that he was self-seeking, somewhat unscrupulous in his selection of means, with all his father's proud self-reliance, without Chatham's occasional bursts of generous feeling; that he was a noble temple of ice, solid, brilliant, but never thawing into self-forgetfulness, and never warming the hosts of worshippers, which, in common with all noble temples, he gathered around him.

It is curious to trace, by the aid of several recent books of memoirs and biographies, his course on the occasion before referred to, in 1801. He found himself at war with France, and the nation wishing, and almost clamoring, for peace. He found himself unable to conclude a peace upon terms which would be consistent with his own honor, or, as he thought, compatible with the interest of England. He knew that peace upon any other terms would soon become unpopular; that

those who made it would, of course, share in that unpopularity ; that the war-spirit would revive, and affection for the war-minister would revive with it ; and his object was to retire from the government until some weaker man should achieve the peace and the unpopularity, and thus, with unsuspecting hands, smooth the path for his return to power. Accordingly, his conscience suddenly smote him ; the wrongs of the Catholics haunted him ; he could no longer tolerate intolerance ; he must forego the sweets of power, rather than participate in its abuse. The poor king was suddenly startled and affrighted with a statement of these intensified scruples. He had pet scruples of his own, as the minister well knew. Resignation followed ; “ Doctor ” Addington, the amiable and innocent sharer of the royal scruples, stood ready to relieve his master and manage the nation ; — he believed in Pitt’s promises of help, was cheated by him, made the peace of Amiens, was hissed and lampooned out of office by Pitt’s friends, and the great man returned to his ministry, and troubled himself no more about the Catholics to his dying day.

This *hot-chestnut* operation, we learn, as we have said, from recent memoirs ; and this, with other similar lights thrown upon men’s characters and the springs of their actions, reconciles us to this species of literature, and rebukes us for the half-complaining tone in which we have spoken of it.

But it is quite time to say something of the book before us. Sir John Barrow’s name has been so long and so familiarly associated with the English Admiralty, he had, for so many years, filled a station which seemed to afford him peculiar opportunities for collecting valuable anecdotes concerning great men and great events, that the title of the book is one of much promise, and we opened it with very confident expectations of much amusement, and some proper hopes of much instruction. But, to save our character for honesty, we are fain to confess our disappointment. We find one quarter of the book filled with notes upon Lord Macartney’s embassy to China ; another quarter taken up with some account of Southern Africa ; and we have the peculiar satisfaction of discovering, that thus far, we have nothing except what was deemed unworthy of publication in the author’s former elaborate volumes upon these subjects. We are next entertained with some reflections on the Kaffir war, in 1846, with which Sir John had nothing more to do than had President Polk. We then

begin upon the Admiralty, and it is hard to conceive of a greater dearth of valuable information, or instructive or amusing anecdote, or even of naughty gossip, than we are here called upon to encounter. It is the story of a mere drudge in office, — arranging old papers, preserving ancient records, and now and then amusing himself by seeing ships, as he says, “undergo the operation of launching.”

The autobiographer begins, according to approved usage, with an account of his birth, parentage, and education. He says that he was the only son of Roger and Mary Barrow, and that “in the extreme northern part of North Lancashire is the market-town of Ulverstone, and not far from it the obscure village of Dragleybeck, in which a small cottage gave him birth,” — thereby, doubtless, saving the said Mary much trouble. The first forty years of his life were spent in “rambling, angling, sea-voyages, and pedestrian exercises in foreign countries”; and the next forty mostly “in such sedentary exercise of the mind as is required of a Secretary of the Admiralty.” But during this latter period, he has produced “six quarto volumes, four octavos, three or four smaller books, about a dozen articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and close upon two hundred articles in the *Quarterly Review*.” “And these,” he says, “are the kind of mental exercises that have tended to keep up a flow of health and of animal spirits.” Heaven bless him!

After this general account of the book, many extracts from it will not be expected. It is written in a rambling, slipshod style, and at a time when “health and animal spirits” had apparently outlasted the power of much “sedentary exercise of the mind.” It abounds in mistakes in regard to matters about which one would have supposed the author to be particularly well informed. He speaks, for instance, of the “Right Hon. *Hiley* Addington having become Prime Minister” (page 235); thus cheating the Doctor out of his Christian name, which we have always understood to be Henry. He says (page 338), that “the Duke of Wellington was appointed to take the situation of Premier, become vacant by the resignation of Mr. Canning.” Mr. Canning did not resign, but died in office; and the Duke did not become Premier until after the intervention of another administration. After these and similar blunders, our good friends of Nantucket will not be scandalized to learn that Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin

went to visit his relations and establish a school at "an island in the St. Lawrence."

We have several specimens of what may be called the *bounding style* of writing, — as, for instance : —

"With the above exception, the blessings of peace and prosperity were abundantly shed on the British empire. From the year 1816 to 1818, almost the whole progeny of the royal family and its branches were marrying and given in marriage, and among them his Royal Highness, the Duke of Clarence, was united to her Serene Highness Amelia Adelaide, daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. The Dukes of Kent, Cumberland, and Cambridge each took to himself a German princess. Death, however, was not sparing of its victims. In 1820, George III. died, in the eighty-second year of his age, having lost his queen, Charlotte, two years before. His successor, George IV., in the second year of his reign, visited Ireland, and in 1822 embarked at Greenwich for Scotland, and died in the year 1830, when King William IV. was proclaimed." — pp. 332, 333.

At page 271 we have another specimen of compressed narrative, rapid association, and tender pathos.

"The prosecution [of Melville] hastened, as generally believed, the death of Mr. Pitt, which happened on the 23d of January, 1806, in his forty-seventh year, being of the same age as the immortal Nelson, whose career was cut short on the 5th of October, in the preceding year, and whose remains were deposited in St. Paul's Church the 9th of January, 1806, just fourteen days before Mr. Pitt's death. Another great character, Charles James Fox, expired on the 13th of September, 1806, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. He should have died some fifteen months sooner."

Why poor Fox should have died before his time, or who is in fault for the gross neglect implied in his living so long, is not stated.

Sir John is shocked that Mr. Whitbread should have dared to attack Lord Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty, &c., and flouts at his origin thus : — "Mr. Whitbread, a wealthy plebeian brewer, who had aspired to become a Senator" (page 265) ; and quotes some lines of Mr. Canning, (the son of the actress) noting the same baseness of birth. If Thurlow and Eldon had joined in the sneer, the picture would have been complete.

All the author's Admiralty sensibilities are alive upon the

subject of the American naval victories in the war of 1812. He evidently thinks there was some unfairness about this matter on our part, that a *Yankee trick* was played off upon his countrymen, and is clearly of opinion that if our ships had been much smaller, and our men much fewer, the results would have been different. He thinks the hitherto unsuspecting innocence and ignorance of Great Britain will not again be lulled into a false sense of security upon this subject.

We have an account of a king's after-dinner speech, which, for its novelty, is worth noting. On one occasion, "a few naval officers and civilians," and among them Sir John, were commanded to attend divine service, and dine at the palace with the king (William).

"The queen, with a few ladies, joined the dinner party, and when the queen was about to retire, the king desired that the ladies would stay, as he had something to say on this occasion, that would bring to the recollection of the naval officers then present the battles that their predecessors and brother-officers had fought and won, — battles worthy of record, as proving that the naval history of this country had not been neglected or forgotten by succeeding generations.

"All being attentive, his Majesty began with noticing the first invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar, [save the mark !] — which he said must have proved to the natives the necessity of a naval force to prevent and repel foreign invasion. From that period he passed on rapidly to the landing of the Danes and Northern nations on our coasts, till he came down to more recent times, when the navy of Great Britain had become *great* and victorious, from the days of Elizabeth to William III., and thence to our own times ; and it was remarked by the officers present how correctly he gave the details of the great actions fought in the course of the last and present centuries. I believe, however, that the queen and the ladies were not displeased to be released."

How sensible women are !

There is something striking in the accounts we find, in all books of this description, of the alienation existing among the various members of the Royal family under the Guelph dynasty. It seems to have become a part of the English constitution, that the heir-apparent should be at war with him who, for the time being, enjoys the "grace of God," — and family quarrels appear to be much more frequent with them than among mortals of lower degree. We have an amusing

instance of paternal kindness and kingly condescension mentioned at page 341. The Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) was Lord High Admiral of England in 1827, and being about to make an official "visitation" of the dockyards in the Royal Sovereign yacht, asked the king — that loving brother, faithful husband, and "first gentleman in Europe" — to lend him plate ; "which he refused."

The most remarkable thing about this book is, that it almost entirely overlooks the true claim which Barrow has to be remembered and respected. There is no doubt that he was a man of considerable scientific attainment, (so much so, that, upon that ground, he was made a Doctor of Laws and created a Baronet,) and that he perseveringly and effectually brought it to bear upon those Arctic voyages which have yielded so much honor to those who projected and encouraged, as well as to those who accomplished them. Barrow's long connection with the Admiralty gave him, necessarily, great influence there ; his love of adventure turned a facile ear to all new projects of discovery ; his love of science gave his views and suggestions great value ; and a large share of the honor flowing from the discoveries made undoubtedly belongs to him.

In a letter written to him by Mr. Murdock, it is said : —

"During forty years, that you were a Secretary of the Admiralty, you were the constant and the successful advocate of those voyages of discovery which have enlarged the bounds of science, and done so much honor to the British navy and nation. The enduring fortitude and untiring enterprise with which Parry and Ross, and Franklin and Back, braved the rigors of a polar winter and the perils of a frozen sea, will render their names for ever famous in the annals of navigation, and the name of Barrow will be associated with them by posterity."

We do not doubt the truth of this, and cannot but think that Sir John might have given us a much more interesting volume, if he had not missed the true point of interest in his life. As it is, in the discharge of our duty, we call upon our readers to respect him and avoid his book. It is a poor account of a good man, an ill-written story of a practised writer, and a valueless and uninteresting "Life" of one whose life has been both valuable and instructive.

- ART. VI. — 1. *Paracelsus, a Poem*. By ROBERT BROWNING. London: Effingham Wilson. 1835. pp. 216.
 2. *Sordello, a Poem*. By ROBERT BROWNING. London: Edward Moxon. 1840. pp. 253.
 3. *Bells and Pomegranates*. By ROBERT BROWNING. London: Edward Moxon. 1841–46.

“HERE we found an old man in a cavern, so extremely aged as it was wonderful, which could neither see nor go because he was so lame and crooked. The Father, Friar Raimund, said it were good (seeing he was so aged) to make him a Christian; so we christened him.” The recollection of this pious action doubtless smoothed the pillow of the worthy Captain Francesco de Ulloa under his dying head; and we mention it here, not because of the credit it confers on the memory of that enterprising and Catholic voyager, but because it reminds us of the manner in which the world treats its poets. Each generation makes a kind of death-bed reparation toward them, and remembers them, so to speak, in its will. It wreathes its superfluous laurel commonly round the trembling temples of age, or lays it ceremoniously on the coffin of him who has passed quite beyond the sphere of its verdict. It deifies those whom it can find no better use for, as a parcel of savages agree that some fragment of wreck, too crooked to be wrought into war-clubs, will make a nice ugly god to worship.

Formerly, a man who wished to withdraw himself from the notice of the world, retired into a convent. The simpler modern method is, to publish a volume of poems. The surest way of making one's self thoroughly forgotten and neglected is to strive to leave the world better than we find it. Respectable ghosts find it necessary to cut Shelley till the ban of atheism be taken off, though his son is a baronet, — a circumstance, one would think, which ought to have some weight in the land of shadows. Even the religious Byron is forced to be a little shy of him. Mr. Gifford, the *ci-devant* shoemaker, still sends a shudder through the better classes in Elysium, by whispering that Keats was a stable-boy and the friend of Hunt. Milton, to be sure, was seen shaking hands with him on his arrival; but every body knows what *he* was. Burns sings rather questionable songs in a corner, with a

parcel of Scotchmen who smell of brimstone. Coleridge preaches, with Lamb for a congregation.

Ever the same old story. The poor poet is put off with a draft upon Posterity, but it is made payable to the order of Death, and must be indorsed by him to be negotiable. And, after all, who is this respectable fictitious paymaster? Posterity is, to the full, as great a fool as we are. His ears differ not from ours in length by so much as a hair's breadth. He, as well as we, sifts carefully in order to preserve the chaff and bran. He is as much given to paying his debts in shinplasters as we. But, even were Posterity an altogether solvent and trustworthy personage, it would be no less a piece of cowardice and dishonesty in us to shift our proper responsibilities upon his shoulders. If he pay any debts of ours, it is because he defrauds his own contemporary creditors. We have no right thus to speculate prospectively, and to indulge ourselves in a posthumous insolvency. In point of fact, Posterity is no better than a Mrs. Harris. Why, we ourselves have once enjoyed this antenatal grandeur. We were Posterity to that Sarah Gamp, the last generation. We laugh in our sleeves, as we think of it. That we should have been appealed to by so many patriots, philosophers, poets, projectors, and what not, as a convenient embodiment of the eternal justice, and yet be nothing more than the Smiths and Browns over again, with all our little *cliques*, and prejudices, and stupid admirations of ourselves!

We do not, therefore, feel especially flattered, when it is said, that America is a posterity to the living English author. Let us rather wish to deserve the name of a contemporary public unbiased by personal and local considerations. In this way, our geographical position may tend to produce among us a class of competent critics, who, by practice in looking at foreign works from a point of pure art, may in time be able to deal exact justice to native productions.

Unfortunately, before we can have good criticism, it is necessary that we should have good critics; and this consummation seems only the farther off now that the business has grown into a profession and means of subsistence. Doubtless, the critic sets out with an ideal before him. His forereaching spirit shapes to itself designs of noble and gigantic proportions. Very early in life, he even conceives of reading the books he reviews. Soon, however, like other

mortals, he comes to consider that merely to get along is a current substitute for success. He finds that in this, as in other professions, the adroitness lies in making the least information go the greatest way. The system is, perhaps, to be blamed rather than we unfortunates who are the victims of it. Poor Zoilus must have his chronic illuminations. He must be statistical, brilliant, profound, withering, scorching, searching, and slashing, once a quarter, or once a month, according to the demands of that insatiable demon of the press to whom he has sold himself. The public have paid for their seats, and, when the curtain rises, he must fulfil the promise of the bills. He must dance, if it be to no better orchestra than Saint Vitus's fiddle. There is no such thing as returning the money at the door. If Zoilus encounter a book which happens to be beyond his comprehension, — are we going too far, or shall we make a clean breast, and acknowledge that this is no unheard-of contingency? — and find it impossible to say what is in it, he must get over the difficulty by telling all his readers what is *out* of it, and by assuring them, with a compassionate regret, that they will not find this or that there. Whether they ought to be there or not is entirely out of the question. The intention of a book is just the last thing to be considered. It were a kind of impiety to suspect any marks of design in it.

The critic is debarred by his position from that common sanctuary of humanity, the confession of ignorance. Were Hamlet to be published anonymously to-morrow, he must tell the public their opinion of it. He may fly for refuge to the Unities. Or he may study the ancient oracles, and ensconce himself in a windier than Delphic ambiguity. Or he may confess to having only *run over* its pages, — a happy phrase, since there is scarce any truly living book which does not bear the print of that hoof which Pindar would have Olympi-cized into the spurner of dying lions. Moreover, it is considered necessary that every critical journal should have a character, — namely, for one-sidedness, though there is scarce a review that has existed for a dozen years which might not lay claim to as many sides as Goethe, if it were allowed to reckon the number of times it had shifted them. All reviews may be distinguished as Conservative or Liberal, and may be classed together as Illiberal. Ornithologically they might be described as, — ORDO, *Accipitres*; GENUS, *Strix*;

SUBGENUS, *Illiberal*; SPECIES, *Conservative* or *Liberal*; food, chiefly authors. One class is under contract to admire every author entirely without brains, — the other, to perform the same ceremony for him who has just enough to allow of a crack in them. They perform alternately the functions of Lucina and Charon. Sometimes it oddly enough chances that they undertake their duties simultaneously, and one is ushering an author into the world with prophecies of long life and prosperity, while the other is as gravely ferrying him out of it. If one stand godfather to a book, the other forthwith enters as coroner with a verdict of "found dead." Not unfrequently each unites in himself the two characters, and assists at the christening of some poor lump that never had life in it at all. In this way, every author has the inestimable privilege accorded him of sitting on two stools. If he have much of a soul in him, he kicks them both over; if not, he subsides quietly between them and disappears for ever.

The necessary consequence of this state of things is, that no book is measured by any standard of art. It is commended precisely in proportion as it has vibrated more or less widely on this or that side of the calm centre of rest into the misty region of partisanship. Or, yet worse, it is not the book, but the author, that is reviewed. This simplifies the matter still more. We borrow a man's book merely to knock him over the scone with, and in nine cases out of ten it is heavy enough to do the business effectually. It were a great blessing, could the present system be exactly reversed. The critic should write under his own name, while the book to be reviewed should be given him with that of the author carefully erased from the title-page. This lion's hide of anonymity, what does it not cover! Wrapped in that, how safely does the small critic literally bray some helpless giant to death in his critical mortar! It would be well for all of us, if we could be more thoughtful of our responsibilities, if we would remember that for us also that inexorable *janua Ditis*, the pastry-cook's shop, stands always open, that in the midst of literary life we are in the hands of the trunk-maker.

The mistake which lies at the bottom of all this confusion has been the supposition, that there is no absolute standard of excellence to which a book may be referred. It has been taken for granted, that the critic, as well as the poet,

is born. And, indeed, though man is said to be the only animal which comes into the world entirely helpless, it would seem that an exception might be made in favor of the critic. He is often fully as competent to his task on the day of his birth, as at any other period during his life ; we might even say fitter. For, let him but make any dithyrambic pen-scratches upon a piece of paper, and the Society of Northern Antiquaries would discover therein a copy of some Runic inscription ; whereas even that enthusiastic body of scholars might fail to detect any latent meaning in the seemingly clearer productions of his maturer years. If the writing of books belong to one sphere of art, the writing of reviews belongs to another and more ingenious one. The two accomplishments make a happy antithesis. If the author endeavour to show how much he knows, the critic, on the contrary, seems striving to prove how much he can be ignorant of. The comprehension of our own ignorance is the latest and most difficult acquisition of experience. Is the critic to be blamed, that he starts in life without it ? There are some things which he understands, and some which he does not. The defect of his mind is, that he cannot distinguish with enough precision between these two classes of ideas.

We wish it to be distinctly understood, that we are speaking of criticism upon works of art alone. With mere rhymers the critic ought to have nothing to do. Time will satirize and silence them effectually enough. For it is only in regard to judgment upon works of art that inspiration is conceded to the critic. For this only, no natural aptness, no previous study, is deemed necessary. Here reigns an unmixed democracy. One man's want of taste is just as good as another's, and it is the inalienable birthright of both. To pass sentence on a President's Message, or a Secretary's Report, one needs to be up with the front of the time in his statistics and his political history. A half-hour's reading in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* will furnish him with phrases enough to lay Wordsworth on the shelf for ever.

We have not alluded yet to the greatest stumbling-block in the way of the critic. His position is not so much that of a teacher as of a representative. He is not expected to instruct, but rather to reflect, his constituency. He may be prejudiced or ignorant himself, as it happens, but he must be the exponent of their united ignorance and prejudice. What

they expect to be furnished with is their own opinion, not his. For, in a matter of æsthetics, it is pretty generally conceded, that instinct is a greater matter than any amount of cultivation. Then, too, the larger proportion of the critic's constituents are a mob who consider their education as completed, and there is no ignorance so impenetrable or so dangerous as a half-learning satisfied with itself. For education, as we commonly practise it, amounts simply to the rooting out of God's predilections and the planting of our own in their stead. Every indigenous germ is carefully weeded away, and the soil exhausted in producing a scanty alien crop. The safe instincts of nature are displaced by conventional sciolisms.

Accordingly, whenever Phœbus summons a new ministry, the critic finds himself necessarily in opposition. The only intrinsic evidence which any thing can bring with it, that it is fresh from the great creative heart of nature, is its entire newness. Nature never made any thing old. Yet are wrinkles the only stamp of genuineness which the critic feels safe in depending upon. He is delighted if he find something like Pope or Goldsmith, and triumphantly takes to task the unfortunate poet who is unclassical enough to be simply like himself. Original minds are never wedge-shaped. They thrust themselves with a crushing bluntness against the prejudices of a dogmatic public. Only the humorist can steal a march upon the world. His weapon has the edge of Mimer's sword, and many an ancient fallacy finds the head loose upon its shoulders in attempting to shake a smiling denial of the decollation.

It has been a fortunate circumstance for German literature, that those who first gave a tone to the criticism of poetry were themselves poets. They best could interpret the laws of art who were themselves concerned in the making of them. In England, on the other hand, those who should have been simple codifiers usurped a legislative function, and poetry has hardly yet recovered from the injury done it by such men as Gifford and Jeffrey. Poetry was measured by a conventional, not an absolute, standard, — the ocean sounded with a ten-foot pole! Uniformity supplanted unity, polish was allowed to pass muster for strength, and smoothness was an adequate substitute for depth. Nothing was esteemed very good, save what was a repetition of something originally not the best. The one drop of original meaning must go through

endless homœopathic dilutions. That only was poetry which the critics could have written themselves. A genius was one whose habits shocked the prejudices of his less gifted fellow-citizens, and whose writings never did, — who was unlike every body else in his life, and exactly like every body else in his works. The annotation of some incautious commentator has dethroned the soul of Sir John Cheke from its mysterious excarnation in Milton's sonnet. But there is a sound in the name suggestive of such gentlest commonplace, that we can almost fancy its office to have been to transmigrate through many generations of these geniuses. We even think we could point out the exact locality of its present dwelling-place.

The system which erected ordinary minds into the judges and arbiters of extraordinary ones is quite too flattering to be easily overthrown. The deduction of a set of rules, and those founded wholly in externals, from the writings of the poets of any particular age, for the government of all their successors, was a scheme worthy of Chinese exactitude in sameness. Unfortunately, too, the rules, such as they are, were made up from very narrow and limited originals. A smooth fidelity to the artificial, and not truth to nature, was established as the test of true poetry. So strict was the application, that even Doctor Darwin, who, but for this, might have been as great a poet as Hayley, was found guilty of an occasional extravagance. That the criticisms on poetry which were written in the English tongue thirty or forty years ago were serious would seem incredible, could we not confute our doubts by reference to living specimens. Criticism is no more in earnest now than then. One phase of half-learning has only taken the place of another. It still busies itself about words and phrases, syllables, feet, and accents, still forgets that it is the soul only which is and keeps alive. Now, though we have been compelled to enlarge the circle of our poetical sympathies, whether we would or not, and to admit as even great poets writers who were originally received with a universal hoot of critical derision, the same narrow principle governs us still. We continue to condemn one poet by the merits of another, instead of commending him for his own, and, after vainly resisting the claims of Wordsworth and Coleridge, we endeavour to quash all new ones by a comparison with them. All that we would suggest to our brother critics is, that they should be willing to be

delighted, and that they should get rid of the idea that it is a weakness to be pleased. Let us consider if we have not esteemed it necessary to impress upon the poets a certain superiority of nature, lest they might combine to dethrone us. Have we not put ourselves somewhat in the condition of that Spanish commander who, having assured the savages that he was a child of the sun, was thenceforward constrained to express a contempt for whatever gold he saw, though that was the very thing he had come in search of?

In the matter of versification, we have been especially incautious. Here, at least, was a purely mechanical process, where the ground was firm beneath our feet. Hath not a critic ears? Hath he not fingers on which he can number as high as ten, recounting the two thumbs for an Alexandrine? Do we not see in this a complete natural outfit, demanding only the coexistence of a mathematical proficiency to the extent we have hinted? There are critics yet living — we shudder to say it, but remember that Mormonism were incredible, had we not ourselves seen it — who sincerely believe that poets construct their verses by such digital enumeration. We might account on this principle (since it would be absurd to suppose them intentional) for the occasional roughnesses in Shakspeare. Perhaps he lost a finger in one of those poaching expeditions of his, and the bitterness with which he must have felt his loss, after he had taken up his final profession, will furnish the commentators with additional proof that all his stupid justices were intended as gibes at Sir Thomas Lucy. At the same time, the bountiful foresight of Providence in regard to our own ears might lead us to suspect the presence of such useful ornaments in the poet also.

If Sir Thomas Browne had suggested remorse for having attempted to define the limits of poetry as a reason for Aristotle's drowning himself in the Euripus, there had been at least some smack of poetical justice in the suicide. There never has been a great work of art which did not in some particular transcend old rules and establish new ones of its own. Newness, boldness, self-sustained strength, these are the characteristics of such works as the world will sooner or later take to its heart. Yet have we critics deemed it possible to establish a formula, by which, given pen, ink, paper, and subject, a wholly unknown quantity (and quality) of immortality

might be obtained. We would confine genius to what we can understand of the processes by which some other and perhaps inferior mind produced its results. We would, in fact, establish the measure of our own intellects as the measure of truth and beauty. For the law of elective affinities governs in the region of soul as well as in chemistry, and we absorb and assimilate just so much of an author as we are naturally capable of, and no effort will enable us to take up a particle more. The rest of him does not exist for us, and yet may have a very definite existence notwithstanding. The critic, who tries every thing by his own peculiar idiosyncrasy, looks for and finds nothing but himself in the author he reviews ; and the consequence is, that what he considers criticisms are nothing more than unconscious confessions of his own mental deficiencies. Instead of exchanging gifts with the poet, he finds himself in a state of war with him, and so, shutting up his mind like the temple of Janus, cuts off from the god within his view before and after, and limits him to such contemplation of his own walls as the darkness will allow.

We have been speaking of criticisms upon what truly deserve the name of works of art, and we consider art not as a quality innate in the-soul of genius, but as a law transcending and governing that. It is in the faculty of obedience that genius is superior. Study and effort produce the adroit artificer, not the artist. Talent is capable of perceiving particular applications of this law, but it is only genius which can comprehend it as a harmonious whole. We do not mean to say that successful artifice does not give pleasure to the mind ; but it is pleasure of an inferior kind, whose root analysis would discover no deeper than in the emotion of surprise. Construction includes the whole of talent, but is included in genius. It is commonly the last faculty of genius which becomes conscious and active. For genius apparently becomes first aware of a heavenly energy and power of production, and is for a time satisfied with the activity of simple development. We are struck with this fact in the earlier poems of Shakespeare. We find in them only a profuse life, a robust vivacity of all the senses and faculties, without definite direction. Yet very shortly afterward we hear him

“ Desiring this man’s art and that man’s scope.”

Genius feels a necessity of production, — talent, a desire to pro-

duce an effect. The stimulus in the one case is from within, and in the other from without.

Are we to suppose that the genius for poetry is entirely exhausted? Or would it not rather be wiser to admit as a possibility that the poems we are criticizing may be new and great, and to bestow on them a part at least of that study which we dare not refuse to such as have received the warrant of time? The writings of those poets who are established beyond question as great are constantly inculcating upon us lessons of humility and distrust of self. New depths and intricacies of meaning are for ever unfolding themselves. We learn by degrees that we had at first comprehended, as it were, only their astral spirit. Slowly, and, as it might seem, almost reluctantly, their more ethereal and diviner soul lets itself become visible to us, consents to be our interpreter and companion. The passage which one mood of our mind found dark and shadowy, another beholds winding as between the pillars of the Beautiful Gate. We discover beauties in exact proportion as we have faith that we shall. And the old poets have this advantage, that we bring to the reading of them a religious and trustful spirit. The realm of Shakspeare, peopled with royal and heroic shades, the sublime solitudes of Milton, bid us take the shoes from off our feet. Flippancy is abashed there, and conceit startles at the sound of its own voice; for the making of true poetry is almost equally divided between the poet and the reader. To the consideration of universally acknowledged masterpieces we are willing to contribute our own share, and to give earnest study and honest endeavour. Full of meaning was that ancient belief, that the spirits of wood, and water, and rock, and mountain would grant only an enforced communion. The compulsion they awaited was that of a pure mind and a willing spirit.

The critic, then, should never compress the book he comments on within the impoverishing limits of a mood. He should endeavour rather to estimate an author by what he is than by what he is not. He should test the parts of a poem, not by his own preconceptions, but by the motive and aim of the whole. He should try whether, by any possibility, he can perceive a unity in it toward which the several parts centre. He should remember that very many excellent and enlightened men, in other respects good citizens, have esteemed poetry to be, not only an art, but the highest of all arts, round which the

rest of what we call the fine arts revolve, receiving light and warmth. He should consider that only they whose understandings are superior to and include that of the artist can criticize his work by intuition. He should feel that his duty is to follow his author, and not to guide him. Above all, he should consider that the effort which the poor author has made to please the world was very likely not intended as a personal insult to be indignantly resented, but should make an attempt to read the book he is about to pronounce judgment upon, and that, too, with a civil attention.

The difference between a true poet and a mere rhymer is not one of degree, but of kind. It is as great as that between the inventor and the mechanic. The latter can make all the several parts of the machine, and adapt them to each other with a polished nicety. The idea once given, he can always reproduce the complete engine. The product of his labor is the highest finish of which brass and steel are capable, but it remains a dead body of metal still. The inventor alone can furnish these strong, weariless limbs with a soul. In his creative intellect resides the spirit of life which shall inspire this earthborn Titan, which shall set him at work in the forge and the mill, and compel him to toil side by side in friendly concert with the forces of nature. There, in the dark, patiently delves the hundred-handed Pyrophagus, and it is this primal breath of the master's spirit which for ever gives motion and intelligence to that iron brain and those nerves of steel.

The first thing that we have to demand of a poet is, that his verses be really alive. Life we look for first, and growth as its necessary consequence and indicator. And it must be an original, not a parasitic life, — a life capable of reproduction. There will be barnacles which glue themselves fast to every intellectual movement of the world, and seem to possess in themselves that power of motion which they truly diminish in that which sustains them and bears them along. But there are also unseen winds which fill the sails, and stars by which the courses are set. The oak, which lies in the good ship's side an inert mass, still lives in the green progeny of its chance-dropped acorns. The same gale which bends the creaking mast of pine sings through the tossing hair of its thousand sons in the far inland. The tree of the mechanic bears only wooden acorns.

Is Robert Browning, then, a poet? Our knowledge of

him can date back seven years, and an immortality which has withstood the manifold changes of so long a period can be, as immortalities go, no mushroom. How many wooden gods have we seen during that period transformed into chopping-blocks, or kindled into unwilling and sputtering sacrificial fires upon the altars of other deities as ligneous as themselves ! We got our first knowledge of him from two verses of his which we saw quoted in a newspaper, and from that moment took him for granted as a new poet. Since then we have watched him with a constantly deepening interest. Much that seemed obscure and formless in his earlier productions has been interpreted by his later ones. Taken by itself, it might remain obscure and formless still, but it becomes clear and assumes definite shape when considered as only a part of a yet unfinished whole. We perceive running through and knitting together all his poems the homogeneous spirit, gradually becoming assured of itself, of an original mind. We know not what higher praise to bestow on him than to say that his latest poems are his best.

His earlier poems we shall rather choose to consider as parts and illustrations of his poetic life than as poems. We find here the consciousness of wings, the heaven grasped and measured by the aspiring eye, but no sustained flight as yet. These are the poet's justifications of himself to himself, while he was brooding over greater designs. They are the rounds of the ladder by which he has climbed, and more interesting for the direction they indicate than from any intrinsic worth. We would not be considered as undervaluing them. Had he written nothing else, we should allow them as heights attained, and not as mere indications of upward progress. We shall hope presently to show by some extracts, that they are not simply limbs, but are endowed with a genuine and vigorous individual life. But Mr. Browning can afford to do without them. And if he has not yet fully expressed himself, if we can as yet see only the lower half of the statue, we can in some measure foretell the whole. We can partly judge whether there is likely to be in it the simplicity and comprehensiveness, the poise, which indicates the true artist. At least, we will not judge it by its base, however the sculptor's fancy may have wreathed it with graceful or grotesque arabesques, to render it the worthy footstool of his crowning work. Above all, let us divest ourselves of the petty influences of

contemporaneousness, and look at it as if it were just unburied from the embalming lava of Pompeii. Is the eye of the critic so constituted, that it can see only when turned backward?

Mr. Browning's first published poem was *Paracelsus*. This was followed by *Strafford*, a Tragedy, of which we know only that it was "acted at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden." We do not need it in order to get a distinct view of his steady poetical growth. Next comes *Sordello*, a Poem; and the list is completed by *Bells and Pomegranates*, a series of lyrical and dramatic poems published at intervals during the last six years. Were we to estimate *Paracelsus* and *Sordello* separately and externally as individual poems, without taking into consideration their antecedent or consequent internal relations, we should hardly do justice to the author. Viewed by itself, *Sordello* would incline us to think that Mr. Browning had lost in simplicity, clearness, and directness of aim, in compactness and decision of form, and in unity of effect. We may as well say bluntly, that it is totally incomprehensible as a connected whole. It reminds one of Coleridge's epigram on his own *Ancient Mariner*:—

"Your poem must eternal be,
Dear Sir, it cannot fail;
For 't is incomprehensible,
And without head or tail."

It presents itself to us, at first view, as a mere nebulousity, triumphantly defying the eye to concentrate itself on any one point. But if we consider it intently, as possibly having some definite relation to the author's poetic life, we begin to perceive a luminous heart in the midst of the misty whirl, and, indeed, as a natural consequence of it. By dint of patient watchfulness through such telescope as we possess, we have even thought that it might not be wholly incapable of resolution as a system by itself. It is crowded full of images, many of them truly grand. Here and there it opens cloudily, and reveals glimpses of profound thought and conception of character. The sketch of *Taurello*, the Italian captain of the Middle Ages, drawn rapidly, as with a bit of charcoal on a rough wall, is masterly. Perhaps we should define what is in itself indefinable as well as may be, if we say that we find in *Sordello* the materials of a drama, pro-

fuse, but as yet in formless solution, not crystallized firmly round the thread of any precise plot, but capable of it. We will say that it was a fine poem before the author wrote it. In reading it, we have seemed to ourselves to be rambling along some wooded ridge in the tropics. Here gigantic vines clamber at random, hanging strange trees with clusters that seem dipped in and dripping with the sluggish sunshine. Here we break our way through a matted jungle, where, nevertheless, we stumble over giant cactuses in bloom, lolling delighted in the sultry air. Now and then a gap gives us a glimpse of some ravishing distance, with a purple mountain-peak or two, and all the while clouds float over our heads, gorgeous and lurid, which we may consider as whales or camels, just as our Polonian fancy chooses.

A book is often termed obscure and unintelligible by a kind of mental *hypallage*, which exchanges the cases of the critic and the thing criticized. But we honestly believe that *Sordello* is enveloped in mists, of whose begetting we are quite guiltless. It may have a meaning, but, as the logicians say, *a posse ad esse non valet argumentum*. Or the meaning may be in the same category with those flitting islands of the Canary group, which vanished as soon as seen, and of which stout Sir John Hawkins says mournfully, that "it should seem he was not yet born to whom God hath appointed the finding of them." Obscurity is a luxury in which no young author has a right to indulge himself. We allow writers of established reputations to tax our brains to a limited extent, because we expect to find something, and feel a little natural delicacy about confessing that we come back from the search without a mare's egg or so, at the very least. Then, too, there are some writers whose obscurity seems to be their chief merit. Of these, some of the Persian religious poets, and, above all, the "later Platonists," may serve as examples. These have a title by prescription to every imaginable form of obfuscation. When we hear that any one has retired into obscurity, we can fancy him plunging into the speculations of these useful men. Before we had seen the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, we took it for granted as a collection of their correspondence, though we found it hard to conceive of any contemporary class of persons who corresponded with them in the smallest particular.

We do not by any means join in the vulgar demand, that

authors should write down to the average understanding ; because we have faith that this understanding is becoming equal to higher and higher tasks from year to year. Nor should we be thankful for that simplicity which many inculcate, and by which they mean that an author should be as artificial and as flat as he can. The simplicity of one age can never be that of the next. That which was natural to Homer would be a mechanical contrivance now. Our age is eminently introspective. It is continually asking itself (with no very satisfactory result), Whence ? and Whither ? and though seven cities quarrelled over one limb of this problem after Homer's death, it is hardly probable that he ever asked himself the question, whence he came, or whither he was going, in the whole course of his life. Our poets do not sing to an audience who can neither read nor write. The persons who pay for their verses are not a half-dozen of petty kings, who would not (as the boys say) know B from a bull's foot, and the polish of whose courts would be pretty well paralleled in that of his present Gracious Majesty of Ashantee. The law of demand and supply rules everywhere, and we doubt not that Apollo composed bucolics in words of one syllable for the edification of his serene dunceship Admetus. His sheep (a less critical audience) may have heard grander music, of which Orpheus perhaps caught echoes among the hills. We cannot have back the simplicity of the song without the simplicity of the age to which it was addressed. Our friend Jinks, who is so clamorous for it, must wear raw bull's-hide, or that still less expensive undress of Sir Richard Blackmore's Pict. The reading public cannot have its cake and eat it too, still less can it have the cake which it ate two thousand years ago. Moreover, we are not Greeks, but Goths ; and the original blood is still so vivacious in our veins, that our rustic architects, though admitting, as a matter of pure æsthetics, that all modern meeting-houses should be exact Grecian temples or tombs (steeple and all), will yet contrive to smuggle a pointed window somewhere into the back of the building, or the belfry.

Having glanced confusedly at Sordello, as far as it concerns ourselves, let us try if we can discover that it has any more distinct relation to the author. And here we ought naturally to take it in connection with Paracelsus. From this point of view, a natural perspective seems to arrange itself,

and a harmony is established between the two otherwise discordant poems. Paracelsus, then, appears to us to represent, and to be the outlet of, that early life of the poet which is satisfied with aspiration simply ; Sordello, that immediately succeeding period when power has become conscious, but exerts itself for the mere pleasure it feels in the free play of its muscles, without any settled purpose. Presently we shall see that it has defined and concentrated itself, and set about the production of solid results. There is not less power ; it is only deeper, and does not dissipate itself over so large a surface. The range is not narrower, but choicer.

There are many fine passages in Paracelsus which we would fain copy here, many *obiter dicta* which we turn from reluctantly ; but as we think the author will be seen most fairly in his Bells and Pomegranates, we shall select our extracts chiefly from them. We copy the following passage from Paracelsus, not as being the best, but because it is entire in itself.

“ Over the sea our galleys went,
Cleaving prows in order brave,
With speeding wind and a bounding wave,—
A gallant armament :
Each bark built out of a forest-tree,
Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
And nailed all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with black-bull hides,
Seethed in fat and supplied in flame ;
So each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to outward view,
But each upbore a stately tent :
Cedar pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of dancing brine :
An awning drooped the mast below,
That neither noontide nor starshine,
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,
Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar ;
But when the night-wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together on the wide sea,
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore ;
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,

Each helm made sure by the twilight star,
And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the voyagers from afar,
Lay stretched, — each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent,
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,
And with light and perfume, music too :
At morn we started beside the mast,
And still each ship was sailing fast !
Now one morn land appeared ! — a speck
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky —
Not so the isles our voyage must find
Should meet our longing eye ;
But the heaving sea was black behind
Many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, was nigh ;
So we broke the cedar pales away,
And let the purple flap in the wind :
And a statue bright was on every deck !
We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbour thus,
With pomp and pæan glorious.

“ An hundred shapes of lucid stone !
All day we built its shrine for each —
A shrine of rock for every one —
Nor paused till in the westering sun
We sat together on the beach
To sing, because our task was done ;
When lo ! what shouts and merry songs !
What laughter all the distance stirs !
A loaded raft, and happy throngs
Of gentle islanders !
‘ Our isles are just at hand,’ they cried ;
‘ Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping,
Our temple-gates are opened wide,
Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping
For these majestic forms,’ they cried.
Then we awoke with sudden start
From our deep dream, and knew, too late,
How bare the rock, how desolate,
Which had received our precious freight :
Yet we called out, — ‘ Depart !
Our gifts, once given, must here abide :
Our work is done ; we have no heart
To mar our work,’ we cried.” — pp. 144–147.

This beautiful lyric is sung by Paracelsus, who calls it

“The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault, and withered in their pride.”

Let us now turn to the Bells and Pomegranates. And here we are met on the very threshold by the difficulty of selection. Not only are the lyrics singularly various in tone and character, but, in the dramas, that interdependence of the parts, which is one of their most striking and singular merits, makes any passage taken by itself do great injustice to the author. These dramas are not made up of a number of beauties, distinct and isolate as pearls, threaded upon the string of the plot. Each has a permeating life and spirit of its own. When we would break off any fragment, we cannot find one which would by itself approach completeness. It is like tearing away a limb from a living body. For these are works of art in the truest sense. They are not aggregations of dissonant beauties, like some modern sculptures, against which the Apollo might bring an action of trover for an arm, and the Antinoüs for a leg, but pure statues, in which every thing superfluous has been sternly chiselled away, and whose wonderful balance might seem tameness to the ordinary observer, who demands *strain* as an evidence of strength. They are not arguments on either side of any of the great questions which divide the world. The characters in them are not bundles of different characteristics, but their gradual development runs through the whole drama and makes the life of it. We do not learn what they are by what they say of themselves, or by what is said of them, so much as by what they do or leave undone. Nor does any drama seem to be written for the display of some one character which the author has conceived and makes a favorite of. No undue emphasis is laid upon any. Each fills his part, and each, in his higher or lower grade, his greater or less prominence, is equally necessary to the rest. Above all, his personages are not mere mouthpieces for the author's idiosyncrasies. We take leave of Mr. Browning at the end of *Sordello*, and, except in some shorter lyrics, see no more of him. His men and women *are* men and women, and not Mr. Browning masquerading in different-colored dominos. We implied as much when we said that he was an artist. For the artist-period begins precisely at the point where the pleasure of

expressing self ends, and the poet becomes sensible that his highest duty is to give voice to the myriad forms of nature, which, wanting him, were dumb. The term *art* includes many lower faculties of the poet ; but this appears to us its highest and most comprehensive definition. Hence Shakespeare, the truest of artists, is also nothing more than a voice. We seek in vain in his plays for any traces of his personal character or history. A man may be even a great poet without being an artist. Byron was, through all whose works we find no individual, self-subsistent characters. His heroes are always himself in so many different stage-costumes, and his *Don Juan* is his best poem, and approaches more nearly a work of art, by just so much as he has in that expressed *himself* most truly and untheatrically.

Regarding Mr. Browning's dramas in this light, and esteeming them as so excellent and peculiar, we shall not do him the injustice of picking out detached beauties, and holding them up as fair specimens of his power. For his wholeness is one great proof of this power. He may be surpassed by one contemporary in finish, by another in melody ; but we shall not try him by comparison. We are thankful to him for being what he is, for contriving to be himself and to keep so. Why, in ordinary society, is it not sometimes the solitary merit of Smith, and all that makes him endurable, that he is not exactly Brown ? We are quite willing to be grateful for whatever gifts it has pleased God to bestow on any musically-endowed spirit. The scale is composed of various notes, and cannot afford to do without any of them, or to have one substituted for another.

It is not so much for his expression of isolated thoughts as for his power of thinking, that we value Browning. Most readers prefer those authors in whom they find the faculty of observation, to those in whom power of thought is predominant, for the simple reason, that sensation is easier than reflection. By observation we mean that quality of mind which discriminates and sets forth particular ideas by and for themselves alone. Thought goes deeper, and employs itself in detecting and exemplifying the unity which embraces and underlies all ideas. A writer of the first class reaches the mass of readers because they can verify what he says by their own experience, and we cannot help thinking tolerably well of those who put us in mind of our own penetration.

He requires them only to feel. A writer of the other kind taxes the understanding, and demands in turn an exercise of thought on the part of his readers. Both of these faculties may, of course, differ in degree, may be more or less external, more or less profound, as it may happen. They co-exist in the same mind, overlapping one the other by a wider or more limited extent. The predominance of one or the other determines the tendency of the mind. Those are exceptional natures in which they balance each other as in Shakspeare. We may instance Browne and Montaigne as examples in one kind, Bacon as an illustration of the other.

It is because we find in Browning eminent qualities as a dramatist, that we assign him his place as a thinker. This dramatic faculty is a far rarer one than we are apt to imagine. It does not consist in a familiarity with stage effect, in the capacity for inventing and developing a harmonious and intricate plot, nor in an appreciation of passion as it reveals itself in outward word or action. It lies not in a knowledge of character, so much as in an imaginative conception of the springs of it. Neither each of these singly, nor all of them together, without that unitary faculty which fuses the whole and subjects them all to the motion of a single will, constitute a dramatist. Among the crowd of play-writers contemporary with Shakspeare, we can find poets enough, but can we name three who were dramatists in any other than a technical sense? In endeavouring to eliminate the pure dramatic faculty, by precipitating and removing one by one the grosser materials which it holds in solution, we have left the Greek drama entirely out of the question. The *motive* of the ancient tragedy differs from that of the modern in kind. Nor do we speak of this faculty as a higher or lower one, but simply as being distinct and rare.

If we cannot satisfy ourselves, then, by giving a variety of extracts from Mr. Browning's different dramas, since any fragment which we could pick out of the mosaic, so perfect and graceful as a whole, might be after all but a shapeless bit of colored pebble with the rough cement clinging all round its edge, let us endeavour to give our readers as complete a view of a single play as our limits will allow. And for this purpose we shall select *Luria*, the last published of his tragedies, and which, if not the best, is certainly one of the most striking in the clearness of its purpose, the energetic

rapidity of its movement, the harmony of its details, the natural attraction with which they all tend toward, and at last blend in, the consummation, and in the simplicity and concentration of its tragic element.

The plot is noble in its plainness. War exists between Florence and Pisa. Luria, a Moor, has superseded Puccio in the command of the Florentine forces. Gifted in the highest degree with the rapid intellect and fiery, explosive force of his race, and loving the turmoil of battle because it taxes these qualities of his nature to the utmost, he has brought the war to a point where one decisive blow, and that clearly within his own power to strike, will close it triumphantly for Florence. That republic, meanwhile, which is represented as making it a principle to use every great captain as a sword, to be broken as soon as her purpose should be attained, lest it be turned against herself, has her spies in the camp, who report from time to time every circumstance which may be twisted into a charge against Luria. His trial is, in fact, going on in Florence, and the sentence is ready to fall at the moment when, Pisa being subdued, he ceases to be useful, and may become dangerous. Braccio, who is placed in the camp as a spy upon Luria, is a man of pure intellect, with a compact, sinewy, perfectly trained mind, which he uses, as it were something apart from himself, for the delight which he feels in his own skill, and in making it act upon remote results. He cannot comprehend Luria, with whose intellect that element of mysticism, so common in the East, is interfused, and gives him a tendency to brood over and analyze his own sensations and enjoy ideal triumphs even more keenly than those which await mere external success. Artificial himself, and constantly on his guard against artifice in others, Braccio can still less appreciate that fierce, uncultivated nature in which sense and spirit seem molten together, in which intuition has not been stinted into calculation, and which enjoys its own suppleness and swift strength for themselves alone, and not as means. His own faculties he uses as chessmen with which the game of life is to be played. Domizia, a noble Florentine lady, whose father and two brothers have been punished by the cautious republic for the successes they had achieved, has come to the camp foreseeing the fate in store for Luria, intending to warn him of it, and to bring about her own revenge against Florence

by means of his indignation at the discovered treachery. The other characters of the drama are Tiburzio, the Pisan general, Jacopo Lapo, secretary to Braccio, and Husain, a Moor, the friend of Luria.

We quote first a passage from the first scene, between Braccio and his secretary. Lapo is unable to believe that any danger is to be dreaded from Luria. It is he who is speaking.

"If they pronounce this sentence as you bid,
Declare the treason, claim its penalty, —
And sudden out of all the blaze of life,
On the best minute of his brightest day,
From that adoring army at his back,
'Thro' Florence' joyous crowds before his face,
Into the dark you beckon Luria . . .

" *Brac.* Then —

Why, Lapo, when the fighting-people vaunt,
We of the other craft and mystery,
May we not smile demure, the danger past?

" *Sec.* Sir, no, no, no, — the danger, and your spirit
At watch and ward? Where 's danger on your part
With that thin flitting instantaneous steel
'Gainst the blind bull-front of a brute-force world?
If Luria, that 's to perish sure as fate,
Should have been really guiltless after all?

" *Brac.* Ah, you have thought that?

" *Sec.* Here I sit, your scribe,

And in and out goes Luria, days and nights;
This Puccio comes; the Moor his other friend,
Husain; they talk — all that 's feigned easily;
He speaks (I would not listen, if I could)
Reads, orders, counsels; — but he rests sometimes, —
I see him stand and eat, sleep stretched an hour
On the lynx-skins, yonder; hold his bared black arms
Into the sun from the tent-opening; laugh
When his horse drops the forage from his teeth
And neighs to hear him hum his Moorish songs:
That man believes in Florence as the Saint
Tied to the wheel believes in God!

" *Brac.* How strange —

You too have thought that!

" *Sec.* Do but you think too,
And all is saved! I only have to write,
The man seemed false awhile, proves true at last;

Bury it . . . so I write to the Signory . . .
Bury this Trial in your breasts for ever,
Blot it from things or done or dreamed about,
So Luria shall receive his meed to-day

With no suspicion what reverse was near, —

As if no meteoric finger hushed

The doom-word just on the destroyer's lip,

Motioned him off, and let life's sun fall straight.

“ *Brac.* (*Looks to the wall of the tent.*) Did he draw that?

“ *Sec.* With charcoal, when the watch

Made the report at midnight; Lady Domizia

Spoke of the unfinished Duomo, you remember;

That is his fancy how a Moorish front

Might join to, and complete, the body, — a sketch, —

And again where the cloak hangs, yonder in the shadow.

“ *Brac.* He loves that woman.

“ *Sec.*

She is sent the spy

Of Florence, — spies on you as you on him:

Florence, if only for Domizia's sake,

Were surely safe. What shall I write?

“ *Brac.*

I see —

A Moorish front, nor of such ill design!

Lapo, there's one thing plain and positive;

Man seeks his own good at the whole world's cost.

What? If to lead our troops, stand forth our chief,

And hold our fate, and see us at their beck,

Yet render up the charge when peace returned,

Have ever proved too much for Florentines,

Even for the best and bravest of ourselves —

If in the struggle when the soldier's sword

Before the statist's pen should sink its point,

And to the calm head yield the violent hand,

Virtue on virtue still have fallen away

Before ambition with unvarying fortune,

Till Florence' self at last in bitterness

Be forced to own defeat the natural end,

And, sparing further to expose her sons

To a vain strife and profitless disgrace,

Have said, ‘The Foreigner, no child of mine,

Shall henceforth lead my troops, reach height by height

The glory, then descend into the shame;

So shall rebellion be less guilt in him,

And punishment the easier task for me’

— If on the best of us this brand she sets,

Can I suppose an utter alien here,

This Luria, our inevitable foe,
 Confessed a mercenary and a Moor,
 Born free from any ties that bind the rest
 Of common faith in Heaven or hope on Earth,
 No Past with us, no Future, — such a Spirit
 Shall hold the path from which our stanchest broke,
 Stand firm where every famed precursor fell?

Upon that broad Man's heart of his, I go!
 On what I know must be, yet while I live
 Will never be, because I live and know!
 Brute-force shall not rule Florence! Intellect
 May rule her, bad or good as chance supplies, —
 But Intellect it shall be, pure if bad,
 And Intellect's tradition so kept up
 Till the good comes — 't was Intellect that ruled,
 Not Brute-force bringing from the battle-field
 The attributes of wisdom, foresight's graces
 We lent it there to lure its grossness on;
 All which it took for earnest and kept safe
 To show against us in our market-place,
 Just as the plumes and tags and swordsman's-gear
 (Fetched from the camp where at their foolish best
 When all was done they frightened nobody)
 Perk in our faces in the street, forsooth,
 With our own warrant and allowance. No!
 The whole procedure 's overcharged, — its end
 In too strict keeping with the bad first step.
 To conquer Pisa was sheer inspiration!
 Well then, to perish for a single fault,
 Let that be simple justice! — There, my Lapo!
 The Moorish front ill suits our Duomo's body —
 Blot it out — and bid Luria's sentence come!" — pp. 6, 7.

We must next give a glimpse of the character of Luria himself.

"*Lur.* I wonder, do you guess why I delay
 Involuntarily the final blow
 As long as possible? Peace follows it!
 Florence at peace, and the calm studious heads
 Come out again, the penetrating eyes;
 As if a spell broke, all 's resumed, each art
 You boast, more vivid that it slept awhile!
 'Gainst the glad heaven, o'er the white palace-front
 The interrupted scaffold climbs anew;

The walls are peopled by the Painter's brush ;
 The Statue to its niche ascends to dwell ;
 The Present's noise and trouble have retired
 And left the eternal Past to rule once more. —
 You speak its speech and read its records plain,
 Greece lives with you, each Roman breathes your friend,
 — But Luria, — where will then be Luria's place ?

“ *Dom.* Highest in honor, for that Past's own sake,
 Of which his actions, sealing up the sum
 By saving all that went before from wreck,
 Will range as part, with which be worshipped too.

“ *Lur.* Then I may walk and watch you in your streets
 Leading the life my rough life helps no more,
 So different, so new, so beautiful —
 Nor fear that you will tire to see parade
 The club that slew the lion, now that crooks
 And shepherd-pipes come into use again ?
 For very lone and silent seems my East
 In its drear vastness — still it spreads, and still
 No Braccios, no Domizias anywhere —
 Not ever more ! — Well, well, to-day is ours !

“ *Dom.* (*to Brac.*) Should he not have been one of us ?

“ *Lur.* Oh, no !

Not one of you, and so escape the thrill
 Of coming into you, and changing thus, —
 Feeling a soul grow on me that restricts
 The boundless unrest of the savage heart !
 The sea heaves up, hangs loaded o'er the land,
 Breaks there and buries its tumultuous strength ;
 Horror, and silence, and a pause awhile ;
 Lo, inland glides the gulf-stream, miles away,
 In rapture of assent, subdued and still,
 'Neath those strange banks, those unimagined skies !” — pp. 7, 8.

Tiburzio intercepts one of Braccio's letters to the Council at Florence, and guessing its contents from those of others which fell into his hands in the same way, brings it, with the seal unbroken, to Luria, in the hope of saving Pisa by detaching him from the cause of Florence.

“ *Lur.* Tiburzio, you that fight for Pisa now
 As I for Florence . . say my chance were yours !
 You read this letter, and you find . . no, no !
 Too mad !

“ *Tib.* I read the letter, find they purpose,
 When I have crushed their foe, to crush me : well ?

" *Lur.* And you their captain, what is it you do ?

" *Tib.* Why as it is, all cities are alike —

I shall be as belied, whate'er the event,
As you, or more : my weak head, they will say,
Prompted this last expedient, my faint heart
Entailed on them indelible disgrace,
Both which defects ask proper punishment.
Another tenure of obedience, mine !
You are no son of Pisa's : break and read !

" *Lur.* And act on what I read ? what act were fit ?

If the firm-fixed foundation of my faith
In Florence, who to me stands for Mankind,
— If that breaks up, and disemprisoning
From the abyss . . . Ah, friend, it cannot be !
You may be very sage, yet . . . all the world
Having to fail, or your sagacity,
You do not wish to find yourself alone !
What would the world be worth ? Whose love be sure ?
The world remains — you are deceived !

" *Tib.*

Your hand !

I lead the vanguard. — If you fall, beside,
The better — I am left to speak ! For me,
This was my duty, nor would I rejoice
If I could help, it misses its effect :
And after all, you will look gallantly
Found dead here with that letter in your breast !

" *Lur.* Tiburzio — I would see these people once
And test them ere I answer finally !
At your arrival let the trumpet sound :
If mine returns not then the wonted cry,
It means that I believe — am Pisa's !

" *Tib.*

Well !

[*Exit.*

" *Lur.* My heart will have it he speaks true ! My blood
Beats close to this Tiburzio as a friend ;
If he had stepped into my watch-tent, night
And the wide desert full of foes around,
I should have broke the bread and given the salt
Secure, and when my hour of watch was done
Taken my turn to sleep between his knees
Safe in the unclouded brow and honest cheek.
Oh, world where all things pass and naught abides,
Oh, life the long mutation — is it so ?
Is it with life as with the body's change ?
— Where, e'en tho' better follow, good must pass,
Nor manhood's strength can mate with boyhood's grace,

Nor age's wisdom in its turn find strength,
But silently the first gift dies away,
And tho' the new stays — never both at once !
Life's time of savage instinct 's o'er with me,
It fades and dies away, past trusting more,
As if to punish the ingratitude
With which I turned to grow in these new lights
And learned to look with European eyes.
Yet it is better, this cold certain way,
Where Braccio's brow tells nothing, — Puccio's mouth,
Domizia's eyes reject the searcher . . yes . .
For on their calm sagacity I lean,
Their sense of right, deliberate choice of good,
That as they know my deeds they deal with me.
Yes, that is better . . that is best of all !
Such faith stays when the wild belief would go !
Yes — when the desert creature's heart, at fault
Amid the scattering tempest and its sands,
Betrays its steps into the pathless drift —
The calm instructed eye of man holds fast
By the sole bearing of the visible star,
Sure that when slow the whirling wreck subsides,
The boundaries, lost now, shall be found again, —
The palm-trees and the pyramid over all !
Yes : I trust Florence — Pisa is deceived." — pp. 10, 11.

Luria puts the letter in his bosom, and keeps it unopened. He, however, demands an explanation of Braccio, who thinks a bold confession the best move to make. Domizia, who is present, imagines her end secure. We copy a part of this scene. Braccio speaks.

" But Florence is no simple John or James
To have his toy, his fancy, his conceit,
That he 's the one excepted man by fate,
And, when fate shows him he 's mistaken there,
Die with all good men's praise, and yield his place
To Paul and George intent to try their chance :
Florence exists because these pass away ;
She 's a contrivance to supply a type
Of Man which men's deficiencies refuse ;
She binds so many, she grows out of them —
Stands steady o'er their numbers, tho' they change
And pass away . . there 's always what upholds,
Always enough to fashion the great show !
As, see, yon hanging city in the sun

Of shapely cloud substantially the same !
 A thousand vapors rise and sink again,
 Are interfused, and live their life and die, —
 Yet ever hangs the steady show i' the air
 Under the sun's straight influence : that is well !
 That is worth Heaven to hold, and God to bless !
 And so is Florence, — the unseen sun above,
 That draws and holds suspended all of us —
 Binds transient mists and vapors into one
 Differing from each and better than they all.
 And shall she dare to stake this permanence
 On any one man's faith ? Man's heart is weak,
 And its temptations many : let her prove
 Each servant to the very uttermost
 Before she grant him her reward, I say !

“ *Dom.* And as for hearts she chances to mistake,
 That are not destined to receive reward,
 What should she do for these ?

“ *Brac.* What does she not ?
 Say that she gives them but herself to serve !
 Here 's Luria — what had profited his strength,
 When half an hour of sober fancying
 Had shown him step by step the uselessness
 Of strength exerted for its proper sake ?
 But the truth is she did create that strength,
 Drew to the end the corresponding means.
 The world is wide . . are we the only men ?
 Oh, for the time, the social purpose' sake,
 Use words agreed on, bandy epithets,
 Call any man, sole Great and Wise and Good !
 But shall we, therefore, standing by ourselves,
 Insult our souls and God with the same speech ?
 There swarm the ignoble thousands under Him —
 What marks us from the hundreds and the tens ?
 Florence took up, turned all one way the soul
 Of Luria with its fires, and here he stands !
 She takes me out of all the world as him,
 Fixing my coldness till like ice it stays
 The fire ! So Braccio, Luria, which is best ?
 “ *Lur.* Ah, brave me ? And is this indeed the way
 To gain your good word and sincere esteem ?
 Am I the baited tiger that must turn
 And fight his baiters to deserve their praise ?
 Obedience has no fruit then ? — Be it so !
 Do you indeed remember I stand here

The Captain of the conquering army, — mine —
With all your tokens, praise and promise, ready
To show for what their names were when you gave,
Not what you style them now you take away ?

If I call in my troops to arbitrate,
And in their first enthusiastic thrill
Of victory, tell them how you menace me —
Commending to their plain instinctive sense,
My story first, your comment afterward, —
Will they take, think you, part with you or me ?
When I say simply, I, the man they know,
Ending my work, ask payment and find Florence
Has all this while provided silently
Against the day of pay and proving words,
By what you call my sentence that's to come —
Will they sit waiting it complacently ?
When I resist that sentence at their head,
What will you do, my mild antagonist ?

“*Brac.* Then I will rise like fire, proud and triumphant
That Florence knew you thoroughly and by me,
And so was saved : ‘ See, Italy,’ I’ll say,
‘ The need of our precautions — here’s a man
Was far advanced, just touched on the reward
Less subtle cities had accorded him —
But we were wiser ; at the end comes this !’
And from that minute all your strength will go —
‘ The very stones of Florence cry against
The all-exacting, unenduring Luria,
Resenting her first slight probation thus
As if he only shone and cast no shade,
He only walked the earth with privilege
Against suspicion, free from causing fear —
So, for the first inquisitive mother’s word,
Turned round and stood on his defence, forsooth !
And you will sink into the savage back.
Reward ? you will not be worth punishment !

“*Lur.* And Florence knew me thus ! Thus I have lived, —
And thus you, with the clear fine intellect,
Braccio, the cold acute instructed mind
Out of the stir, so calm and unconfused,
Reported me — how could you otherwise !
Ay ? — and what dropped from *you*, just now, moreover ?
Your information, Puccio ? — Did your skill
And understanding sympathy approve
Such a report of me ? Was this the end ?

Or is this the end even? Can I stop?
 You, Lady, with the woman's stand apart,
 The heart to see with, not those learned eyes,
 . . . I cannot fathom why you would destroy me, —
 It is but natural, therefore, I should ask
 Had you a further end in all you spoke,
 All I remember now for the first time?

“*Domiz.* I am a daughter of the Traversari,
 Sister of Porzio and of Berto both.
 I have foreseen all that has come to pass:
 I knew the Florence that could doubt their faith
 Must needs mistrust a stranger's — holding back
 Reward from them, must hold back his reward.
 And I believed, that shame they bore and died,
 He would not bear, but live and fight against —
 Seeing he was of other stuff than they.” — p. 13.

Luria banishes Braccio from the camp. The missive from the Seigniorship at Florence, calling Luria home to take his trial, is expected, but has not yet come. Braccio confers upon Puccio the command to be left vacant by the recall of Luria. Puccio, a kind of Bernal Diaz, who has been unable to refrain from criticizing the generalship of Luria all along, and whose criticisms have been made, without his knowledge, the groundwork of the charges against his commander, accepts the office at first from the mere habit of obedience natural to him as a soldier.

“*Puc.* What Luria will do? Ah, 'tis yours, fair Sir,
 Your and your subtle-witted master's part
 To tell me that; I tell you what he can.

“*Jac.* Friend, you mistake my station! I observe
 The game, watch how my betters play, no more.

“*Puc.* But mankind are not pieces . . . there's your fault!
 You cannot push them, and, the first move made,
 Lean back to study what the next should be,
 In confidence that when 't is fixed at length,
 You'll find just where you left them, blacks and whites:
 Men go on moving when your hand's away.
 You build, I notice, firm on Luria's faith
 This whole time, — firmlier than I choose to build,
 Who never doubted it — of old, that is —
 With Luria in his ordinary mind:
 But now, oppression makes the wise man mad —
 How do I know he will not turn and stand

And hold his own against you, as he may ?
But say that he withdraws to Pisa — well, —
Then, even if all happens to your wish,
Which is a chance . . .

“*Jac.* Nay — ’t was an oversight
Not waiting till the proper warrant came :
You could not take what was not ours to give.
But when at night the sentence really comes,
And Florence authorizes past dispute
Luria’s removal and your own advance,
You will perceive your duty and accept ?

“*Puc.* Accept what ? muster-rolls of soldiers’ names ?
An army upon paper ? — I want men,
Their hearts as well as hands — and where ’s a heart
That’s not with Luria in the multitude
I come from walking thro’ by Luria’s side ?
You gave him to them, set him on to grow
A head upon their trunk, one blood feeds both,
They feel him there and live and well know why
— For they do know, if you are ignorant,
Who kept his own place and kept theirs alike, —
Managed their ease, yet never spared his own :
All was your deed : another might have served —
There ’s peradventure no such dearth of men —
But you chose Luria — so they grew to him :
And now, for nothing they can understand,
Luria ’s removed, off is to roll the head —
The body ’s mine — much I shall do with it !

“*Jac.* That ’s at the worst !

“*Puc.* No — at the best it is !
Best, do you hear ? I saw them by his side :
Only we two with Luria in the camp
Are left that know the secret ? That you think ?
Hear what I saw : from rear to van no heart
But felt the quiet patient hero there
Was wronged, nor in the moveless ranks an eye
But glancing told its fellow the whole story
Of that convicted silent knot of spies
Who passed thro’ them to Florence — they might pass —
No breast but gladlier beat when free of them !
Our troops will catch up Luria, close him round,
Lead him to Florence as their natural lord,
Partake his fortunes, live or die with him !

“*Jac.* And by mistake catch up along with him
Puccio, no doubt, compelled in self-despite

To still continue Second in Command !

“ *Puc.* No, Sir, no second nor so fortunate !
Your tricks succeed with me too well for that !
I am as you have made me, and shall die
A mere trained fighting hack to serve your end ;
With words, you laugh at while they leave your mouth,
For my life's rules and ordinance of God !
Duty have I to do, and faith to keep,
And praise to earn, and blame to guard against,
As I was trained. I shall accept your charge,
And fight against one better than myself,
And my own heart's conviction of his wrongs —
That you may count on ! — just as hitherto
Have I gone on, persuaded I was slighted,
Degraded, all the terms we learn by rote, —
Because the better nature, fresh-inspired,
Mounted above me to its proper place :
What mattered all the kindly graciousness
And cordial brother's bearing ? This was clear —
I was once captain, am subaltern now,
And so must keep complaining like a fool !
So take the curse of a lost man, I say !
You neither play your puppets to the end,
Nor treat the real man, — for his realness' sake
Thrust rudely in their place, — with such regard
As might console them for their altered rank.
Me, the mere steady soldier, you depose
For Luria, and here's all that he deserves !
Of what account, then, are my services ?
One word for all : whatever Luria does,
— If backed by his indignant troops he turns
In self-defence and Florence goes to ground, —
Or for a signal, everlasting shame
He pardons you, and simply seeks his friends
And heads the Pisan and the Lucchese troops
— And if I, for you ingrates past belief,
Resolve to fight against one false to us,
Who, inasmuch as he is true, fights there —
Whichever way he wins, he wins for me,
For every soldier, for the common good !
Sir, chronicling the rest, omit not this ! ” — pp. 14, 15.

Husain and Domizia both urge Luria to revenge his wrongs,
but from different motives.

“ *Hus.* Both armies against Florence ! Take revenge !

Wide, deep — to live upon, in feeling now, —
 And after, in remembrance, year by year —
 And, in the dear conviction, die at last !
 She lies now at thy pleasure — pleasure have !
 Their vaunted intellect that gilds our sense,
 They blend with life to show it better by,
 — How think'st thou ? — I have turned that light on them !
 They called our thirst of war a transient thing ;
 The battle element must pass away
 From life, they said, and leave a tranquil world :
 — Master, I took their light and turned it full
 On that dull turgid vein they said would burst
 And pass away ; and as I looked on Life,
 Still everywhere I tracked this, though it hid
 And shifted, lay so silent as it thought,
 Changed oft the hue yet ever was the same :
 Why 't was all fighting, all their nobler life !
 All work was fighting, every harm — defeat,
 And every joy obtained — a victory !
 Be not their dupe !

— Their dupe ? That hour is past !

Here stand'st thou in the glory and the calm !

All is determined ! Silence for me now !

[*Exit* HUSAIN.]

“ *Lur.* Have I heard all ?

“ *DOMIZIA* (*advancing from the background.*)

No, Luria, I am here.

Not from the motives these have urged on thee,
 Ignoble, insufficient, incomplete,
 And pregnant each with sure seeds of decay
 As failing of sustainment from thyself,
 — Neither from low revenge, nor selfishness,
 Nor savage lust of power, nor one, nor all,
 Shalt thou abolish Florence ! I proclaim
 The angel in thee and reject the spirits
 Which ineffectual crowd about his strength
 And mingle with his work and claim a share !
 — Inconsciously to the augustest end
 Thou hast arisen : second not to him
 In rank so much as time, who first ordained
 The Florence thou art to destroy, should be —
 Yet him a star, too, guided, who broke first
 The pride of lonely power, the life apart,
 And made the eminences, each to each,
 Lean o'er the level world and let it lie
 Safe from the thunder henceforth 'neath their arms —

So the few famous men of old combined
And let the multitude rise underneath
And reach them and unite — so Florence grew :
Braccio speaks well, it was well worth the price.
But when the sheltered Many grew in pride
And grudged their station to the glorious ones,
Who, greater than their kind, are truly great
Only in voluntary servitude —
Which they who, being less, would fain be more,
And so accept not, then are least of all —
Time was for thee to rise, and thou art here.
Such plague possessed this Florence — who can tell
The mighty girth and greatness at the heart
Of those so noble pillars of the grove
She pulled down in her envy ? Who as I
The light weak parasite born but to twine
Round each of them, and, measuring them, so live ?
My light love keeps the matchless circle safe,
My slender life proves what has passed away !
I lived when they departed ; lived to cling
To thee, the mighty stranger ; thou would'st rise
And burst the thralldom, and avenge, I knew.
I have done nothing — all was thy strong heart —
But as a bird's weight breaks the infant tree
Which after holds an aery in its arms,
So did I care that naught should warp thy spire
From rising to the height ; the roof is reached —
Break through and there is all the sky above !
Go on to Florence, Luria ! 'T is man's cause !
But fail thou, and thy fall is least to dread !
Thou keepest Florence in her evil way,
Encouragest her sin so much the more —
And while the bloody past is justified,
The murder of those gone before approved,
Thou all the surelier dost work against
The men to come, the Lurias yet unborn,
That, greater than thyself, are reached o'er thee
Who giv'st the vantage-ground their foes require,
As o'er my prostrate House thyself wast reached !
Man calls thee — God shall judge thee : all is said !
The mission of my House fulfilled at last !
And the mere woman, speaking for herself,
Reserves speech ; it is now no woman's time." — p. 16.

But in Luria, now that the last victory is gained for Florence, and there is no more demand made upon the executive

faculties of his mind, the reflective and ideal qualities of character begin in turn to predominate. His revenge must not be of a physical and animal type. It will be based more on impulse than reason, but it must be intellectual and heroic. He accordingly takes poison, and dies just as Braccio returns from Florence, whither Tiburzio has gone with a generous rival's admiration of his magnanimity to testify in his favor, with the news of his acquittal. Up to the fifth act, the characters have been kept entirely distinct, each within his own limited personality, and absorbed in his own aims. But now every thing centres toward Luria. His unselfish grandeur magnetizes all the rest. The true human soul in each breaks through its artificial barriers, reaching towards and doing fealty to the enthusiasm of the greater spirit which attracts and absorbs their own. There is something in this not only natural, but nobly so. We see in it an appreciation of the true elements of tragedy, not dependent on any overthrow of outward fortune, but on the simple, broad humanity common to us all. We must gratify ourselves by giving the conclusion almost entire.

“*Lur.* My own East !
How nearer God we are ! He glows above
With scarce an intervention, presses close
And palpitatingly, His soul o’er ours !
We feel Him, nor by painful reason know !
The everlasting minute of creation
Is felt there ; *Now* it is, as it was *Then* ;
All changes at His instantaneous will,
Not by the operation of a law
Whose maker is elsewhere at other work !
His soul is still engaged upon his world —
Man’s praise can forward it, Man’s prayer suspend,
For is not God all-mighty ? — To recast
The world, erase old things and make them new,
What costs it Him ? So man breathes nobly there !
And inasmuch as Feeling, the East’s gift,
Is quick and transient — comes, and lo, is gone —
While Northern Thought is slow and durable,
Oh, what a mission was reserved for me,
Who, born with a perception of the power
And use of the North’s thought for us of the East,
Should have stayed there and turned it to account,
Giving Thought’s character and permanence

“ *Dom.* Who here the greater task achieve,
More needful even : who have brought fresh stuff
For us to mould, interpret, and prove right, —
New feeling fresh from God, which, could we know
O’ the instant, where had been our need of it ?
— Whose life re-teaches us what life should be,
What faith is, loyalty, and simpleness,
All their revelation, taught us so long since
That, having mere tradition of the fact,
Truth copied falteringly from copies faint,
The early traits all dropped away, — we said
On sight of faith of yours, so looks not faith
We understand, described and taught before.
But still the truth was shown ; and though at first
It suffer from our haste, yet trace by trace
Old memories reappear, the likeness grows,
Our slow Thought does its work, and all is known.
Oh, noble Luria ! what you have decreed
I see not, but no animal revenge, . . .
It cannot be the gross and vulgar way
Traced for me by convention and mistake
Has gained that calm approving eye and brow.
Spare Florence after all ! Let Luria trust
To his own soul, and I will trust to him !

"*Lur.* As I knew.

" *Hus.* He seeks thee.

" *Lur.* And I only wait for him.
Aught else ?

" *Hus.* A movement of the Lucchese troops
Southward —

" *Lur.* . . . Toward Florence ? Have out instantly . . .
Ah, old use clings ! Puccio must care henceforth !
In — quick — 't is nearly midnight ! Bid him come !

" *Enter TIBURZIO, BRACCIO, and PUCCIO.*

" *Lur.* Tiburzio, — not at Pisa ?

" *Tib.* I return
From Florence : I serve Pisa, and must think
By such procedure I have served her best.
A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one —
And those who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all.
Such man are you, and such a time is this
That your sole fate concerns a nation more
Than its immediate welfare ; and to prove
Your rectitude, and duly crown the same,
Of consequence beyond the day's event.
Keep but the model safe, new men will rise
To study it, and many another day.
I might go try my fortune as you bade,
And joining Lucca, helped by your disgrace,
Repair our harm — so were to-day's work done :
But I look farther. I have testified
(Declaring my submission to your arms)
Your full success to Florence, making clear
Your probity as none else could : I spoke —
And it shone clearly !

" *Lur.* Ah — till Braccio spoke !

" *Brac.* Till Braccio told in just a word the whole —
His old great error and return to knowledge —
Which told . . . Nay, Luria, I should droop the head
Whom all shame rests with, yet I dare look up,
Sure of your pardon now I sue for it,
Knowing you wholly — so let midnight end !
Sunrise will come next ! Still you answer not ?
The shadow of the night is past away :
The circling faces here 'mid which it rose
Are all that felt it, — they close round you now
To witness its completest vanishing.

Speak, Luria ! Here begins your true career —
 Look up to it ! — All now is possible —
 The glory and the grandeur of each dream —
 And every prophecy shall be fulfilled
 Save one . . (nay, now your word must come at last)
 — That you would punish Florence !

“ *Husain (pointing to LURIA's dead body)*. That is done ! ”

— pp. 19, 20.

We cannot leave Mr. Browning without giving one extract of another kind. His humor is as genuine as that of Carlyle, and if his laugh have not the “ earthquake ” character with which Emerson has so happily labelled the shaggy merriment of that Jean Paul Burns, yet it is always sincere and hearty, and there is a tone of meaning in it which always sets us thinking. Had we room, we should be glad to give our readers a full analysis of his *Soul's Tragedy*, which abounds in the truest humor, flitting from point to point with all the electric sparkle and condensed energy of wit. Wit employs itself about externals and conventionalities. Its merit lies quite as much in nicety of expression as in the idea expressed, or even more. For it is something which may be composed, and is therefore necessarily choice of form. Humor goes deeper, bases itself upon the eternal, and not the ephemeral, relations of things, and is something interfused through the whole nature of the man, and which, forcing him to feel keenly what is hollow in the outward forms of society, often makes him careless of all form. In literature, therefore, we see it overleaping or breaking down all barriers. Wit makes other men laugh, and that only once. It may be repeated indefinitely to new audiences, and produce the same result. Humor makes the humorist himself laugh. He is a part of his humor, and it can never be repeated without loss. If we take the common metaphor, that humor is broader than wit, we shall express well enough its greater carelessness of form and precise limit. It especially behooves a poet, then, to be on his guard against the impulses of his humor. Poetry and humor are subject to different laws of art, and it is dangerous to let one encroach upon the province of the other. It may be questioned, whether verse, which is by nature subject to strict law, be the proper vehicle for humor at all. The contrast, to be sure, between the preciseness of the metrical rule and the frolicsome license of the thought, has

something humorous in itself. The greater *swing* which is allowed to the humorous poet in rhythm and rhyme, as well as in thought, may be of service to him, and save him from formality in his serious verses. Undoubtedly the success of Hood's *Bridge of Sighs* was due in some degree to the quaintness and point of the measure and the rhyme, the secret of which he had learned in his practice as a humorous versifier. But there is danger that the poet, in allowing full scope to this erratic part of his nature, may be brought in time to value form generally at less than its true worth as an element of art. We have sometimes felt a jar in reading Mr. Browning's lyrical poems, when, just as he has filled us full of quiet delight by some touch of pathos or marble gleam of classical beauty, this exuberant geniality suggests some cognate image of the ludicrous, and turns round to laugh in our faces. This necessity of deferring to form in some shape or other is a natural, and not an ingrafted, quality of human nature. It often, laughably enough, leads men, who have been totally regardless of all higher laws, to cling most pertinaciously and conscientiously to certain purely ceremonial observances. If the English courts should ever dispense with so much of their dignity and decorum as consists in horsehair, we have no doubt that the first rogue who shall be sentenced by a wigless judge will be obstinately convinced of a certain unconstitutionality in the proceeding, and feel himself an injured man, defrauded of the full dignity of the justice enjoyed by his ancestors.

We copy one specimen of Mr. Browning's more formal and, so to speak, scholastic humor.

“SIBRANDUS SCHAFNABURGENSIS.

“Plague take all pedants, say I!

He who wrote what I hold in my hand
Centuries back was so good as to die,
Leaving this rubbish to bother the land;
This, that was a book in its time,
Printed on paper and bound in leather,
Last month in the white of a matin-prime
Just when the birds sang all together,

“Into the garden I brought it to read;
And under the arbute and laurustine
Read it, so help me grace in my need,
From title-page to closing line.

Chapter on chapter did I count,
As a curious traveller counts Stonehenge ;
Added up the mortal amount ;
And then proceeded to my revenge.

“ Yonder 's a plum-tree, with a crevice
An owl would build in, were he but sage ;
For a lap of moss, like a fine pont-levis
In a castle of the middle age,
Joins to a lip of gum, pure amber ;
When he 'd be private, there might he spend
Hours alone in his lady's chamber :
Into this crevice I dropped our friend.

“ Splash, went he, as under he ducked,
— I knew at the bottom rain-drippings stagnate ;
Next a handful of blossoms I plucked
To bury him with, my bookshelf's magnate ;
Then I went in-doors, brought out a loaf,
Half a cheese, and a bottle of Chablis ;
Lay on the grass and forgot the oaf
Over a jolly chapter of Rabelais.

“ Now, this morning, betwixt the moss
And gum that locked our friend in limbo,
A spider had spun his web across,
And sat in the midst with arms akimbo ;
So I took pity, for learning's sake,
And, *de profundis, accentibus letis,*
Cantate, quoth I, as I got a rake,
And up I fished his delectable treatise.

“ Here you have it, dry in the sun,
With all the binding all of a blister,
And great blue spots where the ink has run,
And reddish streaks that wink and glister
O'er the page so beautifully yellow —
Oh, well have the droppings played their tricks !
Did he guess how toadstools grow, this fellow ?
Here 's one stuck in his chapter six !

“ How did he like it when the live creatures
Tickled and toused and browsed him all over,
And worm, slug, eft, with serious features,
Came in, each one, for his right of trover ;

When the water-beetle with great blind deaf face
 Made of her eggs the stately deposit,
 And the newt borrowed so much of the preface
 As tiled in the top of his black wife's closet.

“ All that life, and fun, and romping,
 All that frisking, and twisting, and coupling,
 While slowly our poor friend's leaves were swamping,
 And clasps were cracking, and covers suppling !
 As if you had carried sour John Knox
 To the play-house at Paris, Vienna, or Munich,
 Fastened him into a front-row box,
 And danced off the Ballet with trousers and tunic.

“ Come, old martyr ! What, torment enough is it ?
 Back to my room shall you take your sweet self !
 Good bye, mother-beetle ; husband-eft, *sufficit* !
 See the snug niche I have made on my shelf :
 A's book shall prop you up, B's shall cover you,
 Here 's C to be grave with, or D to be gay,
 And with E on each side, and F right over you,
 Dry-rot at ease till the Judgment-day ! ”
 — *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. vii. pp. 10, 11.

We are confident that our readers will sympathize with us in the joy we feel, that one, at least, of those old bores in quarto, whose oppressions we have all suffered in our several degrees, has met with an adequate retribution.

We shall present one more specimen of our author's manner, because the old legend on which the poem is founded is so beautiful in itself, and because the poet has drawn from it so simple and exquisite a moral.

“ THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

“ Morning, evening, noon, and night,
 ‘ Praise God,’ sang Theocrite.
 Then to his poor trade he turned
 By which the daily meal was earned.
 Hard he labored, long and well ;
 O'er the work his boy's curls fell ;
 But ever, at each period,
 He stopped and sang, ‘ Praise God,’
 Then back again his curls he threw,
 And cheerful turned to work anew.
 Said Blaise, the listening monk, ‘ Well done ;
 I doubt not thou art heard, my son :

As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God the Pope's great way.
This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome.'
Said Theocrite, 'Would God that I
Might praise Him, that great way, and die !'
Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.
With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.
God said in Heaven, 'Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight.'
Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth ;
Entered in flesh the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well :
And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.
And from a boy, to youth he grew :
The Man put off the Stripling's hue :
The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay :
And ever o'er the trade he bent
And ever lived on earth content.
God said, 'A praise is in mine ear ;
There is no doubt in it, no fear :
So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.
Clearer loves sound other ways :
I miss my little human praise.'
Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.
'T was Easter Day : he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.
In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,
With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :
And all his past career
Came back upon him clear.
Since when, a boy, he plied his trade
Till on his life the sickness weighed :
And in his cell when death drew near
An angel in a dream brought cheer :

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.
To the East with praise he turned
And on his sight the angel burned.
'I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here ; I did not well.
Vainly I left my angel's sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.
Thy voice's praise seemed weak ; it dropped —
Creation's chorus stopped !
Go back and praise again
The early way — while I remain.
With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up Creation's pausing strain.
Back to the cell and poor employ :
Become the craftsman and the boy !'
Theocrite grew old at home ;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's Dome.
One vanished as the other died :
They sought God side by side."

— *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. VII. pp. 19, 20.

There are two faults of which we are chiefly conscious in these lyrics. The first is a tendency to parenthesize one thought or metaphor within another, and seems to arise from fertility of mind and exuberance of illustration, united with the power of too facile execution. The other is involved in that humorous element of his character which we have noticed, and which gives him so keen an enjoyment of his own thoughts as disqualifies him for distinguishing those of them which will strike all other minds with equal distinctness and force, and those which will be appreciated only by persons constituted like himself. From both these defects his dramas are almost wholly free.

And now, if we could be sure that our readers would read Mr. Browning's poems with the respect and attentive study they deserve, what should hinder us from saying that we think him a great poet ? However, as the world feels uncomfortably somewhere, it can hardly tell how or why, at hearing people called great, before it can claim a share in their greatness by erecting to them a monument with a monk-Latin inscription on it which nine tenths of their countrymen cannot construe, and as Mr. Browning must be as yet comparatively a young man, we will content ourselves with saying that he has in him

the elements of greatness. To us he appears to have a wider range and greater freedom of movement than any other of the younger English poets. In his dramas we find always a leading design and a conscientious subordination of all the parts to it. In each one of them also, below the more apparent and exterior sources of interest, we find an illustration of some general idea which bears only a philosophical relation to the particular characters, thoughts, and incidents, and without which the drama is still complete in itself, but which yet binds together and sustains the whole, and conduces to that unity for which we esteem these works so highly. In another respect Mr. Browning's dramatic power is rare. The characters of his women are finely discriminated. No two are alike, and yet the characteristic features of each are touched with the most delicate precision. By far the greater number of authors who have attempted female characters have given us mere automata. They think it enough, if they make them subordinate to a generalized idea of human nature. Mr. Browning never forgets that women *are* women, and not simply human beings, for there they occupy common ground with men.

Many English dramas have been written within a few years, the authors of which have established their claim to the title of poet. We cannot but allow that we find in them fine thoughts finely expressed, passages of dignified and sustained eloquence, and as adequate a conception of character as the reading of history and the study of models will furnish. But it is only in Mr. Browning that we find enough of freshness, vigor, grasp, and of that clear insight and conception which enable the artist to construct characters from within, and so to make them real things, and not images, as to warrant our granting the honor due to the Dramatist.

- ART. VII. — 1. *Gallus : or Roman Scenes of the Time of Augustus ; with Notes and Excursus illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Romans*. Translated from the German of Professor BECKER, by FREDERICK METCALFE, B. A., Late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. London : John W. Parker. 1844. Post 8vo. pp. 421.
2. *Charicles : or Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks ; with Notes and Excursus*. Translated from the German of Professor BECKER, by the REV. FREDERICK METCALFE, M. A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. London : John W. Parker. 1845. Post 8vo. pp. 371.

ANCIENT history is in general hard to write, and hard to read. In some portions of it perfectly authentic facts are like Virgil's "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*"; and the speculation and hypothesis needed to give it continuity become a burden and a weariness to flesh and spirit. And even in the eras best known to us, we are possessed of few of those minor traits and secondary incidents, which, fitly blended with the more solid materials, impart a dramatic character and interest to modern history. The distinguished Greeks and Romans with whom we are the most intimately conversant are rather strongly marked types of whole classes of men, than individuals with idiosyncrasies that can never be repeated or matched. We see the epic march of great events towards a decisive issue, but not the by-play of subsidiary personages, that now accelerates, now checks, now deranges it. The sharp angular forms of social and domestic life are impressed on all existing monuments of antiquity, and reproduce themselves in every page of history ; but the equally characteristic minutiae of manners, customs, and habits have left traces of themselves only in cursory allusions of comedians, epigrammatists, and satirists, which in the process of collation and interpretation acquire a stiff, scholastic air. Thus it happens, that ancient history, when best written by modern authors, may be compared to a collection of diagrams, rather than to a series of pictures, or, at best, to monochromatic engravings, rather than to form and color in their lifelike union. There is wanting an element,

which the historian cannot supply from his own proper materials, but without which ancient history cannot vie with modern in vividness of representation, and in the distinctness with which it adapts for current use the lessons of embodied and recorded experience.

The perception of this want has, no doubt, given birth to these forms of historical fiction, in which fancy permits itself no independent flight, but assumes the humbler office of vivifying and adorning undisputed facts. This is best done by the introduction of some imaginary traveller or envoy, who shall visit the scene of the story, and report his own conversations, journeyings, and experiences. He may be introduced into the heart of Athenian or Roman society at some strongly marked historical epoch, and may easily be so transferred from group to group, and from place to place, as to take successive cognizance of every department of intellectual, political, and social life, and to hear the narrative of previous events from those who participated in them, or are most familiar with their scenes or their memorials. One of the earliest and most successful works of this class is the "Athenian Letters," — the imaginary correspondence of an agent of the king of Persia, resident at Athens during the whole Peloponnesian war. They were written about the year 1740, by a society of friends, who were contemporaries at the University of Cambridge. The time, the age of Pericles, the culminating era of the Athenian intellect and one of the most eventful periods in Grecian history, was most happily chosen; and the Persian agent and correspondents from his own country are introduced into every circle and community from which light can be cast upon the history, culture, and manners of the age, while well contrived episodes supply the leading facts and features of earlier times, and the constant comparison of Grecian with Oriental institutions and customs brings out into the clearest light many traits which mere narrative would leave in obscurity. The style of the work is inadequate to its merit, in point of ingenuity and learning. It is frigid, jejune, and unattractive, betraying the exclusively classical training of the writers, their neglect of English models of composition, and their ignorance of the more recondite resources and the more delicate amenities of their native tongue.

Though these Letters were printed while Barthelemy was

a very young man, they were not published, nor did they come to his knowledge, till some time after the publication of his *Travels of Anacharsis the Scythian*. In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the edition of 1781, he writes, with characteristic urbanity : — “ Had I been earlier acquainted with this work, I either should not have commenced mine, or should have attempted to approach so beautiful a model.” But in the judgment, as we suppose, of every candid critic, he surpassed this model, and ought to have surpassed, in a work that cost him thirty years’ toil, the mere classical sport of a knot of university students. His *Anacharsis*, as a compend of Grecian history, stands in our opinion unrivalled, and we can point to few works in any language, that can bear comparison with it for uniform dignity and beauty of style, and for the attractive interest shed over the most abstruse speculations and the driest details.

For the purpose of historical illustration, we regard works like these as far preferable to stories like those named at the head of this article, which emulate the artistical proportions, and of course must assume many of the restrictions, of the modern novel. The Persian or the Scythian traveller can go everywhere, pry into every thing, and ask all sorts of questions ; the Athenian lover or the Roman exquisite can be carried through the natural routine of the life of one in his own condition ; and the symmetry of the story is deranged, if the habits, haunts, and associations of his freedman or slave, or still more, if those of a person remotely connected with the hero, are described with any good degree of accuracy. Becker, in these books, has met this difficulty in its full force, and honestly succumbed to it. Each of his stories, in a large, leaded type, nominally occupies in Metcalfe’s translation considerably less than half of the pages in the volume, while nearly half even of this space is taken up by the finely printed notes ; and the remaining pages are devoted to excursus, in a medium type, on various subjects connected with the private life of the ancients. The consequence is, that the reader not studiously inclined hurries through the tales, and gets from them the merest smattering of archæology, while the notes and excursus, bristling with references and quotations in the original languages, and incapable from their very nature of presenting an inviting aspect, win the regard of scholars only. But had Becker adopted a device like

Barthelemy's, almost all the important matter in the notes and the excursus would have naturally found room in the text, and a foot-note here and there would have served for the minute explanations and the references, which would still have been desirable.

The hero of Gallus is the Cornelius Gallus of history, the soldier, courtier, and poet, best known through the commemoration of his unhappy loves in Virgil's tenth eclogue. The plot is simple, and in most respects closely parallel with the concluding events of Gallus's life. We are first introduced into his sumptuous home at midnight, on his return from his last supper with Augustus, at which the emperor's growing dislike for him, fostered by the calumnies of his pretended friend Valerius Largus, has at length betrayed itself in ways which admit no double interpretation. In league with Largus for his ruin is another pretended friend, a fictitious one, Pomponius, a poverty-stricken sycophant, who, without the knowledge of Gallus, was his successful rival with Lycoris, during her temporary desertion of him, and whose present enmity is the consequence of her return to her old lover. This feud, smothered under the disguise of confidential intimacy, which furnishes motive power for the whole story, fills an actual lacuna in the surviving accounts of the life of Gallus, without violating historical probability; for the hypothesis which identifies Lycoris with a well-known mistress of Antony has no foundation, nor is her reconciliation with her forsaken lord without frequent parallel in the history of illicit love, both ancient and modern.

In following Gallus from midnight till the next noon, we are made acquainted with all the principal apartments and furniture of his house and the mysteries of his toilet, we range among the volumes, "*lita cedro, et levi servata cupresso*," in his library, and look over his shoulder as he dictates the dedication of his last volume of Elegies and Epigrams, just ready, not for the press, but for the numerous scribes of Secundus the bookseller. To recover from his last night's chagrin, and to evade the consequences of some imprudent words into which wine and anger had betrayed him on retiring from the banquet, he has conceived the purpose, in which he is confirmed by the treacherous advice of Pomponius, of retiring for a few days to his villa near Capua. Having sent a letter requesting Lycoris to set out forthwith

for Baiæ, that they might interchange frequent visits during their retirement, he commences his journey at the fifth hour. On the route, our author contents himself with a somewhat expanded paraphrase of the first part of Horace's journey to Brundisium.* Then follows a minute and graphic description of the grounds and villa of Gallus, and of his reception by the well-fed and strongly attached members of his rural family.

Pomponius intercepts and suppresses the letter to Lycoris, and, presenting himself in disguise at her door, is introduced to her apartment, and attempts to excite her jealousy. But she has previously received through a faithful freedman a message of current tenor with the letter, and money for her journey, and, by going to Baiæ, leaves an opening for a detailed and vivid sketch of that most celebrated watering-place of antiquity. After Gallus has paid Lycoris a visit there, and on the day appointed for her reception at his villa, a courier arrives from Pomponius informing him of the continuance of Cæsar's anger, representing the severest decrees against him as impending, and urging his immediate presence in Rome that he may take measures for his own preservation. He finds on his arrival, that he has been forbidden to enter the palace of Augustus, or to reside in any of the provinces; but his estate and his city residence are still untouched. His confidential freedman, who, as well as Lycoris, has in vain endeavoured to open his eyes to the true character of Pomponius, urges him to propitiate the tyrant by outward marks of submission, and by the intercession of Virgil; but a visit from the false friend confirms him in the opposite counsel. He determines publicly to brave the emperor's anger, and makes the circuit of the forum in unusually sumptuous attire, and with a lofty and defiant bearing. In the evening, he sups by previous appointment with Lentulus, an

* We are inclined to dissent from Becker's criticism on *viator*, (Sat. I. 5, 16), which he supposes to denote one of the passengers, and not the mule-driver, alleging that the boatman at once managed the boat and the mule, and referring to vv. 18, 19, where the *nauta* ties the mule to a rock and goes to sleep. To us the very etymology of *viator* seems to denote one who *works his passage*; and that the weary driver should have first gone to sleep, and left his charge to be tethered by the boatman, only adds a new trait of grotesqueness to the incidents of the night, and reminds us of like interventions which have fallen under our own observation, when the poppy-crowned god has glided along the tow-path for miles before he could be wooed on board the suffocating boat.

exquisite and epicure of the inmost initiation ; and the supper, of which we have a minute description, presents rather too complete a catalogue for probability of all the refinements of dietetic luxury and display named or hinted at by Horace, Juvenal, Martial, and Petronius. Pomponius brings to the banquet two unknown *umbræ*, who contrive to draw from Gallus, in the excitement of deep drinking, treasonable speeches against Augustus, then leave the house abruptly, and the next morning appear in the Senate as witnesses against Gallus, on the charge of high treason. At the same time, Gallus receives a letter from Lycoris, giving him the whole history of her connection with Pomponius, and apprising him too late of the fatal errors into which he had been hurried by his misplaced confidence. News of the decree of banishment and confiscation reaches him through a friendly source ; and before the official messenger arrives at his door, he has written his last mandates, and fallen upon the sword that hung upon the wall as a memorial of the victories to which he owed his brief wealth and splendor. The relenting and grief of Augustus leave room for a public and honorable funeral, the ceremonies of which constitute the concluding chapter.

The revolting catastrophe of Gallus's suicide was not only demanded for the story by fidelity to fact, but claimed a prominent place in any faithful sketch of Roman manners in the Augustan age. Suicide seems then to have first become the reigning fashion of humbled heroism and disappointed ambition. It was never an indigenous custom in Greece, and was discountenanced alike by the principal legislators and philosophers of Athens ; and though frequent in Judea after its political connection with Rome, there are but two instances of it on record in all that part of Jewish history that precedes the Christian era ; nor is there the slightest reference to it in the didactic portions of either the Old Testament or the New, which could hardly have been the case, had the crime often fallen under the cognizance of the sacred writers. Nor does there occur more than here and there a solitary instance of this crime in the early portions of Roman history, and then only, as in the case of Lucretia, under such a pressure of outward circumstances as essentially to modify the moral complexion of the deed. Its frequency seems to have resulted from the action of Stoicism upon the previously in-

flexible elements of Roman character. The stern, harsh doctrines of the Porch could only mould the fickle, pliant Athenian into a decent tenacity of purpose, while the most absolute fatalism could not quench his hope under misfortune, or subdue the elasticity of his spirit. But the Roman, when Stoicism had given the last degree of tension to the rigid fibres of his moral nature, could not bend, and was constrained to break, under the weight of severe calamity. Hence suicide, which, under the sanction of Zeno's example, was at first only a permitted act, became, under the emperors, an absolute duty for the desperately unfortunate, and is repeatedly referred to by Seneca as the climax of heroic virtue.

The excursus appended to Gallus cover almost every department of private life, the banquet and the funeral, dress and games, education and literature ; and as every statement is confirmed by the citation of original authorities or existing monuments, the question of their accuracy and trustworthiness ceases to be debatable. The story, however, is full of real or probable anachronisms, which are not indicated with any degree of distinctness in the excursus. Gallus died forty years before the death of Augustus, — at an age when the wealth of conquered kingdoms, the contagion of foreign manners, and the overthrow of Roman liberty were only commencing their work of corruption. Luxury was far below its climax, and both the memory of early simplicity, and a public sentiment not yet wholly silenced or perverted, set bounds to the extravagance and ostentation of individuals, while Augustus himself, with many odious traits of character, was yet a very anchorite, compared with most of his successors. Horace's darkest pictures of society and manners are rose-colored by the side of Juvenal's. But the larger part of the materials of the story of Gallus are derived from Juvenal and Martial, who wrote a full century after the death of the hero, and from the excavations at Pompeii, which bear valid testimony with reference to no earlier date. This blending of ages so near in themselves, and made so much the nearer by the remote perspective in which we view them, was perhaps unavoidable, certainly allowable, in what was professedly a work of fiction ; but might not the author, in the critical part of his work, have taken more diligent note of time, and presented under every prominent head, by a chron-

ological arrangement of his authorities, a sketch of the growth of Roman luxury and profligacy under the earlier emperors ?

Charicles, as a story, is in every respect greatly inferior to Gallus. Its hero is a young man of no definite traits of character, and the whole plot is laid among "people whom nobody knows"; nor are we introduced to a single real or imaginary personage of any consideration in literature, philosophy, or political life. Indeed, the scene is laid at the period, so barren alike of genius and of virtue, which succeeded the battle of Chæronea. Why this era should have been selected it is hard to say, especially as all the authorities most relied on belonged to the preceding century, and might have been more justly cited in illustration of the age of Pericles. We suppose that we have in Charicles and his associates a very faithful picture of Athenian cockneyism, its manners, haunts, occupations, and vices, but hardly relieved by any distinct view of domestic life, for which the materials lay ready at the author's hand. There is, indeed, a lovely female figure led two or three times across the stage, and finally, in youthful widowhood, married to the hero; but her story is so awkwardly got up, and the passion for her sits so ungracefully on the insipid bridegroom, as to authorize the suspicion that she was invented only to furnish opportunity for the description of a Greek wedding. We could have wished to see more of the beautiful Cleobule, and would at the same time have gladly missed from a tale specially designed for the instruction of ingenuous youth the adventure of Charicles with the Corinthian harlot, however true it may be to the prevalent style of manners and morals in that metropolis of luxury and lust. The excursus appended to this volume are full and explicit on most of the subjects to which they relate; but, while we could dispense with that on the *Hetærae*, and while we could hardly have expected Charicles to take us to the Academy or the Stoa, we should have been glad to go with Becker himself to resorts no less intimately connected with Athenian life than the barbers' shops or the gymnasia.

Not having seen these books in the original German, we can pass no judgment on the general fidelity of the translator. But his work bears marks of the rawest juvenility and the coarsest taste; and, contrary to what might have been ex-

pected, these marks are tenfold more frequent in *Charicles* than in *Gallus*, though in the interval between the publication of the two the translator had acquired his clerical *prænomen*, and had emerged from his baccalaureate Master in Arts and Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. There is hardly a page of *Charicles* on which we do not find, in the mouths of the interlocutors or in describing their doings, either mere Anglicisms, which could not be written in Greek, or phrases appropriate to exclusively modern ideas, or the most idiomatic colloquialisms, which, as applied to objects and customs of remote antiquity, have the effect of the grossest burlesque. We will justify this criticism by a few instances taken at random. We have in a single sentence "intellectual *sagas*," and "*fairy*-tales full of superstition and *glamoury*," as the staple of nursery instruction for Athenian children, p. 9. Two friends, after breakfasting together under a tree, "broke up their *bivouac*," p. 16. Phorion has in his library a collection of "historic *souvenirs*," p. 43; and "delicate objects of *wax-work*" are "his especial *hobby*," p. 44. A party of young men amuse themselves with "*conundrums*," p. 83. *Charicles* visits the "*spa* of *Ædepsos*," p. 104. We have "a round table *veneered* with maple," p. 118. The heroine of the story is duly provided with an "*abigail*," p. 171. We have also a great deal of the slipshod French, which may add a grace to the dialect of cockneydom, but always disfigures a printed page. Thus we have "*recherché* unguents," "*malgré* his refusal," "passing the *cortége*" (in which, by the way, a "*parasol*," a "*chaise*," and a "breakfast *equipage*" were prominent objects). At a banquet, which forms one of the principal and best described scenes in the volume, the Sicilian cook is an *artiste*, — a *danseuse* "throws a *summersault* [a word neither French nor English] right into the centre of a hoop, and then out again," after which, a boy, who had long been her fellow-performer, "made his *début*." In several of these cases, it will be seen that Mr. Metcalfe has not only violated good taste in his choice of words, but that he is entirely ignorant of the actual power of such words as he uses. But his most surprising feat of Gallicism occurs in the translation of one of the Prefaces, in which he makes his author say, — "It cannot be denied that some chapters have been elaborated with more *penchant* than others." Now Mr. Metcalfe

may, for aught that appears to the contrary, be an accomplished German scholar ; but it is, we suppose, an undisputed canon of criticism, that a translator is bound to understand the language or languages of his version, no less than that of his original.

But our translator has laid himself open to another very serious charge. He has not merely altered Becker's arrangement, by throwing the excursus in each work together into an appendix, instead of interspersing them among the divisions of the story. In addition to this, which, as we think, was done wisely and well, he tells us, with characteristic elegance, that in Gallus " a little lopping has been resorted to " ; and he adds, — " The numerous passages from Roman and Greek authors have, in many instances, been only referred to, and not given at length ; matters of minor importance have been occasionally omitted, and more abstruse points of disquisition not entered into." In the Preface to *Charicles*, too, in a paragraph which it must have cost him great pains to elaborate, he tells us that " all iteration, to which the learned author seems unduly propense, has been avoided as much as possible ; and the multitude of quotations often merely referred to, some left unnoticed, when it seemed unnecessary to multiply authorities, or only the pith of them, and that part strictly apropos to the subject, inserted. In consequence of these alterations, some passages had to be remodelled, and rather adapted in English, than literally translated." He hopes, however, that " the liberties he has thus taken in greatly reducing the bulk of the work will meet the approbation of the English scholar ; and that the value of the book, which is in high estimation in Germany, will not have been diminished by this Procrustean operation." The cool effrontery of " this Procrustean operation," by a youth who has not learned to write his own mother-tongue, on the labors of one of the few great men of the age, outrivals the boldest myths touching American pretension and impudence, recorded in the pages of our least friendly Transatlantic contemporaries. It is a process which does atrocious injustice to Professor Becker. He has a right to be read in full, or not at all. His reputation as a thorough scholar and competent critic is wantonly placed at hazard. We make no doubt that essential matter has been omitted. We found, on our first reading of the excursus, lamentable

deficiencies both in facts and in illustrations, and missed some "points of disquisition," on which we had hoped to find ourselves instructed. These deficiencies we had charged upon the author, and should still have done so, had we not in our critical capacity made it a point of honor to read the translator's Prefaces. We now doubt not that on these subjects, which lack full elucidation, we should have it in Becker's own books. We hope that these volumes will not be reprinted in this country. We believe that an *English* translation of the *entire* works is authorized, and would be fully rewarded by the growing wants and ripening taste of the American public in the department of learning to which they appertain.

It would be of little interest to our readers for us to follow out in detail any one of the single topics of investigation suggested by these volumes. We prefer presenting some more general view ; and the very structure of these fictitious narratives affords one which we will ask leave to develop. Our author's problem was, to present a comprehensive and life-like portraiture, first of Roman, and then of Athenian civilization. In order to do this, he takes us into the circle of society nearest the imperial court of Augustus, and introduces us to a portion of the "moneyed aristocracy" of Athens. We see the interior of no poor man's house. We are made acquainted with no forms of modest elegance and lowly refinement. We have none of that beautiful blending of lights and shadows, which, in the hands of Crabbe, Wilson, Wordsworth, and a host of modern writers that we might name, have invested the "simple annals of the poor" with incomparable grace and beauty. And Becker was right in attempting nothing of this kind ; for neither ancient nor modern paganism affords materials for such delineation. For the plebeians, the burden-bearers, the toiling and suffering members of the body politic, pagan institutions have done absolutely nothing, and Christianity is far enough from having wrought its full work for them ; but one of the strongest points of contrast between pagan and Christian civilization is, that the former has neither promised nor attempted any thing except for the privileged few, while the latter embraces within the circuit of its influences all of every condition in life, and has done much, and given promise of infinitely more, for those in penury and depression.

In exhibiting the darker side of this contrast, we ought to take first into view the essentially aristocratic character of the religious systems of antiquity. The descent of the human race from a single parent stock was not recognized in the classic mythology. To be sure, those whose ancestral trees bore gods, demigods, and deified heroes on their remoter branches, probably had very little sincere faith in their own celestial parentage; but such fables were sufficient to veil from their regard all traces of a community of origin between themselves and their poorer brethren, while these latter undoubtedly deemed themselves literally "*terræ filios*," inherently and essentially base and vile. Indeed, it can hardly be said that the different classes in social life had a religion in common. From the earliest period of authentic history, there is no reason to suppose that men of intelligence and culture had any sincere belief in the popular theology. Atheism, universal skepticism, and every possible gradation of belief from pântheism up to a tolerably pure and rational theism, divided the educated classes, while the worship of the temples was supported and administered solely for its political uses, in sustaining the government and the aristocracy, and in repressing by supernatural terrors the tendencies of the popular mind towards revolution and a larger liberty. There can be little doubt that the Eleusinian mysteries consisted essentially of a purer philosophy of religion than it was deemed safe to promulgate openly; and the crime of Socrates lay, not in his believing as he did, (for probably neither his accusers nor his judges were more orthodox polytheists than himself,) but in his initiating unqualified persons into his simpler, purer creed.

Yet worse, the classic mythology, while it claimed the abject submission of the unprivileged classes, promised them nothing. It had indeed its Elysium, but no place there for those who adorned quiet and lowly spheres by virtuous lives. Look at Virgil's enumeration of those who occupy the happy fields.

"Here a blest train advance along the meads,
And snowy wreaths adorn their graceful heads, —
Patriots, who perished for their country's right,
Or nobly triumphed in the field of fight.
There holy priests and sacred poets stood,
Who sung with all the raptures of a god, —

Worthies, whose life by useful arts refined,
With those who leave a deathless name behind,
Friends of the world and fathers of mankind."

And these are all; nor in the whole range of the classics do we find a single instance in which modest merit in an humble walk of life is named as a possible introduction to a place in Elysium. Nor did philosophy — the purer religion of the few — show greater favor to the poor and unlettered. Her own disciples were the only guests at her banquet of the gods. Even Socrates, in Phædo, says of those who practised such virtues as "temperance and justice," "without philosophy," that they are transmuted at death into "bees, wasps, or ants"; but that "it is not lawful for any to pass into the genus of the gods, except such as through a love of learning have philosophized."

We might trace the same features in the forms of paganism still existing among nations that have made any progress in the arts of civilized life. In China and Hindostan, a certain degree of culture and social elevation emancipates all who attain to it from the bondage of the popular superstitions, and initiates them into purer forms of belief or unbelief; while there has never been a pagan nation, in which the principle of social aristocracy has been fairly developed, where the paradise both of the popular and of the expurgated theology has not been aristocratic and exclusive.

We have spoken first of religious ideas in their bearing on the poor and depressed, because they always give the tone to political institutions, condemning those who rest under the frown of the gods to numerous civil disabilities and burdens. On this point the name *republic*, as applied to several of the ancient states, is apt to mislead the student of history. These republics were all of them, in their origin, military oligarchies, and retained much of their primitive spirit through the whole period of their history. Besides the numerous slaves, who were of course not represented in the government, the poorer freemen were ineligible to office; and such was the arrangement of all public business, as to give them the mere empty show of participation in the councils of the state, while the whole power was actually lodged with a small minority of rich men. The constitution of Athens was such, that all the forms of a free election or a popular vote might be passed through, and yet the assembly of the

people be in fact little more than a court of registry for the decrees of the Senate, which, indeed, were in full legal force without the popular sanction until the next meeting of the citizens, though a whole year might intervene. Thus, as regards the actual administration of the republic, the people possessed little more than a *veto* power. In Rome, a hundred senators might outvote a thousand plebeians, and the voting of the crowded centuries of the populace was nothing better than a clumsy and unmeaning farce. Moreover, what show of liberty was possessed by the citizens of these republics hardly extended beyond the city walls; and dependent provinces were robbed and devastated rather than governed, hardly sufficient care being extended over them to suffer the fleece to grow for successive shearings.

The idea of the natural, inalienable rights of the individual citizen seems to have entered the mind of no statesman or philosopher of antiquity. The contrast between the ancient and modern doctrine on this point has left a curious memorial of itself in the various uses of the word *privilege* (*privilegium*), which literally denotes special legislation with reference to a private citizen. It was originally used in a bad sense.* Cicero in his oration *Pro sua Domo* makes long and bitter complaint of the *privilege* of having his house torn down. In even the most arbitrary governments in Christendom, it is tacitly admitted that the individual citizen has certain rights, which may be increased, but cannot be taken away, by special legislation; and thus *privilege* has changed its meaning, so as to denote the immunities and exemptions, which may be conferred on some, without derogating from the natural and conceded rights of others.

But the legal possession of rights could have been of little avail to a poor man, if obliged to maintain them in any of the ancient courts of judicature. An impartial judiciary has left no record of itself in Greek or Roman history. "To him that hath it shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath," might have been inscribed, as the most appropriate motto, over the so-called halls of justice. A suitor without wealth or power to back him would have been drugged at once with hellebore, if he

* "*Leges privatis hominibus irrogari, — id est privilegium.*" — Cicero *Pro sua Domo*, 3.

had a friend to care for his sanity. We suppose, that no one can have followed Cicero through the surviving monuments of his forensic eloquence, without an unutterable contempt for the tribunals of his day, as susceptible of no appeals whatever, except those made by the threats of the more powerful or the bribes of the richer party. How does the anticipated triumph swell in every sentence, when his client, though guilty and despicable to the last degree, is backed by the right men, or possesses a *census* appreciable by the venal judges ! and how manifestly does he droop and flag, from his very exordium, when truth and right are his only allies !

Did our limits permit, we should trace out with some minuteness of detail the political condition of the poor beyond the pale of Christendom at the present day, and exhibit them in Persia the abject slaves of royalty, in India despised outcasts whose touch contaminates, in Turkey never an arm's length from the bastinado or the bow-string, in China and its cognate kingdoms crouching on all fours before the humblest deputy or emblem of the imperial power, and possessing no more sway over their own destiny than over the orbit of Saturn.

In fine, the rights of man as such have nowhere begun to be recognized except under Christian culture. Nor should we expect the case to be otherwise. The ideas of man's common parentage and common destiny are essential to the conception of his native and inherent rights. Men in society stand like the separate pillars in a colonnade, connected by the continuous entablature above and stylobate below. Bury the latter in the earth, and the former in the clouds, and you disjoin and isolate the pillars. Thus if, in the column of human life, the base and capital are both kept out of view, there remain no points of union or grounds of mutual obligation, but only conflicting interests, selfishness, indifference, jealousy, and alienation.

But in order to gain a distinct view of the condition of the poor, we must look into their homes. And with regard to the states of classic renown, the most striking fact in the domestic condition of this class of people is the overwhelming majority of them that had no homes of their own. Slaves became so either by birth, debt, captivity, or conquest ; and what greatly augmented the severity of their lot was, that they were either the born fellow-countrymen of their masters,

or from nations of equal culture and refinement, or even superior, as in the case of the numerous Greek slaves in Rome, — of course, therefore, capable of feeling the restraints and the ignominy of bondage far more deeply than had they been from confessedly inferior races. The lapse of a freeman into the most abject servitude was very easy. By the Roman law of the twelve tables, a debtor, who remained insolvent after an imprisonment of sixty days, might either be sold into slavery, or killed and his body divided among his creditors ; and the latter, if the more merciful alternative, can seldom have been adopted in a nation not laboring under the suspicion of cannibalism. In Athens, there were at one time *twenty-one thousand* citizens, and *forty thousand* slaves. In the little island of Ægina, there were *four hundred and seventy thousand* slaves. The Helots of Sparta were kept within safe limits, as to their numbers, only by the sword. Their indiscriminate slaughter was permitted and encouraged. The young citizens were wont to murder them for exercise, and in order that they might enter the military service of the country already familiar with the use of weapons and the sight of human blood. Whenever these humane recreations were pursued with too little zeal, and the Helots multiplied too fast, they were “ lopped ” down to the right numerical proportion by a legal massacre, under the supervision of the Ephori, on whom this duty devolved by the fundamental law of the state. Thucydides relates the murder of *two thousand* of these wretched beings at one time.

Under the Roman emperors, it was no uncommon thing for single citizens to own from *ten* to *twenty thousand* slaves. Nor were those held in bondage taken under legal protection in any form or way until the reign of Constantine.* To the severest treatment, even from a stranger, they could oppose no resistance, nor was any mode of redress for injury open to them. Their evidence in courts of justice was valid only when taken by torture. If a master was murdered, public opinion not only sanctioned, but prescribed, the slaughter of all his slaves, though numbered by thousands. Tacitus, in describing a case of this kind, in which only *four hundred* were sacrificed, coolly says that it was done *de vetere more*. In addition to all this, the murder of slaves was often prac-

* “ Cum in servos omnia liceant,” &c. — Seneca *de Clementia*, I. 18.

tised as one phasis of the same ostentation of wealth which sought more harmless displays in expending thousands of sesterces on a mullet, or was perpetrated in a drunken frolic by the master and his friends. In this immense class there was a small percentage of confidential servants, scribes, men of letters, persons of rare skill as cooks or artisans, too valuable to be wantonly sacrificed or inhumanly treated except for some grave cause of provocation ; and their outward condition was often one of ease, luxury, and affluence. But for the vast majority of this class there were no domestic privileges or comforts, — they labored often in chains, — modesty and virtue had no defence or safeguard, — their homes had fewer immunities, comforts, and privileges, than the stables and kennels of their unreasoning fellow-servants.

The free poor, both of Athens and of Rome, were literally public paupers, — in the former city, nourished by a scanty daily stipend from the treasury, — in the latter, dependent mainly on the public granaries, and on largesses bestowed to purchase their shouts, or to enlist them as accomplices in rebellion, treason, or rapine. They had no regular habits of industry, fixed means of support, or stable place of abode ; but were like a billowy ocean, tossed to and fro by every breeze of popular tumult. They lived chiefly in the streets and in places of public concourse, and knew the ties of domestic life only to violate and to sunder them. And in Rome their condition must have been rendered inconceivably more corrupt and brutal by the gladiatorial shows and the conflicts of men with savage beasts, which they always sought so clamorously and thronged so greedily, and by which every lingering vestige of kindly domestic feeling must have been utterly effaced. We must add to this picture the well-known fact, that across the barrier between the rich and the poor only the arm of oppression and violence ever reached, — that there was no institution or form of private charity, by which the superfluities of the one class were ever made to eke out the penury, help the infirmity, enlighten the ignorance, or relieve the degradation, of the other.

Infanticide occupies a conspicuous place in the domestic history of Greece and Rome. In Athens and in Sparta, the exposure of weak and sickly infants, or of those whose parents were unable to bring them up, was not only tolerated,

but sanctioned, — nay, enjoined, by the wisest and most humane legislators. Yet more, both Plato and Aristotle speak of this custom with the highest commendation ; and Plutarch, with all his humanity, indorses in mass the laws of Lycurgus, which contain express provisions for the murder of feeble and deformed children, as entirely free from injustice and cruelty, and speaks of the legislator himself as a morally perfect man. We find it generally said, though we know not on what authority, that this savage custom was transplanted from Greece into Rome ; but however this may be, it found a congenial soil in the harsh, emotionless utilitarianism of the Roman character, nor was this among the many practical *Grecisms*, of which the purists of the Augustan age complained so vehemently, as having impaired the primitive simplicity of the Romulean stock. That this practice of infanticide was indigenous in Rome is rendered probable by the reference to it involved in the early and uniform use of *tollo* in the sense of *educate*,* (the child whom the father did not see fit to lift from the ground being exposed,) and also by the fact, that in the Grecian states, the exposure of infants, frequent as it was, was an exception to the general rule, while in Rome it was the rule, to which the father in every individual case created an exception by his own act. We have given a prominent place to this custom, in treating of the condition of the poor, because, though practised to a scandalous extent in the upper classes, its imagined relief and benefit must have been, from the nature of the case, and appear to have been, in point of historical fact, the most frequently made available, by those whose *poverty* and *will* gave joint consent to the deed.

But there is no need of going back to those early times for illustrations of the domestic wretchedness of the pagan poor. We might simply point our readers to Hindostan, where (under the ban of a superstition no doubt repudiated at heart by the intelligent and educated classes, though maintained in practice solely by their obstinate adherence to it) those who discharge the menial offices of society are forbidden access to all that can make life tolerable, excluded

* To this idiom we curiously enough owe the use of *rear* in the same sense in our own language, very probably that of *raise* (if, like very many other so-called Americanisms, it is a relic of the early English, grown obsolete on its native soil), and possibly that of *bring up*.

even from the public markets and wells, forced to dwell in miserable hovels remote from all other habitations, prohibited from touching the persons or entering the dwellings of any out of their own caste, and compelled to bequeath this blighting curse of Cain to their remotest posterity. There, too, the children, especially of these Pariahs, are daily exposed in baskets to be devoured by birds of prey, or left in more sheltered places to die by starvation. Or we might refer to China, — the pattern empire of modern unbelievers, — the mirror of civilization and refinement with the ungodly fanatics of the French Revolution, constantly cited by infidel philosophers of the Voltaire school to show how high a state may rise without the ministry of Christian institutions. There, besides the millions who live in mud hovels, low, windowless, filthy beyond description, and without division of apartments, there are other millions whose only homes are the crowded boats on the rivers and canals. There, too, infanticide is reduced to a science, there being no less than four canonical modes of performing the operation, where the father prefers killing the infant outright to exposing him. This custom is confined chiefly to the poorer classes, among whom, while the sons are spared to support their parents in old age, according to the best usage every other daughter, and not unfrequently five out of six, are destroyed. In the city of Pekin no less than *nine thousand* infants are annually exposed or murdered, and a proportionally large number in every part of the empire.

Such was and is the poor man under pagan systems and institutions. Let us now see how he is regarded and treated under the auspices of Christianity. And here we must be permitted to refer at the outset to the Jewish revelation, which is less a distinct system than the foreshadow and embryo of the Christian. One of the most striking characteristics of the Mosaic code is the rich vein of humanity which runs through it. The poor there find themselves traced back to the same parentage, loved by the same God, bound by the same religious ties, with their wealthy neighbours. At the sanctuary and the altar the only distinction is one in their favor, namely, that by which the least costly offering on their part is pronounced no less acceptable than the hecatomb which the rich may bring. In the rest of the Sabbath, the voice from Sinai made special mention of the man-servant and the maid-servant; nor is there one among the many appointed festivals, in which

they, together with the poor and stranger, are not specially enumerated among the guests. Mark how loving a spirit for the lowly and distressed breathes in the following laws, which are but a few among many that we might cite. "If thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen into decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him ; yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner." "Take thou no usury of him, nor increase." "If thou take his raiment to pledge, thou shalt deliver it to him again when the sun goeth down, that he may sleep in his own raiment and bless thee." "Thou shalt not oppress a hired servant that is poor and needy, whether he be of thy brethren, or of the strangers that are in the land within thy gates. At his day thou shalt give him his hire, neither shall the sun go down upon it ; for he is poor and setteth his heart upon it : lest he cry against thee to the Lord, and it be sin unto thee." "When thou cuttest down thy harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it. When thou beatest thine olive-tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again. When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it afterward. It shall be for the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow." "If a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him ; but thou shalt love him as thyself ; for ye know the heart of a stranger, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." In addition to all these merciful provisions, when a poor man alienated his patrimony, or sold himself into servitude, he could do so only for a term of years ; and when the year of jubilee arrived, though the debt were unpaid, the debtor resumed his freedom, and returned to the home of his fathers. These laws banished from poverty all show of abjectness, and embraced the extremes of social life in a finely woven network of the kindest sympathies and charities. Nor does the whole period of Jewish history, prior to the Christian era, among its many records of apostasy and guilt, reveal a single trace of the disabilities, sufferings, and unnatural crimes among the poor, which deform the annals of all other ancient nations. Indeed, we have abundant reason to believe, that the distinctions of social life have nowhere rested with so slight a pressure upon the less favored classes, and that the burdens and miseries of penury have nowhere been so slightly felt, as in Palestine, during the entire period of Hebrew independence.

In considering the direct agency of Christianity upon the

condition of the poor, the lowliness of its Founder's birth, and the humble callings from which he chose his apostles, demand our first regard. All the circumstances of its origin attach a peculiar sacredness to poverty, and claim for it, not so much pity, as tender reverence. The Christian cannot look down upon the poor without throwing scorn upon the Author and the first witnesses of his faith. Then, too, the doctrines of Christianity multiply points of contact and of union among those most widely separated as to the endowments of fortune. They throw the mere outward accidents of life into insignificance, by merging them in the great facts of a common origin, a universal and fatherly Providence, and an immortal being of which the present state is the mere infancy. The services of our religion, also, have never been so administered as to recognize the barriers of caste among the worshippers. Under the most lordly hierarchy, the church and the altar have been equally free for prince and peasant, lord and beggar.

Nor is this mere speculation. The Christian Church, from its very foundation, has recognized the claims of the poor in its organization and its ritual. On the memorable day of Pentecost, before which a large upper room was sufficient for the assembling of the Church Universal, there was not upon the earth a philanthropic institution of any kind, or, except in the Hebrew Scriptures, the distinct record of a philanthropic idea. In the narrative of that day, the amazing fact stands written in terms of the most unobtrusive modesty : — " They that believed sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all as every man had need." Almost the next noteworthy incident in the same history is the appointment of seven men (whose successors have never ceased to discharge like ministries of love), " men of honest report, and full of the holy spirit and wisdom," whose office it was to take care of the poor widows in the church at Jerusalem. Shortly after this, we find St. Paul collecting from remote and stranger provinces, and bringing with him alms for the straitened and impoverished disciples of the holy city, — alms, too, gathered on the first day of the week, in connection with the rite of Christian communion, — a rite which from that day to this has been the fountain-head of an incessant flow of charity to man, no less than of heavenward vows and aspirations.

As to the political condition of the poor, it must be admitted on all hands that Christianity lays a broad and deep foun-

dation for individual freedom and progress, that its legitimate result would be a system of government in which all power should emanate from the people at large and be amenable to their control, and that this result has been more or less perfectly realized in different communities, very much in the proportion in which the Christian Scriptures have been freely circulated and generally understood. Our religion found the world filled with despotism ; but it has already scourged the demon of tyranny to the extreme eastern verge of Christendom, and even there is fast undermining his throne and disenfranchising his subjects. Elsewhere (and even there the same principle has begun to work), arbitrary forms of government perpetuate themselves by propitiatory offerings to the spirit of freedom, monarchies are growing paternal, and sovereigns anticipate popular aggression upon their power by grants and concessions, by liberal maxims of policy, by institutions of education and charity in which the wants and claims of their meanest subjects are distinctly recognized. And all this is in accordance with the peaceful spirit of Christianity, which declares no war against names and forms, foment not revolution, and forbids sedition, but quietly infuses into the mind of king and subject, noble and plebeian, thoughts and sentiments which create community of interest and feeling, and blend power and weakness, wealth and penury, by the correlatives of protection and contentment, charity and gratitude.

As regards slavery, Christianity has wrought an immense work. It has once rolled the Atlas burden from off the whole bosom of Christendom. We have seen that pagan Rome left the slave out of the pale of legal protection. With the first Christian emperor commenced the series of legislative enactments in his favor ; and from that time the number of slaves in the Roman empire was continually diminishing, and their condition rapidly improving, until, in the twelfth or thirteenth century, domestic slavery was extinct within the purlieus of Christian civilization. It is worthy of remark, that this consummation was attained at the very era when ecclesiastical power was at its height, and that the last essential steps were taken towards it, not only under Christian, but under expressly ecclesiastical auspices. Pope Alexander III., the first Roman pontiff who dared to place his foot on the neck of a prostrate monarch, was the first legislator to promulgate the law of universal liberty ; and " this law alone,"

says Voltaire, always chary of praising any church dignitary, "ought to render his name dear to all the people of the earth."

For the form of slavery which has since grown up in the New World we are no apologists. It was established under reiterated remonstrances and anathemas from the Church, and would never have gained a firm foothold, could her voice have been heard and her arm felt with unabated power across the intervening waste of waters. But the slavery of which we now speak is far less extensive than the Pagan system, is held in check by numerous legal restraints, is connected with many alleviating circumstances, and with a large preponderance of humanity and kindness over violence and cruelty, and binds a race, to which, though a wrong and an outrage, it is the less galling from their never having known the blessings of freedom and refinement, and to which it may be ultimately beneficial in bringing them and their whole continent under civilizing and Christianizing influences. Meanwhile the axe is already laid at the root of this tree of evil. By the unanimous consent of Christian nations, the slave-ship is now an outlaw and a pirate ; and universal emancipation is retarded less by a surviving attachment to the wrong, than by the difficulty of readjusting on principles of perfect equity the balance of rights and interests once deranged by the intrusion of evil.

But in order to trace most satisfactorily the benign agency of Christian institutions and ideas in behalf of the poor, we must look into their homes. It is a significant fact, that there is no word in the Greek or Latin corresponding to our word *home* ; for the inflections of *oikos* and *domus* denote a mere local habitation, without any of the numberless associations of a moral nature which distinguish *home* from *house*, and make the former one of the most complex words in the language. Home, the name, the idea, the fact, is the creation and gift of Christianity. To her we owe the unity and permanence of the conjugal relation, with the laws of modesty and chastity that guard it, the equal and honored place of woman in the household, and the principles and culture that make her in soul and character a wife and mother. To her we owe the abolition of infanticide, the emancipation of the child from the father's untempered despotism, and all the truths, sentiments, and motives that can be relied on to sustain parental duty or to nourish filial piety. And while our religion has bestowed

these positive benefits upon man in his domestic relations, it has made itself the faithful ally of art and taste (which previously served only for public uses or for the selfish ostentation of wealth and luxury) in the enriching and adorning of quiet home-life. At the same time, it early lent its aid to banish the vile and cruel forms of public amusement, which could not be enjoyed without crushing in the germ those tender, genial elements of character on which the happiness of home depends. The first edict against gladiatorial shows was issued by the first Christian emperor, and in less than a century from that time Honorius completed the work which Constantine had so well begun.

In these domestic blessings the poor share to the full. Where the spirit of Christianity breathes, the house, however wretched, is still a home, and those under its roof experience a happiness in one another, an outflow of parental, filial, brotherly and sisterly affection, a divine and heavenly harmony of interest, feeling, and hope, which they would not yield up for uncounted millions. In such a family, penury ceases to be abject, and is almost never comfortless. An air of grace and refinement invests the meanest hovel, and sheds a charm over the lowliest domestic group, if the homeless wanderer of Galilee has blessed the dwelling. In many an abode, from which the pampered nursling of fortune would turn with disgust, the father, coarse and rude in outward aspect, when he has washed off the dust and dew of daily toil, puts on all the modest dignity of teacher, patriarch, priest, dispenses lessons of virtue for which Socrates would have gladly sat at his feet, and pours out at the household altar the pure offering of the innocent, contented, thankful hearts which Providence has bound up with his.

Nor does it take centuries or generations to transform the den of pagan strife and misery into the Christian home. In many of the islands of the Southern Pacific, where twenty-five years ago there were only hordes of naked, filthy savages, destitute of all the arts and the decencies of life, may now be seen whole villages of neatly whitewashed cottages, clean, well furnished and well ordered, the families neatly and tastefully clad, happy in the discharge of all domestic duties and charities, "singing the songs of Zion in a strange land," and uniting in the morning and evening sacrifice to "Him in whom all the families of the earth are blessed." We feel tempted

to quote from the speeches of some of these islanders at an anniversary meeting held at one of the Hervey islands. The peculiar rhetoric gives us ample warrant of the reporter's fidelity, even were he a less reliable man than the eminently learned, faithful, and philanthropic Williams, the leading spirit of the London Mission in the South Sea Islands.

“ ‘ Let us remember,’ said the first speaker, ‘ our former state, — how many children were killed, and how few were kept alive ; but now none are destroyed. Parents now behold with pleasure their three, five, and even their ten children ; the majority of whom would have been murdered, had not God sent his word to us. Now hundreds of these are daily taught the word of God. We knew not that we possessed that invaluable property, — a living soul.’

“ Then said Fenuapeho : — ‘ We were dwelling formerly in a dark house among centipedes, lizards, spiders, and rats ; nor did we know what evil and despicable things were around us. The lamp of life, the word of God, has been brought, and now we behold with dismay and disgust these abominable things. Some are killing each other this very day, while we are rejoicing ; some are destroying their children, while we are saving ours ; some are burning themselves in the fire, while we are bathing in the cool waters of the Gospel.’

“ Then Mahamene continued the narrative : — ‘ The servants of our chiefs would enter our houses, and strip us of every thing. The master of the house would sit as a poor captive, without daring to speak, while they would seize his rolls of cloth, kill the fattest of his pigs, pluck the best of his bread-fruit, and take the very posts of his house for firewood with which to cook them. Is there not one here, who buried his new canoe in the sand, to hide it from them ? But now all these customs are abolished ; we live in peace, without fear. We do not now hide our pigs underneath our beds, and use our rolls of cloth for pillows to secure them ; our pigs may now run where they please, and our property may hang in our houses, no one touching it. Now we have cinet bedsteads ; we have excellent sofas to sit on, neat plastered houses to dwell in, and our property we can call our own.’ ” *

We have thus endeavoured to present what seems to us the chief point of contrast between ancient and modern, pagan and Christian civilization. The difference consists

* Williams's *Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands*, pp. 220
- 222.

not so much in what the few might, as in what all may, attain. The growth of refinement and luxury in the ancient states increased the burdens and multiplied the disabilities of the multitude, while every new element of Christian culture tends to elevate the masses. The social landscape of the Periclean and the Augustan age shows us mountains reaching to the clouds, separated by awfully deep, sunless ravines, both equally barren. Christian ideas and institutions are constantly tending so to remodel society, that gently swelling hills shall alternate with fertile, well-watered valleys, and that there shall be verdure, bloom, and beauty alike on hill and plain. The work, indeed, is only begun ; but every antagonist principle with which it has to contend belongs to the old order of things, is of pagan origin, and is already yielding ground, as Christian ideas more and more pervade the great heart of society, are embodied in literature, adopted by governments, and made active by individual philanthropy.

ART. VIII. — 1. *The Past, the Present, and the Future.*

By H. C. CAREY, Author of "Principles of Political Economy," etc. Philadelphia : Carey and Hart. 1848. 8vo. pp. 474.

2. *The Religious Theory of Civil Government : a Discourse delivered before the Governor and the Legislature of Massachusetts, at the Annual Election, Wednesday, January 5th, 1848.* By ALEXANDER H. VINTON, Rector of St. Paul's Church. Boston : Dutton and Wentworth, Printers. 8vo. pp. 46.

MANY excellent persons, if we may judge from their repeated declarations, have come to entertain very desponding views respecting the condition and prospects of the American people. They say that it is all over with the republic, that our country is too large for union, too sordid for patriotism, and too democratic for liberty ; and that our doom is sealed, and we are fast hurrying to ruin. We cannot wonder that such thoughts find frequent utterance, since, from the rapidity of communication from one extremity of the land to the other, and from the craving of the public mind for news and scan-

dal, every crime against the laws, every offence against the higher rules of Christian courtesy and morality, and every weak or foolish action of those who occupy prominent positions in the state, are matters of immediate record in the newspapers, which convey the intelligence with incredible speed to every fireside in the country. Whoever turns over the files of the city or the village news-room finds so many instances of depravity and corruption chronicled there, that, in the spirit of the self-accusing Edgar in *Lear*, he may exclaim of our countrymen, — They love wine deeply, dice dearly, and are “false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand.” Perhaps, too, when musing upon what is passing around him, or when looking at “the great image of authority,” he is reminded of the words of the mad old king himself: — “A man may see how this world goes with no eyes”; for

“The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear:
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy’s straw doth pierce it.”

We propose to discuss some of the questions suggested by these remarks, and to inquire whether the prediction of Proud, the loyalist historian of Pennsylvania, and of others of similar political views, that “the revolt of the Colonies would prove the certain cause and commencement of the decline of national virtue and prosperity,” has been, or is likely to be, fulfilled. More than this, we would inquire whether we have not in fact made some progress in morals since the duty of maintaining our institutions devolved upon ourselves, and whether many of the sins and evils, which now appear overwhelming and disheartening, were not bequeathed to us by our fathers. In performing this task we shall endeavour to remember the injunction of the excellent and gifted Ames, that “the earth we tread on holds the bones of the deceased patriots of the Revolution,” though, in comparing the past with the present, allusion to the faults and imperfections of the men whom we are taught, and most justly, to reverence, will be both unavoidable and continual. They, it is of importance to observe, were colonists, and were destitute of the means of moral and intellectual improvement which are possessed by us, and which we ob-

tained by their exertions, their blood and treasure. If, then, we have made no progress, we are indeed highly criminal. Colonists, it is never to be forgotten, have no character of their own. Their habits and manners are formed on models from abroad. The official personages who reside among them are generally natives of the mother country, and they, with other persons of the same birthplace, who seek to repair their broken fortunes or to acquire wealth in colonial possessions, keep up the general feeling of dependence and of commercial and political connection with persons "at home," and exercise a controlling influence. The public and private records which have been transmitted to us show distinctly, that in some essential particulars the inhabitants of the thirteen Colonies, as a body, are to be judged by the rules which apply to the present British American colonists in this hemisphere.

The first subject which presents itself for consideration is obviously the state of religious feeling. Many persons seem to apprehend that the religious affections are fast dying out, and that we shall become ere long a nation of skeptics.

We must confess that there are some indications which may well alarm the most hopeful minds ; but we are very far from believing that all the gloomy forebodings and imaginings which come to us from the pulpit and the press are likely to be verified. In unbelief in America there is nothing new. There were persons in the bosom of the church in the time of the gentle John Cotton, — the Melancthon of the New World, — who denied the immortality of the soul, and maintained, to the horror of the Puritan clergymen of that age, that the Sabbath was but as other days. These and other similar heresies were deemed then, as they are now, to be "growing evils," and caused great alarm to the ministers and magistrates, who were required to rebuke them ; but they passed away, and none except the students of history now recall or allude to them.

At the Revolutionary period, the principles of unbelief were diffused to a considerable extent throughout the Colonies. It is certain that several of the most conspicuous personages in those days were either avowed disbelievers in Christianity, or cared so little about it that they were commonly regarded as disciples of the English or French schools of skeptical philosophy. In one class or the other may be included some

of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, several ambassadors to foreign courts, and other statesmen, some able political writers, and some generals and other military officers of rank. Particular mention of them is not necessary, though we may briefly refer to some of the most prominent deists of the time. One of them wrote the celebrated pamphlet called "Common Sense," which did more, beyond all doubt, than any other production, to prepare the colonists for a separation from England. Another was the leading Whig of Vermont, and probably the first native of America who published a work intended to ridicule Moses and the Prophets. He believed with Pythagoras in the transmigration of the soul after death, and often said that he himself expected to live again, in the form of a large white horse. A third was the officer in the army next in rank to the illustrious Commander-in-chief, — a man immoral in life and profane in conversation, who scoffed at every article of the Christian faith. Still another, and the earliest professed teacher of deism in this country of whom we have any knowledge, graduated at Dartmouth College soon after the close of the Revolution, and fixing his residence first in New York, and subsequently in Philadelphia, established the "Columbian Illuminati," with nearly one hundred members, and commenced the publication of the "Temple of Reason," a paper devoted to the dissemination of deistical sentiments. He was a person of considerable talent, was eminently successful in winning proselytes, and fancied that he had founded a sect; and in his discourses to his followers, he labored fearlessly and zealously to overthrow every system of religious belief. Yet his work perished; a generation has elapsed since his death, and neither he nor his fulminations against Christianity are heeded or remembered. As it has been, so will it be. New speculations of the same general character have succeeded, but these, also, after misleading men for a time, will be laid aside and forgotten. The most abject of our race will rough-hew blocks of wood and fragments of stone, rather than worship nothing. Human nature, savage and civilized, craves and will find a Being to adore. The feeling, the desire to bend in confession, to look up for help, to petition for blessing and mercy, is inborn, and cannot be rooted out or repressed.

In concluding this branch of the topic, we shall not under-

take to show whether, in proportion to the population, skepticism is more widely diffused than it was in our fathers' time. Yet were we to admit, what many insist upon, that unbelief prevails to a greater extent than at any former period of our history, we should still contend that the unbelievers of the present generation, unlike those of the last, even while denying the divine authority of Christianity, do in truth submit to many of its precepts and commands, and that a large portion of them neither defend nor permit laxity of morals. We claim, therefore, at the least, that infidelity now exists in a modified form, and is far less pernicious in its consequences upon American society. It was said of the younger Pitt, that he "was indifferent about the *forms* of religion." This remark will apply to many of his contemporaries of elevated station in both hemispheres. Something has been gained, then, as will be readily allowed, if skeptics so far defer to the opinions of believers, as to mingle with them in places consecrated to religious worship, to refrain from promulgating their views in coarse and vulgar essays, and to reserve the expression of their doubts and sneers for confidential conversations with each other. There is proof of progress in the fact, that they no longer shock public decency, and turn in shame from Paine and his foul language and conduct.

We come now to speak of the lust of conquest, and the insatiable thirst for the acquisition of territory. This is criminal, but it was the besetting sin of the stock from whom, in the pride of our hearts, we claim to be descended ; — the sin of the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, whose blood, first mingling in strife on the battle-field for the mastery of England, and then in family alliances, now flows in our veins. The Englishmen of the last eight centuries sprung from, and are the present representatives of, these three races ; and acting upon the axiom, that "The world's power, like its wealth, can never remain one moment without a possessor," they have anticipated the grasp of others, and, upon various self-satisfying pretences, have appropriated to themselves a large share of all the territory inhabited or inhabitable by the human family. Of these Englishmen we are the true children. Our annals, from the hour that our ancestors approached these shores in humility, weariness, and want, down to the present time, when we go forth in pride and power, are stained with the record of wrongs done to those whose

skins are redder than our own, whose lands we coveted, but did not need, and whose extirpation we decreed, and have nearly accomplished. For the first century, these annals are crowded with the accounts of quarrels among ourselves about the boundary lines of patents and grants of territories which we could not settle, and which were almost worthless. Yet no man was allowed to speak against or question the validity of parchment titles; and had Roger Williams acknowledged that the signature of a Stuart could dispossess the Indians of their native soil without their consent, he might not have been driven into banishment.

The story of our encroachments upon the lands occupied by settlers from other European nations is written in our earliest records. The Dutch were the probable discoverers, as they certainly were the first settlers, of the Connecticut valley. There is now, indeed, no cause to regret that the banks of the Connecticut were finally colonized by people of our own kindred; but we must smile at the reasons assigned for occupying them by the historian Hubbard, who says that "the places about the Bay were already in a manner taken up," that Massachusetts was "overpressed with multitudes of new families," and that, "as like an hive of bees overstocked, there was a *necessity that some should swarm out.*" At the period to which Hubbard refers, be it remembered, Boston was not ten years old, and the country in the interior was almost an unbroken wilderness. The Puritans at Plymouth also had their eyes fixed upon this "famous river," and they vied with the planters of Dorchester, Roxbury, Watertown, and Cambridge, who quitted their hives to swarm thither.

Soon, again, our fathers were stinted for room, and must needs send off a swarm of Roundheads to root out Gorges and his cavaliers from Maine. The territory covered by his patent was not wanted, and was an incumbrance to Massachusetts, from the time of her first jurisdiction over it until she relinquished it. Politically, however, her grasping policy was wise, since, if she had acted otherwise, it is probable that the country between the Kennebec and the St. Croix, which comprises nearly two thirds of Maine, would never have formed a part of the United States.

Let us now look at the projects for the conquest of the colonies of France in this hemisphere. William and Mary

were hardly seated on the throne, before a native of Maine presented himself at court to ask for their countenance and aid in an enterprise to extinguish French power in America. Between the settlements of the Puritans and those of the Catholics there were broad seas, and hundreds of miles of forest land which Europeans had scarcely explored ; but the French were bad neighbours, they were competitors upon the fishing-grounds, and must consequently be expelled. The ambitious plan, when once conceived, was pursued with Saxon tenacity until it was accomplished, though the struggle caused the soil of Canada and Nova Scotia to be drenched with the blood of American colonists.

If our limits would permit, we might go on to speak of the encroachments of one patentee upon another in Virginia, which were among the causes of Bacon's rebellion ; of the sacrifice of life in the quarrel between Pennsylvania and Connecticut for the ownership of the lands on the Susquehanna ; of the scarcely less hostile relations which existed between New York and New Hampshire, on account of the disputed possession of the country now called Vermont, which wellnigh involved the claimants in a civil war ; and of many other cases which show that the Colonies, both collectively and individually, often manifested a disposition to acquire domains which did not rightfully belong to them, and of which they were not really in want. It was said by a pious and learned chronicler, nearly two centuries ago, that there was an "impulsive cause which did secretly drive on the business" of widening our territorial limits. That cause, we are sorry to believe, still impels us onward.

The Whigs of the Revolution were by no means exempt from the lust of dominion. Several of them were among the most noted land-speculators of their time. In the progress of the war, and in a manner hardly to be defended, we find them sequestering and appropriating to themselves the vast estates of their opponents. While the issue of the contest was yet doubtful, they lost sight of its original purposes, and in their endeavours to procure the alliance of France, they proposed that she should join them in an enterprise to conquer her own former colonial possessions in America ; and the Saxon thirst for boundless sway may be seen in their calm and thoughtful proposition, to keep nearly all the soil and fishing-grounds to be acquired for their own use and

aggrandizement.* The same motives led to the purchase of Louisiana without any regard to the wishes of the people who inhabited it, though they might not have objected to the transfer ; nor had this grasping disposition in our councils come to an end, when we attempted, in 1812, to subdue and annex the Canadas, or when we bargained with Spain for the Floridas. The annexation of Texas is the first deed consummated, for which the *present* generation can be held entirely and exclusively responsible.

We are next to consider the oft repeated charge, that, as a nation, we are increasing in sordidness and the love of gain. It may seem an insufficient, or at any rate a melancholy, defence against such an accusation, to show, that, in this respect, the hearts of a former generation were not more pure or liberal than our own. But our purpose is to correct the exaggerated and gloomy views which are sometimes taken of the degenerate spirit of the present times, founded on an erroneous, because partial, estimate of the virtues of a by-gone age. History is always one-sided in respect to the merits of a generation which has but recently passed off the stage ; it seems an act of piety to remember their good qualities and forget their faults. But it is profitable occasionally to contemplate the reverse of the picture, so as to check the querulous spirit, in reference to our own age, which is fed by the gossiping accounts of newsmongers and by the heated declamations of some worthy philanthropists. We appeal, then, to the Revolutionary era for proof that avarice and rapacity were as common then as now. The stock-jobbing, the extortion, the forestalling, the low arts and devices to amass wealth, that were practised during the war for independence, seem almost incredible. Washington mourned the want of virtue as early as 1775, and averred that he " trembled at the prospect." Soldiers were stripped of their miserable pittance, that contractors might become rich in a single campaign. Many of the sellers of merchandise monopolized articles of the first necessity, and would not part with them to their suffering countrymen, and to the wives and children of those who were

* The envoys to the French court were instructed to propose, that in case of success, France should possess one half of Newfoundland, while we should retain the other moiety of that island, the whole of Cape Breton, and the whole of Nova Scotia, which then included the present colony of New Brunswick.

absent in the field, unless at enormous profits. The traffic carried on with the royal troops was immense ; men of all descriptions finally engaged in it, and those who at the commencement of the struggle would have shuddered at the idea of any connection with the enemy pursued it with avidity. The public securities were often counterfeited, official signatures were forged, and plunder and robbery openly indulged. Appeals to the guilty from the pulpit, the press, and the halls of legislation were alike unheeded. The decline of public spirit, the rapacity of those in office, were matters of general complaint ; the plottings of disaffected persons and the malevolence of faction became widely spread, and, in parts of the country, were uncontrollable. The useful occupations of life and the legitimate pursuits of commerce were abandoned by thousands. The basest of men enriched themselves, and many of the most estimable sunk into obscurity and indigence. There were those who would neither pay their debts nor their taxes. The finances of the state and the fortunes of individuals were, to an alarming extent, at the mercy of gamblers and speculators.

The indignation of Washington was freely expressed. "It gives me very sincere pleasure," he said, in a letter to his friend Reed, "to find that the Assembly [of Pennsylvania] is so well disposed to second your endeavours in bringing those murderers of our cause, the monopolizers, forestallers, and engrossers, to condign punishment. It is much to be lamented, that each State long ere this has not hunted them down as pests to society, and the greatest enemies we have to the happiness of America. No punishment, in my opinion, is too great for the man who can build his greatness upon his country's ruin."

In writing to another friend, he drew this picture, which he solemnly declared to be a true one. "From what I have seen, heard, and in part know," said he, "I should in one word say, that idleness, dissipation, and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of most ; that speculation, speculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost every order of men ; and that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day." In other letters he laments the laxity of the public morals, the "distressed, ruinous, and deplorable condition of affairs," the "many melancholy proofs of the decay of private virtue," and asks if "the paltry consider-

ation of a little pelf to individuals is to be placed in competition with the essential rights and liberties of the present generations, and of millions yet unborn." He alludes to "the increasing rapacity of the times," and "the declining zeal of the people"; and speaks of "the virtuous few," who were struggling against the corruptions and "stock-jobbing of the multitude." Other documents might be cited, were further evidence necessary, to prove the selfishness and rapacity of individuals in those times.

Again, we frequently hear it said that the American people are less patriotic than their fathers were, and less ready to vindicate their rights. This accusation, also, we think, is unfounded, and we shall test its truth by reference to the records of the Revolution. In the first place, then, it should be remembered, though the war was undertaken for the holiest cause which ever arrayed men in battle, that the Whigs were a minority in some of the States, barely equalled their opponents in others, and in the whole country composed but an inconsiderable majority. The Loyalists embodied, and kept in the field, a large army of their partisans; and a considerable number of those who refrained from taking up arms were still active on the side of the crown, and by their conduct prolonged and embittered the contest. Whatever may be said to palliate the guilt of this portion of our countrymen, it will hardly be contended that they were distinguished for patriotism; and nearly one half of the adult male population of the country may therefore be dismissed from the discussion.

To say nothing of the Whigs of Vermont, who at one period were declared by Washington to be "a dead weight upon the cause," some examination of the resources* of the thirteen confederate States has served to convince us, that, had the advice and plans of the Commander-in-chief, of Franklin, and other judicious and patriotic persons been adopted, and had there been system and common prudence and integrity in the management of affairs, the army might

* We do not admit that the Thirteen Colonies were poor, though such appears to be the common impression. Franklin estimated the annual consumption of tea, before the Revolution, at £500,000. The people who expended two and a half millions of dollars in a year for one article of luxury were not poor. During the most distressing periods of the contest, the importation of superfluities was continued to an extent which drew from Franklin earnest remonstrance and rebuke. See Sparks's edition of his Works, Vol. VIII. pp. 327, 376, 393, 403.

have been well fed, clothed, and paid throughout the struggle. Particular States, and thousands of individuals, exhausted their means to aid in achieving the independence of their country ; but we are satisfied that the want of patriotism in other States and in other individual Whigs produced the appalling calamities and distresses of the war, and compelled the resort to the seizure of private property, and other objectionable expedients. The issuing of bills of credit was, perhaps, unavoidable ; but their excessive depreciation might and should have been prevented. The exports of the Colonies before the war were large, and, with a liberal allowance for diminished production* during the hostilities, there were still provisions in the country at all times to feed the people and both the Whig and the royal forces. The king's troops were well supplied ; for his generals paid "hard money," and not the "Continental stuff." "I am amazed," said Washington to Colonel Stewart, "at the report you make of the quantity of provision that goes daily into Philadelphia † from the county of Bucks" ; and this was written in January of that memorable winter which the American army passed in nakedness and starvation at Valley Forge.

So, too, there were men enough who in name were Whigs to meet the strongest force that was ever employed to suppress the popular movement. There was always an army — on paper ; but the votes of Congress were seldom executed by the States. At the close of one campaign, there was not a sufficient number of troops in camp to man the lines ; and at the opening of another, when the Commander-in-chief was expected to take the field, "scarce any State in the Union," as he himself said, had "an eighth part of its quota" in service. The bounty finally paid to soldiers was enormous. Omitting details, the general fact will be indicated by stating that the price for a single recruit was as high as seven hundred and fifty dollars in one State, and one thousand dollars in another, on enlistment for the war, besides the bounty and emoluments given by Congress ; and one hundred and fifty

* The prizes taken by the numerous Whig privateers were very valuable, and increased the ability of the country, probably, nearly as much as it was lessened by the partial interruption of agriculture. So successful were these privateers, that the premium of insurance, as appears by a speech in Parliament, rose to 20, and even 25 *per cent*.

† Then occupied by the royal army.

dollars "in specie" were exacted and paid for a term of duty of only five months. Such were the extraordinary inducements necessary to tempt some men to serve their country, when their dearest interests were at issue. Still, large numbers of the Whigs demanded that Washington should face and fight their enemies, without troops, without stores, and even at times without their own confidence and sympathy. If we admit that much of the reluctance to enter the army arose from the knowledge of the privations and sufferings to be endured in camp, and from aversion to receive payment for service in a depreciated currency, we shall palliate the conduct of the class expected to become soldiers only to censure by implication another class, who possessed, but kept back, the means of supporting those who fought their battles.

In the further vindication of the present generation from the charge of degeneracy, it becomes necessary to consider whether, in point of character, the army of our day will not compare favorably with that of the Revolution. It seems to be the common impression, that the rank and file of the force which achieved our independence were composed principally of the yeomanry and farmers of the country. As far as the regular Continental army is concerned, we consider this opinion a mistaken one. In some of the Colonies, the occupants of the soil were mere retainers or dependants of the great landholders, and, with them, very generally adhered to the royal cause; while in other districts, the recruiting officers often enlisted foreigners, deserters from the army of the king, minors, and even young boys. That persons of this description formed a large part of the army is not probable; but if we admit that the Continental line consisted of men of property in land, the conclusion, that the yeomanry of the Revolutionary era, as a class, were less moral than are those who now till the earth, becomes irresistible.

Making every allowance for the effects of hunger and want, for the claims of families at home, and for other circumstances equally imperative, we must still consider desertion, mutiny, robbery, and murder as high crimes. There were soldiers of the Revolution who deserted in parties of twenty and thirty at a time, and several hundreds of those who thus abandoned the cause fled to Vermont, and were among the early settlers of that State. A thousand men, the date of whose enlistment had been misplaced, perjured

themselves in a body, as fast as they could be sworn, in order to quit the service which they had voluntarily entered. In smaller parties, hundreds of others demanded dismissal from camp under false pretexts, and with lies upon their lips. Some also added treason to desertion, and joined the various corps of Loyalists in the capacity of spies upon their former friends, or of guides and pioneers. Many more enlisted, deserted, and reënlisted under new recruiting officers, for the purpose of receiving double bounty; while others, who placed their names upon the rolls, were paid the money to which they were entitled, but refused to join the army; and others still, who were sent to the hospitals, returned home without leave after their recovery, and were sheltered and secreted by friends and neighbours, whose sense of right was as weak as their own. Another class sold their clothing, provisions, and arms,* to obtain means for revelling, and to indulge their propensity for drunkenness; while some prowled about the country, to rob and kill the unoffending and defenceless. A guard was placed over the grave of a foreigner of rank, who died in Washington's own quarters, and who was buried in full dress, with diamond rings and buckles, "lest the soldiers should be tempted to dig for hidden treasure."

These facts are sufficient to show that virtue in the American camp was not, at any rate, universal, and accusations of immorality may be made and proved against the Whig army as well as against those which have succeeded it. Indeed, we fear that whippings, drummings from the service, and even military executions, were more frequent in the Revolution than at any subsequent period of our history.

If we turn our attention to the officers, we shall find that many had but doubtful claims to respect for purity of private character, and that some were addicted to grave vices. We have not space to discuss the subject at length, and a general view must suffice. In point of personal courage and conduct, there were several delinquents of standing and rank. The battle of Breed's Hill was lost probably by the want of valor on the part of officers who were intrusted with honor-

* Such were the waste and theft of arms by the soldiers, that until Steuben had control of the matter, an allowance of five thousand stand, annually, was made in the official estimates, to meet the deficiency.

able and responsible commands ; * and had not one of the British generals, † before the attack, tarried too long with the beautiful daughter of that stout old Loyalist, “ Master Lovell,” — who educated half of the prominent Whigs of Massachusetts, and was himself “ a castaway,” — the royal artillery might have been better served in the action, and the brave Prescott sooner driven from the works.

It affords us no pleasure to dwell upon the crimes and frailties of a single individual whose name is connected with, or distinguished in, our annals. We pass lightly over the cases of Lee and Arnold, and will only allude to two others, each of whom bore a general’s commission. One of them shocked the pure by his open and repeated scoffs at religion ; and the other passed a large portion of his life in tippling and gaming, and, though repentant in his declining years, it was pithily said of him, that “ no man better loved this world, and no man more reluctantly quitted it.”

In tracing the career of officers of inferior rank, we find much to lament. Judge Marshall states that Arnold was the only one who “ turned his sword against his former companions in arms ” ; but the great jurist was mistaken. We cannot go into details, and will barely remark that there were several who had held commissions in the Whig army who went over to the royal side, and that among them was one lieutenant-colonel, who had served a campaign under St.

* That the reader may not suppose we mean to censure the many brave men who participated in the battle, we state that Gridley, who commanded the battalion of artillery, and by whose misconduct it afforded but little aid, and Captain Callender, who withdrew his field-pieces and company from the strife, and Colonel Gerrish, who would not leave Bunker’s Hill, and whose whole regiment refused to march to Breed’s, and kept out of action during the three attacks, are here particularly alluded to.

† General Cleveland. It is said, that “ in order to win favor with the damsel, he had given her young brother an appointment in the ordnance department for which he was not qualified.” To this circumstance the sending over the “ over-sized cannon-balls ” is attributed, which occasioned delay, after the British troops landed at Morton’s Point. The mistake did not allow the artillery to be of essential service until suitable balls were obtained from Boston. Meantime, two attacks were repulsed. We hardly know of another mention of Cleveland’s name in the history of the war. It is a singular coincidence, that the artillery on *both* sides should have been badly served. The celebrated Count Rumford desired employment in the Whig army at this time, and would, but for the course of Colonel Gridley, who obtained the appointment for his son above mentioned, have commanded the American artillery on this occasion. Rumford subsequently adhered to the crown, and was a colonel of dragoons. — See *Life of Warren*, by the late A. H. Everett, in Sparks’s Biography.

Clair, and another who had raised the corps which he was appointed to command.

It is certain that appointments were conferred upon unworthy persons at every period of the war. Knox wrote to Gerry, that there were men in service "who wished to have their power perpetuated at the expense of the liberties of the people," and who "had been rewarded with rank without having the least pretensions to it, except cabal and intrigue." There were officers who were destitute alike of honor and patriotism; who unjustly clamored for their pay, while they drew large sums of public money under pretence of paying their men, but applied them to the support of their own extravagance; who went home on furloughs, and never returned; and who, regardless of their word as gentlemen, violated their paroles, and were threatened by Washington with exposure in every newspaper in the land, as men who had disgraced themselves and were insensible to the sufferings of their associates in captivity, whose restraints were increased by their misconduct. At times, courts-martial were continually sitting, and so numerous were the convictions, that the names of those who were cashiered were sent to Congress in lists. "Many of the surgeons," said Washington, "are very great rascals, countenancing the men to sham complaints to exempt them from duty, and often receiving bribes to certify indispositions, with a view to procure discharges or furloughs"; and still further, they drew for the public "medicines and stores, in the most profuse and extravagant manner, for private purposes." In a letter to the governor of a State, he affirmed that the officers who had been sent him therefrom were "generally of the lowest class of the people," that they "led their soldiers to plunder the inhabitants, and into every kind of mischief." To his brother, John Augustine Washington, he declared that the different States were nominating such officers as were "not fit to be shoe-blacks." *

* Among the amusing proofs to sustain Washington in so emphatic an expression of his contempt and disgust, two instances may be cited. The first relates to a captain of horse, who was to be seen shaving his privates on parade! The other is of a colonel, who employed his two sons for waiters, and allowed one of them to work at shoe-making in his own apartment, when not required to perform the menial duties of a body servant. A mob overthrew and destroyed the shoe-maker's bench, and put an end to cobbling at regimental head-quarters. In the affray, the colonel, who had long endured the sneers of the officers of another line, was assaulted and much injured.

Resignations occurred upon discreditable pretexts, and became alarmingly prevalent. Some resigned at critical moments, and others combined together in considerable numbers for purposes of intimidation, and threatened to retire from the service at a specified time, unless certain terms were complied with. For a single instance, to show the extent of the evil, we again quote from the Commander-in-chief, who wrote to a member of Congress, in 1778, that "the spirit of resigning commissions has been long at an alarming height, and increases daily. The Virginia line has sustained a violent shock. Not less than ninety have already resigned to me. The same conduct has prevailed among the officers from the other States, though not yet in so considerable a degree; and there are but too just grounds to fear that it will shake the very existence of the army, unless a remedy is soon, very soon, applied." The spirit did not abate; since, two years after, he informed the President of Congress, that he had "scarcely a sufficient number [of officers] left to take care even of the fragments of corps which remained."

We would not be understood to assert that there were not proper and imperative causes to justify the retirement of many; but the illustrious man whose words we have so often quoted, and who was obliged to bear the disheartening consequences of these frequent resignations, was a competent judge of the motives and reasons which influenced those with whom he was associated; and as we have his assertion that he was often *deserted*, we have not hesitated to class the numerous resignations of the officers of the Revolutionary army with the other evidences of a destitution of principle. The complaints of their wives and children at home, the inattention of Congress and of the State legislatures, to whom they had a right, both legal and moral, to look for sympathy and support in the poverty to which some were reduced, are to be taken into the account in forming, and should do much to soften, our judgment; but with the proofs before us, obtained entirely from the writings of distinguished Whigs, we are compelled to believe that many of those who abandoned Washington were guilty of a crime, which, when committed by private soldiers, is called desertion, and punished with death.

Eighteen of the generals retired during the war; some from declining health, others from the weight of advanced

years, others to accept of civil employments, but many from private resentments, and real or imaginary wrongs inflicted by Congress or associates in the service. Several of the latter class are not to be held excused. Their example was pernicious, and when so many heads of divisions and brigades abandoned their commands for reasons chiefly or entirely personal, it was to be expected that regiments, battalions, and companies would be left, in like manner, without officers. Washington's individual grievances were very great, and every one must feel indignant at the treatment received by Greene; but when and by whom would the yoke of our Colonial vassalage have been broken, had *they* sacrificed their duty to their sensibility? Had the generals who were offended at the promotion of their brethren acted upon the principle of the noble son* of South Carolina, "We will first dispose of our enemies, and *then* settle the questions of rank," the names of some of them would not be mentioned by students of our history in terms of doubtful approbation.

Abundant testimony can be adduced to show that individuals of all ranks entered the army from interested and discreditable motives, and left it from similar reasons. John Adams wrote, in 1777, — "I am wearied to death with the wrangles between military officers, high and low. They quarrel like cats and dogs. They worry one another like mastiffs, scrambling for rank and pay like apes for nuts." Washington, more guarded to Congress, uses language almost as pointed in his letters to private friends. The disaffections which arose at a later time, in consequence of the unwarrantable promotion of foreign military adventurers, ought not to be censured. The embarrassments of the Commander-in-chief from this source were very great, and drew from him the remark, in a private letter to Gouverneur Morris, that he "most devoutly wished that we had not a single foreigner among us, except the Marquis de Lafayette." Strange that Congress should have been so criminally unmindful of the claims of natives of the country! Certainly, if we except Mercer and Lafayette, and perhaps Steuben, the American-born generals were the best in the service.

Again, indications of our increasing degeneracy are supposed to be found in the fickleness of the popular will, as

* Charles Cotesworth Pinckney.

manifested in the frequent changes in Congress, and in the inferior characters of those who are chosen to be members of that body. But how was it in the past? We can dispose of the first point by stating the single fact, that McKean, of Delaware, was the only member of the Congress of the Revolution who served eight successive years; and that Jefferson, Gerry, and Ellery were the only signers of the Declaration of Independence who remained in service when the definitive treaty of peace was submitted for consideration. The attendance of members, at times, was irregular, and the public service often suffered by their absence. There were periods when several of the States were without representation, and when the requisite number for the transaction of business were not in their places. The entire control of affairs, executive and legislative, of the measures taken to procure loans in Europe and to raise money at home to provide for the army, and for every branch of the public service, devolved frequently upon as few as thirty delegates; and some of the most momentous questions were determined by twenty. Those who steadily attended to their duties were worn down with care and excessive labor. John Adams, one of them, was in Congress three years and three months, during which term he was a member of ninety committees, and chairman of twenty-five. In the course of the war, persons of small claims to notice or regard obtained seats in Congress, and by their want of capacity and principle prolonged the contest, and needlessly increased its burdens and expenses. This statement can be shown to be true upon the highest authority; proofs of it may be found in the correspondence of all the principal personages of the time.

The decline of public virtue is said to be seen, also, in increased sectional feeling, and in the malignant disposition which one portion of the American people evince towards their brethren in another part of the country. We reply, that there never has been entire harmony between the North and the South, from the earliest hour of their connection. Perfect unanimity of sentiment is not to be expected now or ever; but we deny that there is less kindness at present than there was under the Confederacy, or in the first days of the Union. Whoever is familiar with the proceedings in the Congress, and with the angry collisions in the army, of the Revolution, and recalls the menaces and violent language ut-

tered during the presidency of Washington and his immediate successor, will agree with us, perhaps, in the opinion, that, as domestic quarrels do not always result in the dissolution of family ties, so also flippant paragraphs, resolves of associations, and oratorical flourishes do not always portend the separation of states and the division of a nation.

Allied to sectional feeling is the spirit of faction and party. In these respects, strange as the assertion may seem to some, we see a sensible change for the better. When we look back at the conduct of those who had an empire to win, we can readily account for, while we cannot wholly excuse, the enmity which existed between them and their opponents, the banishment of persons and the confiscation of estates ; but we are amazed at the dissensions of the Whigs among themselves. Overlooking the minor factions, we read of the governors of States struggling against both Whigs and Tories ; of the hot disputes in Congress on the appointment of ambassadors to foreign courts, and on determining the relative rank of different officers in the service ; of the strong prejudices entertained against Franklin in the State of his birth, in Congress, and in the State of his adoption ; of the party arrayed against Greene ; of the equivocal support of Washington by many, of the open manifestation of hostility to him after the disasters at Brooklyn heights, and of the combination — more extensive than some have been willing to believe — which was finally formed to displace him ; and of the force of party discipline, which, as was bitterly remarked by a leading Whig, brought men into the management of affairs “ who might have lived till the millennium in silent obscurity, had they depended on their mental qualifications.” As we examine the history of the civil administration of Washington, we find that he who had rendered such invaluable services to his country without pecuniary reward was now assailed with the atrocious charge of drawing money from the treasury fraudulently and for his private use ; and when he affixed his official signature to the treaty negotiated by Jay, the shouts of disappointed and enraged partisans resounded through the Union. The frenzy that was occasioned in this country by the Revolution in France showed itself in a manner that more than rivalled the party associations, banners, and badges of our own day ; and grosser falsehoods cannot be collected from party newspapers at the

present time, than those which were circulated during the canvass for a successor to the first President.

There were bad men among both the real and the nominal Whigs of the Revolution, among those who remained steadfast, as well as those who fell off from the cause, and the fact should neither be concealed nor denied. Still, there is much to palliate their errors, and to excuse some of the failings for which that generation has been most strongly censured. No colonists, we again remind the reader, have a character of their own. Every thing they say, do, and think is but the repetition of something which has been said, thought, or done "at home." It is so with British colonists now; it was so with those of the "old Thirteen."

Besides the effect thus produced on the formation of national character, we should remember that several of the prominent personages of the time were natives of the British isles, and claimed the deference and consideration which persons thus born always have, and still demand, among British Americans. Some of the Englishmen who espoused the popular side, though distinguished for talents, were mere adventurers and men of wicked lives. Their influence and example were pernicious in the highest degree, and it is upon them that the stigma of the attempt to displace Washington, and many of the severest rebukes which we have uttered, should principally fall.

We have endeavoured to show that the charges which are made against the present generation, like the sins which exist among them, are as old as the Revolution, and were used by the adherents of the crown as an argument to prevent a dissolution of the union with the mother country. Once severed from the parent stock, it was said that Americans would become the victims of every moral and political disorder. Those who insist that we are the degenerate sons of worthy sires do but echo the predictions which the Loyalists uttered seventy years ago. The opinion of Proud, the loyal historian of Pennsylvania, was cited at the commencement of this article. Chalmers, a Loyalist of Maryland, whose works on American history are of acknowledged merit, gravely remarked, that "whether the famous achievement of Columbus introduced the greatest good or evil, by discovering the New World to the Old, has in every age offered a subject for disputation." With these words he opens an elaborate work

devoted to an explanation of the causes which produced the dismemberment of the British empire. But is it *now* a question for disputation, whether the transplanting of Englishmen to America has occasioned more evil than good? Our fathers were but British colonists, and as such might rightfully claim immunities and exemptions to which we, the members of an independent nation, are not entitled. Two generations have elapsed since we commenced the experiment of self-government. In developing our resources, and in increasing our wealth, we have done more than any nation of modern times. Our territory is vastly more than sufficient for the subsistence of those who now inhabit it, but is still deemed by many quite too small to meet our future growth. If, then, we have made, and are making, no progress in virtue, the fault is all our own, and the consequences of it will be upon our heads and upon those of our children.

ART. IX. — *Reports of the Annual Visiting Committees of the Public Schools of the City of Boston.* 1847. Boston : J. H. Eastburn, City Printer. pp. 123 and 91.

THE idea of popular education may be said to lie at the basis of the free institutions of New England. Amidst all the changes in public and private affairs, through the calm of peace and the storms of war, this idea has never been lost sight of, as one, to carry out which into complete practical results constant efforts must be made. We have, however, fallen far short of the perfect attainment of this end, — nay, of what a people so earnestly bent on the fulfilment of this high purpose might reasonably have been expected to reach.

Of late years, however, public attention has been thoroughly roused to the importance of doing more to forward the magnificent conception of educating the people. The labors of Mr. Horace Mann, who left the profession of the law, the highest honors of which his abilities and the estimation they were held in by the public justified him in aspiring to, in order that he might consecrate his energies and his time to the holy cause of popular education, have so set the machinery of progress in

motion, that there seems but little danger of pause or hesitation in carrying on the work. His untiring services since he assumed the office of Secretary to the Board of Education will immortalize his name as one of the great benefactors of the present age. With an industry to which a parallel can scarcely be found, he has collected facts from every quarter ; travelled from town to town, county to county, State to State ; organized institutes, delivered lectures, examined school-houses, done every thing which bore directly or indirectly upon the accomplishment of his mighty work. Everywhere, his zeal, his ardor, his eloquence, have encouraged the hopeful, roused the indifferent, strengthened the friends and borne down the enemies of education. At times, the feeble voice of the bigot, born out of time in this age of light, and blinking like an owl suddenly roused from his darkling corner by the breaking in of the mid-day beam, has been heard to make a shrill outcry, and to call for a return of his congenial darkness. In vain ! The reign of bigotry is over. Science, letters, arts, inventions, the schemes of philanthropy, the practical application of the great truths of Christianity to the conditions and duties of daily life, — these august and absorbing interests of the present day make men slow to listen to the voice of the mediæval croaker, who fancies that by reviving the old, worn-out theological odium, he can scare the human mind back into its ancient courses.

In Boston, the standard of education has always been comparatively high. In a wealthy city, animated by a liberal and patriotic spirit, this was no more than satisfying a just expectation. Many schools, however, in the larger towns of the Commonwealth, have disputed the palm of excellence with the public schools of Boston. A generous rivalry in this respect may lead to infinite good, and ought to be encouraged by every lawful means. City and country will be alike improved by the noble strife. In some respects the city schools have advantages over those of the country. The city is the centre of intelligence, as well as of wealth. Ideas, no less than money, circulate with greater rapidity there. Books are more abundant and accessible, and the mental powers are more speedily brought into activity. Talent of all kinds naturally concentrates in the city. Professional, literary, commercial eminence gravitates towards the city, as its centre of attraction. But on the other hand, the activity of

city intellect is apt to be superficial and showy, just as a young man accustomed to society in the capital may, with ordinary capacities and shallow acquirements, outshine in conversation and on all common occasions the studious youth of loftier abilities, to whom these external advantages have been denied. This tendency of city life, which runs from the highest down to the lowest classes, must be resisted by the instructor with uncompromising sternness.

There is another disadvantage under which the cause of education labors in the city, that does not exist, to the same extent at least, in the country. This is to be found in the comparative social position of the teacher. In the society of a respectable country town, the able teacher is known and "honored of all men." In point of income, he stands on a level, or nearly so, with the leading men of the place, and is able to live with at least the average elegance of his neighbours. With a few favored exceptions, this is not so in a city. We are speaking now, be it remembered, of the teachers in the public grammar and writing schools. There are, in all our large cities, private instructors who have incomes equal to those of the first class of professional men; — some even who have accumulated fortunes. And surely no men in any community better deserve success, if desert is to be measured by services rendered to the community. But let us take the salaries paid to the masters of the Boston public schools, and compare them with the incomes of men in business or in the so-called professions. The salaries of ushers and sub-masters may be put aside from the present question, because we presume those places are not generally regarded as permanent. It is a reasonable view to take, that men, who are intrusted with an interest so vitally important as the education of the young, should be placed at ease in their pecuniary circumstances, so that the whole energies of their minds may be devoted to their work. Their salaries should be sufficiently ample to enable them to live with a modest elegance and hospitality, not very far below the average style of the society in which they are placed. They should also be able to lay up something against the hour of sickness, to which all *may*, and the infirmities of age, to which all *must*, come. To do this, it is not necessary that the situations of teachers should be rendered highly lucrative. It may be presumed that the object of the teacher never is mere money-making,

and therein his career differs materially from that of the business man. Then, too, the regularity and certainty of his income are, to a limited extent, compensating circumstances for its smallness ; but it will not do to press this consideration too far. The question with the school authorities should not be, for how small a sum the instruction of youth can be procured ; but how large a sum will place the instructors on a respectable footing in their worldly circumstances, and enable them to meet the exigencies above enumerated.

The tendency in all business communities is to economize in the salaries of public teachers, while it is thought necessary to compensate with liberality the services which are connected with pecuniary and material interests. Large fees are paid to a distinguished lawyer, for a few moments' consultation, without a murmur. A confidential clerk receives a salary twice or three times as large as a professor of letters in the University, and at least as large as the most eminent professor of law. The actuary of a life insurance company is paid, for a few hours' work a day, four or five times the salary of a master who has six hundred future hopes of the republic under his charge all the weary hours from morning to evening. The cashier of a bank enjoys an income as large as is received by all the teachers in the most numerous public school. Now is the advice of a lawyer, or the service of a clerk, or the calculation of the actuary, or the money-changing of the cashier, so high a function as the training up of the rising generation of a great city to virtue and knowledge ? Judged by any rational standard, there can be but one answer to this question ; and it is a question of immense importance to the civic fathers who have it practically to decide.

Boston lays claim to the credit of great liberality in the matter of education ; to that credit she is, as compared with other cities, fully entitled. But how stands the case, if we apply to her conduct the principles indicated by the foregoing remarks ? Are the instructors in her public schools placed on such a footing, in respect to income, as the importance of their labors deserves ? We believe the answer to this question, which every right-minded man must give, will be an unhesitating No. With the exception of the head-masters of the Latin School and the English High School, whose salaries are barely respectable, the incomes of the public teachers are miserably inadequate. Are the public teachers able to take their

place in society, on a level of respectability with the average of what are called the liberal professions? We pretend to honor the work of the teacher, and to regard it as highly as that of the clergyman, the lawyer, and the physician; but let us ask, in all earnestness, whether our actions correspond with our pretences. How stands the fact? Can a gentleman, placed at the head of a public school, which occupies his time and thoughts, to the exclusion of all other business, meet the expenses of a family, share in the intercourse of refined society, and put by something against a rainy day, on a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, in the city of Boston? The question answers itself. A bachelor can doubtless do well enough upon that income anywhere. It is more even than he deserves. But teachers are not apt to remain bachelors, nor is it desirable that they should. A severe and painful economist, doubtless, by living in a miserable street, where rents are cheap, by denying himself and his family all amusement, by making his wife and daughters do all the servile work of the cook and the chambermaid, by abstaining from the purchase of books, by never entertaining friends at his house, — in short, by giving up all the embellishments and refining influences of life, — may thus contrive to keep soul and body together, though there can be very little in the partnership to make it mutually desirable; but it is perfectly plain that the condition of such a man, so far as his salary is concerned, is far below that of the master mechanic or the wholesale grocer.

The house-builder and the tenant of a stall in Quincy Market increase in wealth from year to year, and at length buy houses in Beacon street, furnish them with sumptuous Parisian luxury, open their doors to the fashionable world, and place within their children's reach every refinement of letters and art. This is all right. But where is the head of a public school all this time? Toiling on from year to year in an employment which, according even to Boston notions, is obscure, while common sense declares it to be most important. When Boston society is spoken of, no person dreams of including in the collective idea the masters and sub-masters of the much boasted public schools. When distinguished gentlemen from other cities or foreign countries visit Boston, and its elegant hospitalities are extended to them, no one dreams of asking the masters and sub-masters of the public school to share in the social rites by which the stranger is welcomed.

The traveller, who wishes to see the institutions for which Boston is famed, may be taken to the public school, and asked to admire the regularity, order, intelligence, and able management there displayed ; but he to whose talent, accomplishment, industry, skill, and tact these honorable boasts of the city are due, is scarcely thought of in the general claim for the credit which the public makes, and is allowed to assert. In the circle of the saloon, where the stranger is received in the evening, to the delights of cultivated conversation, and where the effect of the scene is heightened by the elegant arts, by the elaborate toilette, by entrancing music, and it may be by the science of the *cuisine* and the exhilaration of Champagne and the Rhine, does the stranger meet the masters and sub-masters of the Boston schools ? He will find there the lawyer, all forensic cases laid aside ; the clergyman, in black coat and white cravat ; the banker, forgetful of interest and discounts ; the merchant, respite from the anxieties of the cotton-market and the exchange ; the speculator, fresh from the purchase of stocks which support the Mexican war ; the clerk, dismounted from his three-legged stool, his ledger closed and locked up in the iron safe ; the spendthrift even, known to be a useless cumberer of the ground. But in this throng of varied characters who make up what is called preëminently the society of Boston, the master of the public school, who has spent the day in benefiting the moral and intellectual natures of six hundred Boston youth, is not to be found. It does not occur to society that such a man has a claim to their respect, sympathy, and hospitality, so far as these are shown by acting towards him as if he were one of themselves.

There are some who care nothing for society beyond that of their immediate family and most intimate friends. But the indulgence of this indifference is good neither for body nor mind *in any case* ; and the teacher needs the relaxation and exhilaration of society in a more especial manner than any other professional man. We say, then, that a community, which truly values the education of the mass of its children, ought to value the services of its public teachers enough to place them, in social estimation, and in the means of a modest elegance of life, not much below the average position of the liberal professions. As things are now, the condition of a public teacher is a depressing, exhausting, discouraging

one. There is little in it to make him feel the stimulus of hope for himself and for those who are nearest and dearest to him. The young, the able, and the ambitious see nothing attractive in the profession. They see the most faithful and zealous condemned to a life of pinching economy and obscurity. The spur of fame, which rewards distinguished exertion in other intellectual occupations, rarely touches the spirit of the teacher in a public school. The prospect of wealth he would be insane to take into the account. As a general rule, the young, the able, and the ambitious will therefore turn their thoughts to other and more brilliant careers. See what a vastly disproportionate share of the talent of this country is drawn into the profession of the law. Now it cannot be that the mass of details in legal practice is a whit more liberal or liberalizing than the details of a teacher's daily routine. But the legal profession stands high in the public estimation. It opens the path which leads to wealth, to honor, to the possibility of the highest honor which the country has to bestow. The reputation of a good lawyer opens the doors of the best society for his admission, and, what he will prize infinitely more than any advantage personal to himself, places his children within the reach of the most desirable associations that any community can furnish. We do not say that able men will not accept the place of public teacher in our city, even under all the discouragements of the profession. If we venture upon any such rash assertion, the admirable reports named at the head of this article would contradict us point-blank. The talent, skill, and accomplishments now employed in the public schools of Boston, and the success of the teachers' efforts under the discouragements of their situation and of some fundamental defects in the organization of the schools, are very surprising. But would not the glow of honor and prosperity which the able instructor merits make even these gentlemen feel a greater ardor in the pursuit of the objects of their profession, and devote themselves with even more enthusiasm to the duties of their noble calling?

In making the foregoing observations, we have had in our eye only the schools embraced in the reports. The Boston Latin School is an institution with which the higher education of the city is intimately connected. It has always been the brightest jewel in the crown of the city's honor. Every

year a large class of young men, the very *élite* of Boston, go forth from its friendly portals, to enter upon the studies of the neighbouring University. The exactness and thoroughness with which the classics have always been taught there, and especially under the present distinguished head and his able corps of associates, have been the chief reliance of the University and the other schools in their efforts to keep the standard of classical learning high. The salaries in this institution, though on a more liberal scale, bear no fair proportion to the talent and labor which the maintenance of the school at its present height of fame imperiously demands. And yet it is not many years since the city, in violation of an implied contract, and in a fit of niggardly and absurd economy, cut down the salaries of the heads of this and the English High School ; and though a return to common sense has put a stop to the injustice, yet the sum honestly due these gentlemen for arrears during the period of repudiating curtailment has not to this day been paid.

We have touched upon these considerations by way of introduction to a slight notice of the School Reports of 1847. Topics of this nature scarcely come within the range of a school committee, and it is not therefore surprising that they have received no attention. They force themselves, however, irresistibly upon the notice of one who looks upon the Boston schools from abroad, and who sees reason to sympathize with the peculiar hardships which a city schoolmaster is compelled to bear. To exhaust the subject, which we feel to be one of immense importance to the welfare of every American city, would far transcend our limits ; we must therefore content ourselves with these brief hints of a general nature, and now confine what we have further to say to the pamphlet before us.

At the head of the sub-committee that made the report on the Grammar Schools stands the name of George B. Emerson, — a gentleman identified with the intellectual progress of the city for nearly a quarter of a century. To speak of his merits as they deserve will belong, at some very remote day, we trust, to his biographer. But without trenching on the reserve proper on the present occasion, we may say, that his long experience, his profound acquaintance with the subject, and his searching intellect give an authoritative weight to his opinions on education. This report is distin-

guished for clearness of arrangement, and the intelligible manner in which the condition of the schools is described, the scrupulous and discriminating justice with which the labors of the several instructors are set forth, the care with which all the circumstances in the situation of the schools and the character of the scholars which ought to influence the judgment formed upon the teachers' course are explained, and, what is of more importance beyond the limits of the city, for the general reflections incidentally thrown in. The pamphlet consists of a general view of the appearance of the schools, which occupies the first eighteen pages ; then a particular account of each of twenty schools, as ascertained by oral examination, conducted for the most part by the members of the committee. This is followed by discussions of the following subjects : Moral Instruction, the System of two independent Heads in the Grammar Schools, Text-Books, Vagrant Children, and Intermediate Schools. The remainder of the document, from the sixty-fifth page to the end, is occupied by " tables of the questions proposed at the examination of the Grammar Schools, together with the character of the answers given to each question in the several schools."

To the friend of education, all these details are of the highest interest. It is due to the teachers of the Grammar Schools to say, that the general results, stated by the committee with perfect impartiality, are most honorable to their fidelity and talents. On the mode of examination, the committee make these impartial remarks :—

" In their first visits, the Committee endeavoured to ascertain, by personal questioning and inspection, the condition of the schools in respect to the instruction given and the progress made in reading, grammar, geography, and history ; the examination being, in all cases, and, with few exceptions, throughout, conducted by the Committee. They are aware that this mode of examination gives but a partial view of the condition of a school. *The oral examination, to be completely just and satisfactory, ought to be in part conducted by the Committee and in part by the teacher.* The point reached, the attainments made in each study, may be ascertained by a Committee, by means of questions put by themselves, while the teachers are looking on as spectators. But other points not less important, — *the language, the manner, and the spirit of the teacher, the intelligence, vivacity, and thoroughness of his teaching, and the mental habits*

formed in the learner by the process, can only be learnt by seeing and hearing the teacher conduct the examination of his own classes, uninterrupted and uninfluenced by the Committee. Both these modes, the Committee, in the four, or, at most, five hours spent in any one school, had not always an opportunity to adopt. It was only in certain schools that the readiness and rapidity of the answers of the children left the Committee time to witness the mode of instruction employed by the teacher.” — p. 7.

The remarks that follow, on reading, are judicious and excellent. To the truth of the plain and weighty considerations embraced in the passage we now quote every reflecting person must give his assent.

“ If history is to be taught at all, it is to be taught well and understandingly. But it certainly is not an indispensable study. If the question were, whether a child should be taught to read fluently and intelligently, and with such ease that reading should be a delightful recreation, for the rest of his life ; should learn so much of grammar and language as to be able always to express himself, in speech and writing, correctly and with facility ; so much of geography as to know what is most essential in the physical features and products, and the character and present condition of the inhabitants, of all important parts of the globe ; and so much of his own structure and economy as to be able to understand the laws of physical and mental health and happiness ; — or, omitting any one of these, or learning it very ill, should substitute therefor so much of history as is contained in any one small volume ; we suppose there are few, who, regarding the future comfort, usefulness, and welfare of the learner, would not say, without much hesitation, that the first four of these are of indispensable importance ; that the latter is very desirable, — but, if either is to be left out, it must be the study of history. Wisely, therefore, have School Committees here and elsewhere acted, in requiring the first three studies to be introduced into the schools in the order in which they are here set down ; and wisely, we think, will they act hereafter, if they require the study of physiology to take precedence of all others except these indispensable three.

“ The early periods of instruction should be employed in cultivating the powers of the mind as extensively as possible, and, while so doing, in getting materials for the common and universal action of the mind. Those facts should be learnt first which are most *essential* to the physical, mental, and moral well-being of the individual. A woman might be an excellent mother of a family, and yet know nothing at all about the causes of the

French or the American Revolution. She could not, except by accident, bring up her children with healthy minds and bodies, unless she were acquainted with the importance of pure air and a wholesome diet, and the indispensable necessity of good physical and moral habits. The mother of the Davidsons might have been fully acquainted with all the histories ever written, and yet her children might have perished as they did. But those daughters might have been now alive to be ornaments and blessings to society, if the mother had been acquainted with that simple law of physiology which forbids premature and excessive exercise of the mental faculties." — pp. 15, 16.

There is much practical sense in these few sentences : —

"Every thing connected with the school-house has an effect upon the mind and character of the children. Its beauty elevates and improves their taste. Its convenient arrangement fosters in them the principle and the love of order. Its ample space, well ventilated, gives a healthful play to their lungs. Its costliness naturally tends to make them value the opportunities they enjoy, and to look with greater respect upon the man who has the control of so noble an establishment, and with a warmer feeling of patriotism towards the city and State by which such liberal accommodations are made for their convenience and improvement. These circumstances tend to form an honest pride ; they contribute towards the building up of a high character and a lofty standard of action." — pp. 35, 36.

From the essay on Moral Instruction we copy a most pregnant passage.

"In the schools for citizens, the duties of citizens should be taught. There are certain points which ought to be presented to the minds of children, and that forcibly and frequently, not only by the life and example, but in the language of their teachers. Those great primary duties enumerated in the statute must not be neglected. The infinite value of a love of truth, of justice, of integrity, of fidelity in contracts, of industry, of personal purity, of charitableness in judgment, should be pointed out, and earnestly inculcated. The reciprocal relations and duties of parents and children, of employers and employed, of masters and servants, of buyers and sellers, should be explained and enforced. The duty of self-control, of self-education, of improving all one's faculties, of economy in the use of time ; the beauty of generosity, of kindness and courtesy, and of an honorable and manly character ; the value of diligence and of knowledge ; the excellence of good habits and the danger of bad

ones ; the shamefulness of foul, indecent, and profane language ; the cowardliness of deception, and the baseness of imposing upon the weak and the simple, — all these things should be taught in every good school. But in public schools, like ours, which bring together children, many of whom never receive, elsewhere, moral instruction, even of the lowest kind, the consequences and the punishments of pilfering, of false witness, of false swearing, and of the other violations of the laws of God and of the land, ought to be pointed out with terrible distinctness." — pp. 39, 40.

We close our extracts with the following paragraphs from the same portion of the document.

" In looking over the studies now pursued, with reference to the question, Are they the best which we could devise as preparatory for the business of life ? — it must be admitted that there are some important exceptions. The study of physiology ought to be introduced, especially into the girls' schools, and the practice of drawing and the study of geometry, into those for boys.

" Education, such as that of our common schools, the education of the whole community, should do what can be done to qualify children, first and particularly, for those labors and duties which are most important and universal. The inmates of the girls' schools are destined to have charge of the nurture and rearing of the coming generation. To them will be committed the care of the bodies, the minds, and the character, at the most impressible period of life, when the body is formed to vigor and health, the mind to action, and the character to energy and virtue, or to effeminacy and vice. They are destined to be, to the race, guardians in health, and nurses in sickness. In the schools, therefore, something should be done to qualify them for these offices. There are laws of the structure of their own bodies, which the Maker of those bodies has established ; laws of nature, laws of life and health, which the Author of nature has made. These laws are not numerous, nor difficult to be understood. They have that admirable simplicity which marks their authorship ; but they are unspeakably important. These laws children, especially girls, should learn. They should learn the properties of the air they breathe, and the necessity of its abundance and purity ; the influences of cold and of heat, of light and of darkness ; the vital importance of well-ventilated rooms, of cleanliness, of warm clothing, of wholesome food and a healthy digestion, of temperance both in food and drink, of moderation in labor and in study, and of regular physical habits, and the

dangers of all excess. They should learn enough of the structure of their own body, and the influences of external nature which act upon it, to be led to perceive, in after years, when they come to reflect, the infinite consonance between the commandments which have been revealed to them, and the laws of the world which has been made for them ; that they may not be left to doubt whether either the one or the other are fortuitous or fantastical, the offspring of a blind chance or of an unfeeling necessity." — pp. 42, 43.

The report on the Writing Schools is also an able and important document ; but we have no space for any further comment.

ART. X. — *Poems*. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Second Series. Cambridge: George Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 184.

IF poets are often misjudged, or have tardy and imperfect justice done to their merits, it is too frequently their own fault. They are usually the spoilt children of the world, in turn petted and humored with lavish fondness, till they become wayward and quarrelsome, and are then whipped and shut up in a dark closet till they can learn more discretion and better manners. They are often self-willed and perverse ; they offend the tastes and shock the prejudices of the age in which they live, and then complain that the age does not appreciate them, and that genius does not receive its due. They have a standing quarrel with their contemporaries, whom they accuse of plotting against their fame, and of entering into a conspiracy to neglect them. The injudicious admiration of a few blind followers consoles them for this fancied injustice ; they learn from these to affect a lofty contempt for the verdict of the present age, though a little while ago they were coveting it, or protesting with great energy against its unfairness, and they now, with dignified composure, look for their meed to posterity. But the appeal is not always successful ; posterity is not often at leisure to build the tombs of the prophets, or to write flattering epitaphs upon them, as it has to sit in judgment upon the obtrusive claims

of those of its own generation. If the poet is not listened to in his own times, he has but a small chance of finding an audience among those who come after him. If he will take counsel of discretion, will abate something of his wilfulness and cease to strain after impossibilities, if he will not hector people when he is hankering after their applause, or obtrude too eagerly his wrongs and sufferings upon their notice, there is no fear but that his contemporaries will do him justice.

A poetical temperament, it is true, does not often lead its unfortunate possessor into these vagaries of passion and opinion. In many cases, it is controlled by solid good-sense and great manliness of feeling. Crabbe and Rogers, Scott and Southey, Campbell and Moore, — we purposely select those names only which belong to the present century, — did not quarrel with the world, nor the world with them. Each of them, with the exception perhaps of Rogers, who was never married, and was always fortune's curled darling, had his own trials and sorrows to bear ; their lots were crossed by all the ills that poetic flesh is heir to, — by pecuniary troubles, harsh critics, domestic bereavements, personal squabbles, and political grievances. But they neither scolded nor whimpered about it ; they considered, rightly, that the public had nothing to do with their private griefs, and that their office was to sing, and not to grumble. Affliction loses half of its claims to sympathy and respect when it denudes itself of privacy, when it is bared to the public eye, and decked out with flowers and sentiment to excite the wonder and compassion of the vulgar. Anger is still more unlovely and undignified ; the quarrels of authors form the darkest page in their history, and if they chronicle them with their own hands, or enshrine them in bitter and stinging verses, they commit literary suicide. The poets we have just mentioned were something more than mere poets ; they were sensible, high-minded, whole-hearted men ; and they thought well enough of our common humanity to accept this as the highest personal compliment which could be paid to them. The robust and healthy tone of their poetry is the perfect reflection of their characters and lives.

Far different was it with their contemporaries, with Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and even Wordsworth, not to mention a crowd of coxcombs who have imitated them. Each of these has apparently been quite as anxious to make

the public acquainted with himself as with his works ; they have all displayed, though in a greater or less degree, both egotism and spleen. "The vision and the faculty divine" have given them a clearer perception of their own merits and grievances, and they have confidentially imparted their personal sorrows and animosities to all the world. We cannot sympathize with these theatrical exposures of private feeling ; we have no more respect for a discontented poet than for that monstrous creation of the French romantic school, the *femme incomprise*. There is no good reason to believe that the bard is more luckless or aggrieved than his unpoetical fellow-mortals ; the sorest grievance, the bitterest persecution, which he has to dread, is indifference and neglect. He can only learn, at the worst, that the public does not care a fig about him or his poetry either. And do not let him be too hasty to attribute this neglect, if unhappily he should experience it, to any sinister influences or unfair dealing. There is no conspiracy in the case ; people are not leagued and banded together in a secret association for the sole purpose of burying him and his works in oblivion. Even the malice of the critics, those gorgons and chimeras dire, whose only function is to worry and affright unhappy authors, can never harm him. A man is never written down except by himself. Criticism has no force whatever, except so far as it is a reflection of public opinion, an embodiment of public taste ; if it be prejudiced or unfair, it is for that very reason innocuous, the public perceiving its untrustworthy character quite as soon as the intended victim.

The egotistical and self-exaggerating spirit, which leads to these indiscreet disclosures of one's private concerns, has been fostered, if not created, by a common, but unfounded, belief respecting the nature and functions of a poet. That lying old proverb, *poeta nascitur*, is the great source of the error. The popular notion is, that poets are a distinct race, a peculiar species, not yet described in works of natural history, though they have nothing in common with ordinary mortals except a double portion of their sorrows. They are always born out of due time, and always fall on evil tongues and evil days. They sit apart, wear long robes, play on the harp or the lyre, and continually invoke nine allegorical maiden ladies. Cassandra-like, they are for ever uttering true prophecies, which nobody listens to. Their favorite

haunts are the tops of Mount Helicon and Parnassus ; they drink nothing but water, which must be drawn either from Aganippe or the Castalian fount ; and they never ride abroad except on a fiery winged horse, which will allow nobody but a poet to mount him.

Now this is all fabulous, and is in truth so monstrous a fiction, that it would never have gained any credence, even with the unlearned, if the poets had not been constantly repeating it for the last three thousand years. They have told the story so often, that they have apparently come to believe it themselves. There is hardly one of the number who does not even now prate about his special inspiration, and declare that he has a "mission" to perform, a message to deliver to an unbelieving generation. How well fitted they are to teach others appears from the notorious fact, that they have not common sense enough for the management of their own concerns, or for the regulation of their own households. They are a shabby race, usually out at the elbows, who quarrel with their wives, neglect their children, and never pay their landladies. It would be a kindness to the greater part of the fraternity to have them put under guardianship. The only gleam of common sense which poor Coleridge ever showed was in asking Mr. Cottle to find a retreat for him in some private madhouse. Burns certainly would have lived longer in a hospital for incurables than he did as an exciseman, and it would have argued a kinder and more judicious appreciation of his case to place him there than to sentence him to gauge ale-firkins.

"Great wits to madness sure are near allied,"

is the frank confession of one who was a poet himself, though he showed more sagacity and shrewdness than any of his brethren.

This belief in special inspiration, in a sort of divine *afflatus* which poets inhale instead of ordinary atmospheric air, and which privileges them to write bad verses, and to commit all manner of foolish and disreputable actions in private life, without criticism, restraint, or punishment, ought to be exploded altogether. The world is quite sick of the eccentricities of genius, whether they are displayed in rhyme or conduct. The nineteenth century is too shrewd and practical, too fond of order and economy, to tolerate such enormities any longer.

It has empowered critics and constables to take care of mad poets, it has provided houses of correction and insane hospitals for their reception. A jury of reviewers is appointed to sit upon each case, and if they bring in a verdict of *non compos*, the luckless bard must compose his future *Tristia*, not by the shores of the distant Euxine, *inter Sauromatas Getasque*, but within the walls of Bedlam : —

“Perdiderint cum me duo crimina, carmen et error.”

He may write over the door of his cell the inscription which the unhappy Ovid prepared for his own tombstone, while expecting to die in exile : —

“Hic ego qui jaceo, tenerorum lusor amorum,
Ingénio perii Naso poeta meo.”

The world is fast coming round to the opinion, that a poet does not differ from any other mortal except by some accident, which, at an early period, turned his attention to making verses instead of cobbling shoes. Hans Sachs united the two occupations with great applause, and the influences of the lapstone correcting those of the Muses, he remained sane all his life. “True genius,” said the gruff old moralist, “is a mind of large general powers accidentally determined in a particular direction.” One is no more born a poet than a punster. The same natural gifts, which some trifling event in his early days had induced him to consecrate to poetry, might have made him a great orator, a great statesman, or even a great general. Cæsar, Alfred, and Napoleon achieved the mingled honors of the pen and the sword. If Shakspeare had been caught young, we doubt not that he would have made a better Lord Chancellor than Sir Christopher Hatton. The grandest and most fertile imagination that was ever lost to poetry was that of Lord Bacon; the author of the *Novum Organon* and the Advancement of Learning, if circumstances had made him a runaway boy and a dependent upon the theatres, might have written Hamlet and Macbeth. Milton and Jeremy Taylor might have bartered their respective vocations without loss to the world, if they had been changed in their cradles; the former might have enacted Pym or Hampden, if stern fortune had not made him a blind schoolmaster, just as cruel men put out the eyes of a bulfinch, to teach it to sing. “Mute, inglorious Miltons” rest in every churchyard.

We do not say that every bantling is a possible Burns, or

an unfledged Wordsworth, though he might become a tolerable Hayley, or make as good a Conquest of Canaan as Timothy Dwight. All grubs are not metamorphosed into butterflies, to sport their gay colors in the sunbeam, though they usually change into some sort of winged insect, at least as tolerable as the flies which were one of the plagues of Egypt. Unquestionably, to be a poet one needs to have keen sensibilities and a strong imagination, which in part come by nature, as Dogberry thought reading and writing did ; still, in either case, habit and the schoolmaster do something for the cultivation of these bright natural parts. To be convinced of this, one need only compare the first essays of bardlings with their matured endeavours. It is difficult to detect the germs of *Paradise Lost* in the epitaphs on Hobson, the university carrier, or even in the translations from the *Psalms*, from which it is a relief to turn to Sternhold and Hopkins. Pope, at fifteen, wrote a tragedy, an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes of Europe, "and thought himself the greatest genius that ever was" ; but the advice of the sensible Atterbury doomed these *Juvenilia* to the flames. If Byron's *Hours of Idleness* had shared the same fate, the world would have been no loser, though the *Edinburgh Review* would then never have stung him into writing satire.

The mischief is, that the training which fits one for the service of the Muses usually unfits him for acting like a man of sense in the ordinary relations of life. The Pythoness must be drunk or mad before she will utter her oracles, and those who visit the shrine too often make the hideousness of her grimaces and the extravagance of her demeanour the test of her inspiration. The poet nurses his sensibilities, till he begins "to smart and agonize at every pore," or is ready to "die of a rose in aromatic pain."

"If nature thundered in his opening ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill !"

The solitude in which he indulges breeds strange fancies ; the passions that he refuses to curb become whips and scorpions that goad him into madness. A morbid craving for sympathy leads him to expose his errors and sufferings to the world, and "he pours the blaze of his reputation over the scandals of his life." He claims the reputation of a martyr, when he de-

serves only the contemptuous pity with which we regard the wreck of the profligate and the spendthrift, or the premature exhaustion and paralysis of the drunkard and the debauchee. Coleridge had recourse to opium as a source of keen and voluptuous sensations, and Byron sought to retrieve his flagging inspiration with gin.

It is a sad story, the life of too many a frail and erring son of genius, and the contemplation of it rebukes our petulance, and reduces the light strain to seriousness. Compassion and sympathy come, when we look not for them, to draw a veil over his frailties, and to check the stern censure of the moralist. In pity for him, and in gratitude for the fruits of his better hours, we would willingly forget his errors and short-comings, and perpetuate the memory only of his excellences. But it is unreasonable and absurd to hold up his eccentricities and faults, not merely for compassionate regard, but as examples for imitation, and as proofs of his genius. These do not indicate, but detract from, his poetical faculty ; they are bad enough when original, and they become intolerable if copied. Imitators are like monkeys ; they are usually mischievous, instead of frolicsome, in their mimicry. They waste, spoil, and tear, instead of faithfully repeating the exemplar. Vice at second hand is always caricatured ; it is not merely wicked and hideous, but contemptible. We sadly believe that Burns, Byron, and Shelley have done more harm by their lives, by throwing the mantle of genius over waywardness and wickedness, than they have accomplished of good by their writings. They are beacons whose gleams are welcome to the mariner only as they warn him of the rocks and shoals, and not the auspicious lights which cheer and guide his entrance into a quiet haven.

It is not the mind that is touched to the finest issues which succumbs most readily to temptation, or falls the easiest prey to devastating passions. Truly great poets, with all their fineness and delicacy of organization, and all their acuteness of sensibility, are still masters of their subjects and themselves. They are grandly unconscious of the magnitude of the work they do, and never waste their fine powers in morbid delineations of self or in splenetic quarrelings with society. Their minds, as Carlyle remarks, are not introspective, but frank, joyous, and open to all external influences, and hence the objective character of all they write. The meagreness of Shakespeare's biography, that standing wonder when contrasted with

the fulness of the accounts that have come down to us of his less gifted contemporaries, we are inclined to attribute to the evenness of his temperament and the simplicity of his life. If he had been ambitious or eccentric, an innovator or a brawler, if he had believed that his position was inferior to his deserts, and had therefore striven to force himself into notice by hanging on to the skirts of a great man or by meddling with the political or religious squabbles of the day, there would have been something to tell about him, some striking incidents to record, some failures or successes to chronicle. As it was, he left nothing but his plays and his name behind him. All that we know of his history can be told in a dozen words, and we must infer his character from his works, in which he says nothing about himself. He came to London a penniless boy, wrote his dramas and acted in them, lived quietly but joyously, amassed a competency, retired to his native place, bought lands, and died an honest and unpretending burgher of Stratford. There was nothing obtrusive in his character or his life, and consequently so little is known of either, that the Wolfs and Heynes of a future generation will probably deny his personality, as they now do that of Homer. But what copious accounts we have of the roisterous, conceited, and quarrelsome Ben Jonson !

We are forgetting the object of our sermon, which is to teach poets not to be wayward or pugnacious, but to mind their own concerns and take heed to their rhymes, and not to quarrel with the world or with the critics, who, in matters of taste, are the world's representatives. There have been symptoms of rebellion in the literary republic of late, open avowals of opinions tending to confusion and anarchy, which bode no good to the cause either of letters or morals, and so need to be watched and vigorously repressed by the guardians of the state. The origin of the evil is in the amazing increase of the number of small poets, who are emboldened by their multitude, and call for a larger liberty than was enjoyed by their predecessors. There is no hope, nowadays, of hearing the Lay of the *Last Minstrel*. We do not now live under the reign of a single bard, or under a poetical oligarchy ; we are subjected to the tender mercies of a mob, who manifest a disposition to have every thing their own way. They go for the repeal of all penal statutes, of all literary legislation, and for the instant abolition of the

quarterly reviews. They are inclined to cut loose from the society of poor mortals who write and talk nothing but prose, and to set up a community by themselves. "Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it." They have even the effrontery to require that they shall be "judged by their peers," that none but poets shall be allowed to criticize poetry, and that a man shall be set in the stocks, if he yawns over one of their books, unless he is able to write a better one himself. Rogues might as well demand that none but thieves should be made judges at the Old Bailey, and that they should always be tried by a jury of pickpockets. They think "the king's counsel are no good workmen. And yet it is said, — Labor in thy vocation ; — which is as much as to say, — Let the magistrates be laboring men ; and therefore should we be magistrates." The proposition is disorganizing and anarchical.

An instructive conversation is reported, in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, between the Great Unknown and Tom Moore, who paid a visit to Abbotsford some five-and-twenty years ago, before the shadows had fallen over that home of romance.

"They sallied out for a walk through the plantations, and, among other things, the commonness of the poetic talent in these days was alluded to. 'Hardly a Magazine is now published,' said Moore, 'that does not contain verses which some thirty years ago would have made a reputation.' Scott turned, with his look of shrewd humor, as if chuckling over his own success, and said, 'Ecod, we were in the luck of it to come before these fellows' ; but he added, playfully flourishing his stick as he spoke, 'We have, like Bobadil, taught them to beat us with our own weapons.' 'In complete novelty,' says Moore, 'he seemed to think lay the only chance for a man ambitious of high literary reputation in these days.'"

We are suffering, then, from the injudicious kindness of a former generation to its poets, and the lavish rewards that were heaped upon them. The supply is proportioned to the demand in this, as in every other branch of trade, and the immediate consequence of a scarcity and a rise of prices is a glut. Or, to change the metaphor, the sun of popular favor has warmed the soil, and a superabundant harvest of weeds has sprung up where our fathers were able to gather only a

few wild-flowers. This, again, proves our theory, that the poetic faculty is really a very common endowment, and needs but little cultivation and encouragement, before it will appear in exuberant manifestations. But the misfortune of the case is, that, in the midst of a vast crowd, it is very difficult for an individual bard to get a hearing. Instead of a few plaintive sounds stealing at eve over the fields from the modest pipe or oaten straw of some rustic poet, we have now the clang of a whole orchestra constantly ringing through the air in terrible discord, till ordinary mortals are fain to stop their ears, and scold the importunate minstrels as roundly as Bacchus and Xanthias did the frogs. Every obscure lane and alley in the metropolis has become a Grub street, and poets' heads are popped out of every garret window. Or they stand shivering at the corners of the streets, and thrust their wares in the face of every comer, who usually passes them by with as little notice as a universal philanthropist takes of a common beggar.

What effect this multiplication and rivalry of voices are likely to have on the interests of poetry, whether harsh and dissonant sounds are not sure to come when so many are straining their throats in vain attempts to make themselves heard, is a serious question. Poets are now their own worst enemies ; they jostle one another in the crowd, they stand in each other's light, and every luckless bard treads on his neighbour's corns. They must look back with longing regret on the good old quiet times, when Hayley slumbered as the monarch of Parnassus, and a very small group of the Muses' minor favorites nodded around him.

“Aucun soin n'approchait de leur paisible cour,
On reposait la nuit, on dormait tout le jour.”

The first voice which broke that numbing spell was heard with grateful applause ; but one poet chimed in after another, their numbers increasing every day, till a universal hubbub succeeded, and it is now difficult to distinguish the strains of the nightingales from the screaming of the parrots and the chattering of the jays. There are evils in this state of things ; it is a hardship, we confess, that the voice of the true minstrel is so likely to be drowned amid the dissonant cries of a mob who covet the honors which belong solely to him. But we do not believe that the poets will mend the matter by attempting to take the reins into their own hands,

to establish a new code of laws, and to preside over the execution of them. Prose-writers may often be bad judges of poetry, but not quite so bad, we are convinced, as the poets themselves. The latter will either show indiscriminate severity, and order every one of their rivals to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, or they will acquit contrary both to the law and the evidence, in the hope that equal leniency will be shown when their own turn shall come, and they, too, shall stand like culprits in the dock.

Scott's opinion, that in complete novelty lies the only chance for success, is doubtless a true one, but it is dangerous to act upon it; by novelty he meant originality of matter, while most of our contemporary poets seem to think that newness of form is sufficient. So they play all imaginable tricks with metre, and some that are unimaginable, and think that they have hit upon a new thought when they have only invented a new and very uncouth stanza. Their lines are remarkable for nothing but the curious infelicity with which harsh sounds are packed together, and for regular dissonance. Then, again, simplicity and clearness are old-fashioned virtues; so these seekers after originality heap up the most fantastic combinations of ideas that a sick brain ever devised, envelop them in a great fog of words, and leave the unhappy reader to pick out the meaning as best he may. Many of their verses are like Chinese puzzles; one must study an hour before he can put the parts together so that they will fit, and the reward of his labor is but a sprawling Chinese picture after all. They imitate Goethe, who once frankly declared that he wrote *Faust* meaning nothing in particular by it, and gravely intending to accept whatever interpretation was made of it by those stupidly profound countrymen of his, the German commentators, as the right one.

The demand that poets alone should be admitted to be critics of poetry leads naturally to the proposition, that no one shall be entitled to find fault with or go to sleep over a poem, unless he is able to write a better one himself. The adoption of this law would be a fine thing, indeed, for the bard; it would create for him a sort of fools' paradise. But carry out the principle by applying a similar law to all other artificers, and see how helpless and miserable we should become. No one shall complain of his boot-maker till he is able to take up a lapstone and show him how a pair of boots

ought to be made. The poor husband cannot gently hint that the soup is smoked, or the mutton no more than half roasted, without being met by a sharp voice from the other end of the table, inviting him to go into the kitchen and cook a dinner to suit himself. Only a Jack of all trades, or an admirable Crichton, could continue to exercise the inestimable privilege of finding fault with every thing; our worthy friends, the general reformers and menders of the universe, would be wholly thrown out of employment. Nobody but an Alphonso of Castile could continue the business.

Still further; equal justice requires that if all the censure, so also all the praise, of poetry must come from the poets themselves. Will our bards accept this extension of the rule? Will they be content to sing only to each other, all prosaic mortals being put out of earshot? Even if they did assent, we doubt whether they would be better satisfied with the result; there may be a disagreement of opinion, even in a packed jury. Horace, Boileau, and Pope are not remarkable for mildness of criticism; satire in their hands was not reduced to complaisance. The first of these had a very just conception of the critic's office when he compared him to a whetstone, the excellence of which depends upon its grit:—

“*Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi;
Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo.*”

If not allowed to select their own critics, our modern bards would fain establish their own principles of criticism. Of course, the purpose of all their intended innovations in the theory of taste and the code of letters is to palliate their own offences against former laws, and to screen themselves from merited punishment. Thus, one of their demands is, that a poem shall be judged, not from its intrinsic merits, or from the impression it makes on the reader, but from the author's point of view, and with sole reference to the object which he intended to accomplish. The establishment of this principle would raise a very convenient buckler against all ill-natured remarks. If the versification is jagged and uncouth, we are told that the writer intended it should be so, greater smoothness being incompatible with the main purpose of the poem. If the meaning is affected or silly, the imagery grotesque, the sentiment unnatural, the opinions impious or

immoral, and the incidents improbable, still we must not complain, but must try to take our stand in the poet's own attic, to look through his dirty windows, and gain some impossible point of view whence all these supposed defects will appear as excellences. If we could only look at the production through the poet's own eyes, we are assured that it would appear very beautiful. At any rate, we must first learn from experiment how tedious and painful a process incubation is, before we presume to find fault with the feeble and callow progeny that the poet has just hatched. The critic must ascertain, not only what the writer's precise intentions were, but how difficult a matter it was to execute them; he must watch the progress of creation step by step, and ascertain by his own experience

"How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry."

Now these claims on the part of the poet are very unreasonable and foolish, and he may rest assured that the public will never grant them. He wholly mistakes his office, when he attempts to impose an onerous duty upon the world, instead of imparting to it an additional pleasure. Every reader of his book, who has independence and sagacity enough to form and to hold any opinions at all, is necessarily a critic of it, though he may not often deem it necessary to put his criticisms into print. If the unhappy bard *will* publish, if he *will* appeal to the judgment of his contemporaries, he must stand by their decision. If he desires the sympathy and applause of those who do not write books, but read them, he must consult their tastes, submit to be guided by the rules which they lay down, and attempt to give them pleasure in the only ways in which they are capable of receiving it.

"Multa fero

Quum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto."

He may keep out of court altogether, if he sees fit; he is under no obligation to come before the public, but may "keep his piece nine years," or ninety, just as he chooses. But the poet will plead his inspiration here, the impulse and the energy divine, and say that he *must* write, whether he will or no, just as the phrenologists affirm that some people *must* steal or murder, in spite of themselves. We don't believe either the poets or the phrenologists in this respect; but no matter. The story is an old one.

“Quid faciam, præscribe. Quiescas. Ne faciam, inquis, Omnino versus? Aio. Peream male, si non Optimum erat; verum nequeo dormire.”

As our respect for the temperance cause will not allow us to indorse Horace's prescription in this hard case, as a means of expelling the *cacoethes scribendi*, we will grant the necessity of writing. But why publish? There is no fatality, no “manifest destiny,” here. Publication is the overt act, the flagrant delict, which immediately brings the culprits within the jurisdiction of the court. If they will only keep their manuscripts within their desks, we may safely promise them immunity from harsh and illiberal criticism. But if they rashly leave their garrets to go to the printing-office, let them beware the constables.

These rather rambling remarks, we frankly confess, were not immediately suggested by the perusal of Mr. Lowell's volume, and have very little direct connection with it. But the appearance of one whom we believe to be a true poet reminds us of the number of those who would fain be considered in the same light, and of the magnitude and impudence of their pretensions. Some barrier must be erected against unfounded claims before actual merit can receive its due; some principles of criticism must be established before either praise or blame can be intelligently awarded. The tone of the fugitive pieces in the volume now before us is singularly high-minded, vigorous, and pure; there is nothing mawkish, feeble, or impudently obtrusive about them. It is not strange that these qualities should lead us to reflect on the annoyance that is often caused by their opposites, and on the arrogance with which inferior minds are wont to thrust forward their baseless claims.

The successive publications of Mr. Lowell show a marked progress, and encourage us to hope for a rich harvest, when the soil shall be cultivated to the utmost, and the fruit have been allowed to reach its full maturity. He will not complain of us for thinking that he has not yet attained his perfect stature, and that even his latest productions fall quite short of what he is able to accomplish. His first volume, *A Year's Life*, published in 1841, was rich in promise rather than performance; we remarked of it at the time, that it showed his conceptions to be “superior to his power of execution.” Three years afterwards appeared another volume of his

poems, which made good many of the bright anticipations that were founded upon his first experiment. It showed more compass and vigor of intellect, a wider range of thought, and many portions of it were worked out with great elegance and elaborateness of finish. But it contained nothing which impressed us so forcibly with the idea of great power, of imagination scattering its wealth with singular profuseness, and of a daring originality of conception, as many of the pieces in the present volume. The haze that formerly dimmed many of his grandest pictures has now almost entirely disappeared, and their outlines stand forth with sharp distinctness in a bright atmosphere. If a cloud still hangs over a few of his finer thoughts, we fear that it was left to float there intentionally, from some misconception of the effect of obscurity in heightening our idea of the beautiful. Language has become more obedient to his will, and he executes his highest purposes without straining its idiom, or painfully ransacking its vocabulary. Many of the pieces in this volume will support as high a reputation as belongs to some of the most honored names on the roll of English poets.

This is strong commendation, and we must quote one or two of the poems before going farther, lest our readers should suspect that our good-will exceeds our sense of justice. The following, called "Above and Below," though not the first in point of grandeur and originality, seems to us the most complete and highly finished of any in the collection.

"O dwellers in the valley-land,
Who in deep twilight grope and cower,
Till the slow mountain's dial-hand
Shortens to noon's triumphal hour, —
While ye sit idle, do ye think
The Lord's great work sits idle too?
That light dare not o'erleap the brink
Of morn, because 't is dark with you?"

"Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
In God's ripe fields the day is cried,
And reapers, with their sickles bright,
Troop, singing, down the mountain-side:
Come up, and feel what health there is
In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,
As, bending with a pitying kiss,
The night-shed tears of Earth she dries!"

“The Lord wants reapers : O, mount up,
Before night comes, and says, — “Too late ! ”
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
The Master hungers while ye wait :
'T is from these heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see,
Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise,
To break your long captivity.

“Lone watcher on the mountain-height !
It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with gold ;
But we, who in the shadow sit,
Know also when the day is nigh,
Seeing thy shining forehead lit
With his inspiring prophecy.

“Thou hast thine office ; we have ours ;
God lacks not early service here,
But what are thine eleventh hours
He counts with us for morning cheer ;
Our day, for Him, is long enough,
And when He giveth work to do,
The bruised reed is amply tough
To pierce the shield of error through.

“But not the less do thou aspire
Light's earlier messages to preach ;
Keep back no syllable of fire, —
Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.
Yet God deems not thine aëried sight
More worthy than our twilight dim, —
For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
And following that is finding Him.” — pp. 87–89.

These are certainly very striking stanzas, which no living poet need be ashamed to own. The imagery in the lines that we have Italicized is very bold and grand, and shows that Mr. Lowell has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the Elizabethan age of poetry. The next poem that we borrow, “Extreme Unction,” is in a very different strain, yet of hardly inferior excellence, so that it shows the compass and versatility of the writer's powers. It is too long to be copied entire.

“ Go! leave me, Priest; my soul would be
Alone with the consoler, Death;
Far sadder eyes than thine will see
This crumbling clay yield up its breath;
These shrivelled hands have deeper stains
Than holy oil can cleanse away, —
Hands that have plucked the world's coarse gains
As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

“ Call, if thou canst, to those gray eyes
Some faith from youth's traditions wrung;
This fruitless husk which dustward dries
Has been a heart once, has been young;
On this bowed head the awful Past
Once laid its consecrating hands;
The Future in its purpose vast
Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

“ But look! whose shadows block the door?
Who are those two that stand aloof?
See! on my hands this freshening gore
Writes o'er again its crimson proof!
My looked-for death-bed guests are met; —
There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,
And there, with eyes that goad me yet,
The ghost of my Ideal stands!

“ God bends from out the deep and says, —
‘ I gave thee the great gift of life;
Wast thou not called in many ways?
Are not my earth and heaven at strife?
I gave thee of my seed to sow,
Bringest thou me my hundred-fold?’
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, ‘ Father, here is gold’?

“ I have been innocent; God knows,
When first this wasted life began,
Not grape with grape more kindly grows,
Than I with every brother-man:
Now here I gasp; what lose my kind,
When this fast-ebbing breath shall part?
What bands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad heart?

.

“ Mine held them once ; I flung away
Those keys that might have open set
The golden sluices of the day,
But clutch the keys of darkness yet ; —
I hear the reapers singing go
Into God's harvest ; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
Grove shuddering at the gates of night.

“ O glorious Youth, that once wast mine !
O high Ideal ! all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine
Whence worship ne'er shall rise again ;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
The snake nests in the altar-stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near,
The image of the God is gone.” — pp. 75 – 79.

The swift movement of Mr. Lowell's verses and the daring energy of his conceptions show that his genius inclines to the lyric form of poetry. He is master, indeed, of all the chords of the lyre, and strikes them with a bold and impetuous hand, till they ring out in loud but harmonious concert. We like this sustained freedom and vigor ; for the dreamy tenderness, the philosophical musing spirit, the exuberance of sweet diction, and the over-refined sentiment, to which many of our contemporary poets have so long accustomed us, have come to pall upon the ear, and we welcome the first clarion note that is heard among the hills. We have listened long enough in the twilight to the spiritual wailings of an Æolian harp, and now wait with some impatience for a bugle or trumpet call, which shall herald the approach of light and the time for action. But the poet must remember that it is dangerous to play with these loud and high notes, for his excitement sometimes leads to frantic daring, and what is meant for a harmonious burst of sound sometimes ends in a clanging dissonance. We must confess that Mr. Lowell by his trials has shown the hazard of failure, as well as the glory that waits on success. Thus, the first four stanzas of the address “ To a Pine-Tree,” though with one defect, are very fine.

“ Far up on Katahdin thou towerest,
Purple-blue with the distance and vast ;

Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest,
That hangs poised on a lull in the blast,
To its fall leaning awful.

“ In the storm, like a prophet o'ermaddened,
Thou singest and tossest thy branches;
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
Thou forebodest the dread avalanches,
When whole mountains swoop valeward.

“ In the calm thou o'erstretchest the valleys
With thine arms, as if blessings imploring,
Like an old king led forth from his palace,
When his people to battle are pouring
From the city beneath him.

“ To the lumberer asleep 'neath thy glooming
Thou dost sing of wild billows in motion,
Till he longs to be swung 'mid their booming
In the tents of the Arabs of ocean,
Whose finned isles are their cattle.”

The last line is susceptible of three or four explanations, not one of which is very satisfactory. Yet it is preferable to the second line in the following stanza, the whole of which, indeed, is unpleasing.

“ For the gale snatches thee for his lyre,
With mad hand crashing melody frantic,
While he pours forth his mighty desire
To leap down on the eager Atlantic,
Whose arms stretch to his playmate.”

This is in Bombastes Furioso's vein ; but the concluding stanza makes up for all.

“ Thou alone know'st the glory of summer,
Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest,
On thy subjects, that send a proud murmur
Up to thee, to their sachem, who towerest
From thy bleak throne to heaven.”

“ The Present Crisis ” is a poem full of stirring energy and fiery appeals, though its leading purpose is not very apparent, for we can hardly tell what the writer is driving at, or what is the particular evil against which he rolls his poetical thunder. Our readers may find out what his drift is, if they can, from a few of the closing stanzas.

- " 'T is as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves;
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a
crime; —
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men
behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth
rock sublime?
- " They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made
us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across
the sea.
- " They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to
our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our haste
to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps
away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day?
- " New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good
uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast
of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pil-
grims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate
winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted
key." — pp. 60–62.

This is very spirited, though it sounds like a general encouragement to valor, patriotism, and toleration, just as some sermons are intended specially to inculcate all Christian virtues. But there are a few allusions in the earlier part of the poem which make it plain, we fear, that the poet is advocating, though rather indirectly here, the cause of the fierce political philanthropists of our day, who inculcate toleration with savage intolerance, who preach against bigotry while

they are afflicted with utter blindness as to the merits of all creeds except their own, and who generously take it for granted that cowardice, selfishness, and meanness are the only reasons why all their fellow-mortals do not shout their war-cry, advocate their measures, and worship them as the only great and good reformers and iconoclasts of modern times. Mr. Lowell has too much good sense and good taste to go all lengths with them in their insane fanaticism ; but the tone of his mind, as evinced by several of the poems in this collection, has been injured by contact with them, and though we admire the gallantry and nobleness of feeling by which he is evidently prompted, we cannot but sorrow to see it wasted in such a cause. Earnestly, but kindly, would we entreat him to strive after more liberal and catholic views, — not to believe that the great bulk of his countrymen are dastards or bigots, or that Christian teachers and Christian institutions are solely responsible for all the great social evils of our times. Poetry is profaned when it is made to minister to the miserable party politics of the day, however these may be veiled by big words and philanthropic or sentimental manifestos. If there are any beings who ought to be entirely avoided by a man of good sense and high principles, they are those whom Sidney Smith calls “our moral bullies and virtuous braggadocios.” Mr. Lowell doubtless discharged his conscience by including these poems in his volume ; we hope he will do us the justice to believe that we have discharged ours by frankly commenting upon them. We gladly turn to more attractive matter.

The descriptive power shown in many of these poems is one of their most striking merits. The poet's eye catches even the most minute tracery of Nature's works, and the most rapidly fleeting of her aspects, and depicts them in verse with startling distinctness. His language, when he chooses that it should be so, excels in precision and terseness, and thus admirably seconds his fine perceptive powers. The pictures are usually minute, and the canvas crowded ; but they give back the features of Nature with a daguerreotype exactness. They are drawn with sharp outlines, and seen under a white light. If any fault is to be found with them, it is for the curious and elaborate finish of the parts, so that the effect of the whole is somewhat hard, like that of painting in enamel, or of flowers delicately represented in mosaic. Our readers will perceive what we mean by referring to the only two

poems in the volume which are exclusively descriptive, the "Summer Storm," and "An Indian Summer Reverie," both of which are very beautiful and exact. We are sorry that either is too long for quotation, and extracts would do them no justice. We prefer to give specimens of another class, in which the poet's aim is not merely to copy the outward features of the object, but to preserve the sentiment which they inspire. The following is called "The Birch-Tree." Nothing can exceed the delicateness of the second and third stanzas : —

- " Rippling through thy branches goes the sunshine,
Among thy leaves that palpitate for ever ;
Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had prisoned,
The soul once of some tremulous inland river,
Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah ! dumb, dumb for ever !
- " While all the forest, witch'd with slumberous moonshine,
Holds up its leaves in happy, happy silence,
Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse suspended, —
I hear afar thy whispering, gleamy islands,
And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-hung silence.
- " *Upon the brink of some wood-nestled lakelet,
Thy foliage, like the tresses of a Dryad,
Dripping about thy slim white stem, whose shadow
Slopes quivering down the water's dusky quiet,
Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge would some startled
Dryad.*
- " Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers ;
Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping ;
Reuben writes here the happy name of Patience,
And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and weeping
Above her, as she steals the mystery from thy keeping.
- " Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,
So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences ;
Thy shadow scarce seems shade, thy pattering leaflets
Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,
And Nature gives me all her summer confidences.
- " Whether my heart with hope or sorrow tremble,
Thou sympathizest still ; wild and unquiet,
I fling me down ; thy ripple, like a river,
Flows valleyward, where calmness is, and by it
My heart is floated down into the land of quiet." — pp. 96, 97.

We must give a portion also of the beautiful stanzas "To the Dandelion."

"Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,

Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, — thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

"Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,

Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease ;
'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,

Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

"Thou art my tropics and mine Italy ;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime ;

The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time :

Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment

In the white lily's breezy tent,
His conquered Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

"Then think I of deep shadows on the grass, —
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,

Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways, —
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, — of waters blue

That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, — and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move."

— pp. 118 – 120.

Of the poems of feeling and fancy, "The Changeling" is our favorite.

- “ I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.
- “ I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair ;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.
- “ To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover ?
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me !
- “ She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away ;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingali
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.
- “ But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled :
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky ;
- “ As weak, yet as trustful also ;
For the whole year long I see

All the wonders of faithful Nature
 Still worked for the love of me ;
 Winds wander, and dew drops earthward,
 Rain falls, suns rise and set,
 Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
 A poor little violet.

“ This child is not mine as the first was,
 I cannot sing it to rest,
 I cannot lift it up fatherly
 And bliss it upon my breast ;
 Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
 And sits in my little one's chair,
 And the light of the heaven she's gone to
 Transfigures its golden hair.” — pp. 160 – 163.

We have quoted enough to show that Mr. Lowell possesses extraordinary powers as a poet, and has arrived at the free and vigorous use of them, his finished work no longer falling behind his fresh and beautiful conceptions. If his future publications should show the constant improvement that has thus far distinguished his career, he may yet scale heights which at present, perhaps, he is hardly bold enough to measure. His readers, we are very sure, will join us in urging him to go on, but to publish sparingly. The world is tired of mediocrity in verse, and will give a joyous reception, now, only to the most carefully matured results of the poet's happiest hours.

ART. XI. — 1. *Journal of an Overland Expedition in Australia, from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, a Distance of upwards of 3000 Miles, during the Years 1844, 1845.* By DR. LUDWIG LEICHHARDT. London : T. & W. Boone. 1847. 8vo. pp. 544.

2. *Cooksland in Northeastern Australia ; the Future Cotton-field of Great Britain : its Characteristics and Capabilities for European Colonization. With a Disquisition on the Origin, Manners, and Customs of the Aborigines.* By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D. D., A. M. London : Longman & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 496.

THE work of colonization and maritime discovery seems to have fallen, with the tacit acquiescence of the rest of the

world, to Great Britain ; nor have all the mistakes and misdemeanours of home and colonial administrations been able to eclipse the lustre of her success. So entirely have other nations been driven from the field, that, whenever a new sea is explored or a new settlement established, it is next to certain that British enterprise and capital have taken the lead. The few exceptions only prove the rule. France, indeed, has at last caged the fugacious Emir of the desert, and exhibits him in proof of the success of the Algerian experiment ; though a menagerie of such captives would reduce the kingdom to the brink of bankruptcy. Our own interest, too, in the Antarctic continent may prove stable enough to warrant a future re-annexation of it, and a consequent defensive war with the natives of the South Pole ; and we may yet, to the astonishment of the world, find Sodom and Gomorrah at the bottom of the Dead Sea. But even then, England will be a respectable rival. As to the Portuguese, they seem to hover with a retrospective affection about their early haunts on the African coast, though not precisely for colonizing purposes. The Spanish flag is a stranger on shores where it once waved alone ; and the plodding Dutchman finds the known world already large enough for himself and his pipe.

In no quarter of the earth has the irrepressible energy of the British character been more strikingly displayed than in Australia. In the annals of colonization no chapter is more wonderful than that which records the rapid steps by which the English have acquired the now indisputable possession of a vast continent, nearly equal in extent to the whole of Europe. Sixty years ago, a band of convicts landed on the eastern coast of New Holland and founded the colony of New South Wales. In spite of the taint of its origin, the infant establishment grew apace. The country was found to be admirably adapted to pastoral purposes, and a hardy race of squatters soon pushed the outposts of the colony to the foot of the mountain barrier which for a long time excluded them from the plains beyond. In a few years, Van Diemen's Land, or, as it is now beginning to be called, in honor of Abel Tasman, its discoverer, Tasmania, the insularity of which had recently been established by the daring enterprise of Bass, was settled. And the tide of emigration was not yet checked ; the Swan River settlement, on the western coast, was undertaken, and has struggled through the fearful obstacles which obstructed

its early progress. Between the two colonies of New South Wales and Western Australia, room was found for an establishment on the southern coast, which bears the name of Southern Australia. The occupation, but a few years ago, of Port Essington on the northwest, has completed the girdle of English posts, and connected the Australian with the Asiatic possessions of Great Britain.

A few of those mellifluous parts of speech which distinguish the Low Dutch alone remain, to attest the early enterprise and later apathy of the people who scattered them along the northern and western coasts ; and even the empty compliment implied in the misnomer of New Holland, which always reminds one of the inverse classification of the lion under the cat kind, is fast growing obsolete. The great infrequency of native names is one of the melancholy proofs of the gradual decay and disappearance of their authors before the civilization, the violence, the vices, and the diseases of the white races ; nor in respect to euphony is the loss to be deeply lamented, if such names as the "Morrumbidgee" are a fair sample of them. The supremacy of British power appears in the abundance of English and Scotch names, both in Australia and Tasmania. Ben Lomond and the Esk bear witness to the patriotic regrets of the Caledonian exile, and a family of Wellingtons and Waterloos proclaim the origin of those who transplanted them.* The presiding genii of Downing street, and their host of colonial Pucks and Ariels, are immortalized in Arrowsmith's maps ; and so far has the progress of discovery outrun the stock of notables, that one and the same worthy

* Though the French have learned to acknowledge the vast ability displayed by their British neighbours in the management of their colonial territories, their wounded vanity sometimes appears. We quote an amusing instance of this from Lesson's *Voyage round the World*, published at Paris in 1839. The author visited Sydney in 1824, and made an excursion into the interior of the colony. The following passage occurs in a note to his book : — "The name of Waterloo has been lavished by the English with such profusion, that it will become synonymous with *false glory*. How can a nation, so civilized as the English people, disfigure its trophies (if trophies they are, for Blücher has a better claim to them) by the tinsel and gold-lace which indicate poverty and bad taste? A swarm of places in New South Wales bears this name and that of Wellington. When the day comes for the Russians to attack India and assume an undisputed preponderance in Europe, the English, chased from their vast possessions, will appreciate the true value of the battle of Waterloo, with which they are so besotted, although the sounder portion of the nation can already form a mature judgment of its results."

has been forced to stand godfather to river, mountains, and downs at once, while his colossal fame spans a longitude of forty degrees. Victoria and Albert, of course, have long been acclimated in these southern regions ; and the rising hopes of royalty are expected to follow, so soon as their tender age will bear the transportation.

Colonial civilization is proverbially unattractive, and, making the due distinction between the convict and the free settlements, Australian civilization is not more fascinating than other specimens of the class. When these colonies shall have formed a confederacy of states, the historian of the great republic will perhaps find reason to boast of its unexampled progress, and cite its precocity in wool, vice, commercial crises, steam-power, and social ambition. That a great destiny awaits it cannot be doubted ; but those portions of it which were tinctured with the vile infusion of the convict element have not yet worked off the corruption. The "high-life-below-stairs" aspect of society must long remain ; the literature of the land must for years consist chiefly of the journals of travellers, of which a library has already accumulated, and the provincial cast of its institutions repel, rather than invite, the attention of inquirers.

The least exotic form of civilized man in Australia is the squatter ; a growth which is sure to spring up on a pastoral soil. He is the pioneer in the settlement of the country ; and the peculiar circumstances of his lot impart an air of originality to his character. But we must not confound the early convict squatters of New South Wales with a better class of men, who have become quite numerous in that extensive colony. When Mr. Darwin, in 1836, described a squatter as "a freed or ticket-of-leave man, who builds a hut with bark on unoccupied ground, buys or steals a few animals, sells spirits without a license, receives stolen goods, and so at last becomes rich and turns farmer," and called him "the horror of all his honest neighbours," there was too much truth in the picture. That the outposts of the colony, especially the middle portions, are still infested with reptiles of this description, cannot be denied ; but the gradual increase of free immigration and the abandonment of the penal system have multiplied the number of farming squatters, who ought not to be confounded with the refuse of the English prisons. That the aboriginal population have been shamefully treated by the

squatters is too true ; but it is equally true, that the better class of farmers should not be held accountable for all the enormities committed by the "old hands" or "expiree" convicts in their employment as stockmen or shepherds. We quote the following remarks on the "squatting system" from Dr. Lang's account of Cooksland, the name which he proposes to give to the Moreton Bay district, the most northerly portion of New South Wales.

"The Australian Squatter is a being perfectly *sui generis* : there is nothing like him in any other part of the British Dominions ; there is nothing at all analogous to him in the United States of America. In the latter country the term implies some person of the humbler walks of life, whose only property is an axe, with a few articles of household furniture and implements of agriculture, and who goes forth into the vast forests of the frontier settlements, clears, fences, and cultivates a few acres of land, erecting upon it a log house, the whole of which, designated, in the language of the country, his *betterments*, together with his right of preëmption, which his adventurous labors as a Squatter have secured, and which the National Government very wisely respects, he probably sells to the first emigrant who heaves in sight, either from Europe or from the Eastern States, looking out for a location, and then moves off farther west, to repeat the same process afresh, as the precursor and pioneer of civilization. But the Australian Squatter, especially in the northern and southern divisions of the great colony of New South Wales, is, as Mr. Hodgkinson rightly observes, a man of education and respectable connections ; and if not a gentleman born and bred, as indeed is not unfrequently the case, he has generally a quantity of stock that implies a considerable amount of pastoral capital. The proper names scattered over the map of Cooksland, appended to this volume, are those of the proprietors of the respective Squatting Stations into which the country is divided among the actual Squatters ; ten pounds being payable annually to the Government as a license for the occupation of each station, the boundaries of which are defined by the resident Commissioner of Crown Lands in proportion to the amount of the Squatter's stock, allowing generally for four years' increase.

"When the Squatter has selected and secured his run, and can say for the time being, at least, 'I am monarch of all I survey,' his first care is to occupy it with his flocks and herds, and to erect temporary dwellings for himself and his servants, as well as folds for his sheep or stockyards for his cattle. In the first instance, these dwellings are generally formed of slabs, and covered

with bark ; glass windows, a deal floor, a shingled roof, and an additional apartment or two besides the original one that serves for all purposes, with perhaps a neat garden, being added gradually, if the Squatter is a man of taste and leisure, or has any regard either for personal convenience or for appearances.

“Some stations are appropriated entirely to sheep, others to cattle, according to the quality of the pasture, or the caprice of the proprietor ; but the greater number have both sheep and cattle, and many have horses also. The high and dry ground, where the pasture is neither too rich nor too abundant, is best for sheep ; the low swampy ground, or the rich alluvial flats, being best adapted for cattle. As sheep, however, have latterly been a more profitable description of stock, many cattle-runs have been transformed into sheep-stations, when the nature of the country has admitted of such a change. The number of sheep in a flock is generally from 600 to 800 ; but in the open country of the Darling Downs, as well as in a few other tracts of a similar character to the southward, as many as from 2000 to 2500 sheep can be run with safety in a single flock. *Runs* or stations are frequently sold in the Colony, with all the stock on them, and it is often difficult to dispose of a large flock or herd of cattle at all, unless the run *is given in* with them. I have heard of a thousand pounds being given for a run over and above the value of the stock.” — pp. 292 – 295.

The enterprise and energy of this class of men, who are ready to push their stations to the utmost verge of the discovered territory, will undoubtedly lead to the ultimate occupation of those portions of the vast interior which are able to support a pastoral population. When to this constant pressure of a naturally expansive race of settlers we add the consideration, that the wilds of Australia offer the adventurer the most tempting field for discovery yet remaining, and that problems in geography and geology of great interest are yet to be solved, we cannot wonder at the willingness which so many explorers have exhibited to encounter the hardships of the undertaking.

The maritime position of the English colonies, however, naturally led in the first place to the exploration of the coasts ; and the history of the country is inseparably associated with the fame of England's most illustrious navigators. The recent voyage of Captain Stokes, in that veteran of discovery, the little *Beagle*, and that of Captain Blackwood, have thrown

great light on several points hitherto obscure ; nor can many years elapse, before this enormous line of coast, measuring, as has been computed, 8,000 miles, will have been satisfactorily explored.

The progress of interior discovery has been more partial. Although the task was undertaken at an early period by men of skill and perseverance, the seemingly impassable barrier which, at no great distance from the sea, intercepted all communication with the western regions, bade defiance, for a quarter of a century, to every attempt to penetrate it. At length, however, in 1813, the arrival of one of those seasons of drought, to which Australia is subject, effected what the spirit of adventure had in vain essayed. A party of colonists, hoping to escape from the sunburnt plains below, made their way to the summit of the ridge, but, their provisions giving out, were obliged to return. The way, however, was opened. The government of New South Wales continued the exploration ; and in 1814 a practicable road was constructed by convict labor, over ridges rising, in some parts, to an elevation of 3,400 feet above the sea. A fine pastoral region on the western slope of the hills was thus thrown open to the colony. The barrier being once passed, the progress of discovery was rapid. Immense downs, affording unrivalled facilities for sheep and cattle pasturage, have one by one been added to the colonial territory, and the vast basin of the Murray and its tributaries has been explored in various directions. But as this river discharges itself into a lake near the southern shore, little impression had been made on the central regions of Australia ; nor had the attempts to penetrate the interior from the western coast been followed by greater results. In the mean time, the examination of the eastern coast range was prosecuted with great success ; and the name of Count Strzelecki deserves to be placed by the side of Mitchell, Sturt, and their enterprising countrymen.

But the time had now arrived for a bolder enterprise. In October, 1843, the Legislative Council of New South Wales appointed a committee of their own body to inquire into the practicability of establishing an overland route between the settled parts of New South Wales and Port Essington. Two routes were proposed ; the one from Fort Bourke on the Darling river, a tributary of the Murray, in nearly a direct line from Port Essington to Sydney, from which last

it is distant six hundred miles. This route was preferred by Sir Thomas Mitchell, who had held the office of Surveyor-General of the Colony since 1828, and had eminently distinguished himself as an explorer. The other route was to proceed from Moreton Bay, in latitude about four degrees south of the tropic, by the Darling Downs, which lie on the west of the coast range, thence along that range to the Gulf of Carpentaria, the great indentation of the northern coast of Australia, the southernmost angle of which lies in somewhat less than seventeen degrees of south latitude, and then around the gulf to Port Essington, in latitude eleven and a half degrees south; the difference in longitude between the termini of this route being twenty-one degrees, about equal to the distance, in miles, from Cape Cod to the western boundary of Missouri. The committee having reported in favor of the Fort Bourke route, the Council voted an address to the governor of the colony, praying for an appropriation not exceeding £ 1,000, to meet the expenses of the expedition. His Excellency, however, would not assume the responsibility of allowing the grant without a previous communication with the government at home; and the project, in this form at least, was suspended. But the plan of an expedition from Moreton Bay was taken up by a private individual, and, without a farthing from the public purse, was carried into execution. Nor was it the achievement of a man of wealth or influence, but of a German student of very limited means, who had come out in 1842 to Australia, with the hope of attaching himself to some expedition of discovery, in the capacity of naturalist.

Dr. Ludwig Leichhardt, who has by this single enterprise raised himself to the first rank among travellers, was born in Prussia in 1813. He had originally intended to adopt the profession of medicine, but had subsequently devoted himself, at the German universities, to the study of the natural sciences. He arrived in the colony, as we have stated, in 1842, and while waiting for an appointment, delivered a course of lectures on botany at Sydney, and undertook a scientific exploration of a part of the country between that city and Wide Bay, which lies a little to the north of Moreton Bay. "With a little more," he says, "I travelled more than 2,500 miles, zigzag, from Newcastle to Wide Bay, being often groom and cook, washerwoman, geologist,

and botanist, at the same time ; and I delighted in this life." Several letters, written by him from various stations to his friend Mr. Lynd, are published by Dr. Lang, and, without any pretension to fine writing, prove their author to be a man of sense and an enthusiast in science. "One of the finest sights," he says, "I had was that of a *Glycine*, a climbing shrub, which is now [19th of October] in full blossom. The flower is a pale violet, the inflorescence long grapes, which form the most elegant festoons from tree to tree along some creeks. I was so struck with the beauty of the sight, that I almost forgot, in gazing, to take specimens." We are told that he passed unharmed among the wildest of the aborigines, aided doubtless by his medical knowledge, and even employed them frequently in his service. An intimate acquaintance with their habits seems to have inspired him with less disgust than the ordinary accounts of these races would have led us to expect.

"The black-fellow, in his natural state, and not yet contaminated or irritated by the white man, is hospitable and not at all devoid of kind feelings. We had a striking instance of the honesty of these men. A native dog, which they had tamed, came during our absence and took our meat provisions. When we returned, one of the black-fellows came and brought back a piece of bacon and the cloth in which it was. The ham had been devoured by the dog, but the black brought even the bones which still remained. For about three figs of tobacco they provided us two days with oysters and crabs. They are a fine race of men, tall and well made, and their bodies, individually, as well as the groups which they formed, would have delighted the eye of an artist. . . . Their resources for obtaining food are extremely various. They seem to have tasted every thing, from the highest top of the Bunya tree and the *Seaforthia* and cabbage palm, to the grub which lies in the rotten tree of the brush, or feeds on the lower stem or root of the *Xanthorrhæa*. By the bye, I tasted this grub, and it tastes very well, particularly in chewing the skin, which contains much fat. It has a very nutty taste, which is impaired, however, by that of the rotten wood upon which the animal lives. They are well aware that this grub changes into a beetle resembling the cockchafer, and that another transforms into a moth. Particularly agreeable to them is the honey with which the little stingless native bee provides them amply. You have no idea of the number of bees' nests which exist in this country. My black-fellow, who accompanies me at

present, finds generally three or four of them daily, and would find many more, if I gave him full time to look for them. They do not find these nests as the black-fellows in Liverpool Plains; *they do not attach a down to the legs of the little animal*; but their sharp eye discovers the little animals flying in and out the opening — even sixty and more feet high. ‘Me millmill bull’ (I see a bee’s nest), he exclaims, and, so saying, he puts off his shirt, takes the tomahawk, and up he goes. If in a branch, he cuts off the tree and enjoys the honey on the ground. Is it in the body of the tree, he taps at first with the tomahawk to know the real position, and then he opens the nest. The honey is sweet, but a little pungent. There is, besides the honey, a kind of dry bee-bread, like gingerbread, which is very nourishing. The part in which the grub lives is very acid. The black-fellow destroys every swarm of which he takes the honey. It is impossible for him to save the young brood.” — *Cooksland*, p. 375.

Dr. Leichhardt brought with him, on his return, an exceedingly curious and valuable collection of specimens of every kind; and in botany alone is said to have discovered upwards of one hundred new plants. This journey appears to have terminated in the spring of 1844. In the mean while, being disappointed in his hope of accompanying Sir T. Mitchell on the proposed expedition to Port Essington, he determined to get up a party to proceed, under his own guidance, by the Moreton Bay route. His own very moderate resources were insufficient for the outfit, and were but scantily eked out by private contributions; the enterprise being generally regarded as desperate. But he was not to be deterred by such difficulties. In April, 1844, he thus writes: —

“It is probable, my dear friend, that I shall not stay long in Sydney, when I come down. I have found young men willing and able to undergo the fatigues of a private expedition, and if I can muster sufficient resources to pay the expenses of provisions for six men, I shall immediately set out for Port Essington. I know that if I start with these men, whom I know to be excellent bushmen, excellent shots, and without fear, I am sure to succeed. Every one of us has the necessary horses, and all that is required besides would be six mules with harness for carriage of flour — 100 pounds per head — tea and sugar and ammunition. Every one of us has lived weeks and weeks together in the bush, frequently surrounded by hostile blacks, whose character we know, and intercourse with whom we shall always try to avoid. Believe me, that one experienced and courageous

bushman is worth more than the eight soldiers Sir Thomas intends to take with him. They will be an immense burden, and of no use." — *Cook's Land*, p. 92.

He closes a letter to Professor Owen, under date of July 10th, when his preparations were nearly completed, with these words : — " When you hear next of me, it will be either that I am lost and dead, or that I have succeeded to penetrate through the interior to Port Essington."

In the month of August, 1844, the expedition left Sydney, and after passing some time at Brisbane, the chief town in Moreton Bay district, to recruit, set out in September upon their perilous march. The party consisted of ten persons ; two of them, Harry Brown and Charley, being aboriginal natives ; and one, William Phillips, " a prisoner of the Crown." Their live stock amounted to seventeen horses and sixteen head of cattle ; and they were furnished with a supply of flour, sugar, tea, chocolate, gelatine, and ammunition, for seven months, which was supposed to be a reasonable estimate of the duration of their journey.

At last, on the first of October, after a preliminary conflict with their refractory draught-bullocks, who kicked against being degraded into beasts of burden, they left Jimba, the last station of civilized man, and plunged into the wilderness. " Many a man's heart," says the traveller, " would have thrilled like our own, had he seen us winding our way round the first rise beyond the station, with a full chorus of ' God save the Queen,' which has inspired many a British soldier — ay, and many a Prussian too — with courage in the time of danger." For several days our travellers pushed on as rapidly as the undutiful carriage of their bullocks, and the troublesome " scrub " (a dense thicket), which continually obstructed their progress, would allow. No serious accident occurred, except the loss of a large part of their flour in the scrub, and the disappearance of two of the party, who were tracked seventy miles by Charley before they could be found. The travellers were singularly fortunate in meeting with lagoons and creeks, which, not yet exhausted by the heat of the summer (for November is a summer month in Australia), or occasionally replenished by passing thunder-storms, supplied them with water ; so that through the first ten months of their journey they encamped only once without it, and even then were refreshed by a thunder-storm at night ; though

straggling parties sometimes suffered severely. But during the first weeks of their progress, they found much less game than they had anticipated ; and it became doubtful whether they could go on. That some of the party must return was clear, and unless bullock's meat could be dried in the sun, there was an end of the matter for all. The experiment was tried with success ; and two of the party with as many horses returned to the colony.

As the travellers advanced, they fell in with game of various kinds ; emus and cockatoos, with occasional teal and duck, served very well for supper, and dried kangaroo was almost as savory as dried beef ; and their " black-fellows " were good honey-gatherers. An intractable bullock having torn another flour-bag and spilled its contents on the ground, our adventurers, who had at length fairly acquired the accomplishment of an " overcoming stomach," after scraping up with gum-leaf spoons what they could, made a porridge of the remainder, " well mixed with dried leaves and dust," which, by the aid of a little gelatine, they all " enjoyed highly." Even horse-flesh did not come amiss ; and they learned in time to do without salt, though it cost a severe struggle. Their flour, notwithstanding the especial spite of the bullocks against it, held out, by dint of good husbandry, for a long time ; but their best friend was tea, which the worthy doctor is antiquated enough to pronounce a better quencher of thirst and assuager of fatigue than the only natural drink of man, cold water. The most convincing proof of " man's superiority to his accidents " which this volume affords is in the record of a supper of wallaby-broth, seasoned with a piece of green-hide, which had already served an apprenticeship of five months as the wrapper of a botanical collection. " It required, however," he adds, " a little longer stewing than a fresh hide, and was rather tasteless."

The " black-fellows " too, whose sagacity and keen sight were invaluable to the travellers, gave them much trouble. Charley had once or twice a fit of the sulks, and on one occasion fulfilled a threat of stopping the doctor's jaw, by a blow which loosened two of his teeth. For some time, they kept away from the camp, but the doctor, whose thorough experience of the native character had taught him how to manage them, soon brought them to terms ; and a quarrel which afterwards broke out between them was of great ser-

vice to the company. The doctor's life was in one instance probably saved by the ready recollection of his aboriginal attendant. We quote his own account of the adventure.

"We rode the whole day through a Bricklow thicket, which, in only three or four places, was interrupted by narrow strips of open country, along creeks on which fine flooded-gums were growing. The density of the scrub, which covered an almost entirely level country, prevented our seeing farther than a few yards before us, so that we passed our landmark, and, when night approached, and the country became more open, we found ourselves in a part of the country totally unknown to us. At the outside of the scrub, however, we were cheered by the sight of some large lagoons, on whose muddy banks there were numerous tracks of emus and kangaroos. In a recently deserted camp of the aborigines, we found an eatable root, like the large tubers of *Dahlia*, which we greedily devoured, our appetite being wonderfully quickened by long abstinence and exercise. Brown fortunately shot two pigeons; and, whilst we were discussing our welcome repast, an emu, probably on its way to drink, approached the lagoon, but halted when it got sight of us, then walked slowly about, scrutinizing us with suspicious looks, and, when Brown attempted to get near it, trotted off to a short distance, and stopped again, and continued to play this tantalizing trick until we were tired; when, mounting our horses, we proceeded on our way. Supposing, from the direction of the waters, that we had left our former tracks to the left, I turned to the northeast to recover them; but it soon became very dark, and a tremendous thunder-storm came down upon us. We were then on a high box-tree ridge, in view of a thick scrub; we hobbled our horses, and covered ourselves with our blankets; but the storm was so violent, that we were thoroughly drenched. As no water-holes were near us, we caught the water that ran from our blankets; and, as we were unable to rekindle our fire, which had been extinguished by the rain, we stretched our blankets over some sticks to form a tent, and notwithstanding our wet and hungry condition, our heads sank wearily on the saddles — our usual bush pillow — and we slept soundly till morning dawned. We now succeeded in making a fire, so that we had a pot of tea and a pigeon between us. After this scanty breakfast, we continued our course to the northeast. Brown thought himself lost, got disheartened, grumbled and became exceedingly annoying to me; but I could not help feeling for him, as he complained of severe pain in his legs. We now entered extensive Ironbark flats, which probably belong to the valley of

the Mackenzie. Giving our position every consideration, I determined upon returning to the mountains at which we had turned, and took a northwest course. The country was again most wretched, and at night we almost dropped from our saddles with fatigue. Another pigeon was divided between us, but our tea was gone. Oppressed by hunger, I swallowed the bones and the feet of the pigeon, to allay the cravings of my stomach. A sleeping lizard with a blunt tail and knobby scales, fell into our hands, and was of course roasted and greedily eaten. Brown now complained of increased pain in his feet, and lost all courage. 'We are lost, we are lost,' was all he could say. All my words and assurances, all my telling him that we might be starved for a day or two, but that we should most certainly find our party again, could not do more than appease his anxiety for a few moments. The next morning, the 21st, we proceeded, but kept a little more to the westward, and crossed a fine openly timbered country; but all the creeks went either to the east or to the north. At last, after a ride of about four miles, Brown recognized the place where we had breakfasted on the 19th, when all his gloom and anxiety disappeared at once. I then returned on my southeast course, and arrived at the camp about one o'clock in the afternoon; my long absence having caused the greatest anxiety amongst my companions. I shall have to mention several other instances of the wonderful quickness and accuracy with which Brown as well as Charley were able to recognize localities which they had previously seen. The impressions on their retina seem to be naturally more intense than on that of the European; and their recollections are remarkably exact, even to the most minute details. Trees peculiarly formed or grouped, broken branches, slight elevations of the ground — in fact, a hundred things, which we should remark only when paying great attention to a place — seem to form a kind of daguerreotype impression on their minds, every part of which is readily recollected." — pp. 115 – 118.

Not long after the departure of the travellers, a report became current in the colony that they had been cut off by the natives, or swept away by a hurricane. Mr. Hodgson, one of the two who had been sent back, was despatched in quest of them, but found no trace of their supposed fate. Meanwhile, Dr. Leichhardt's friend, Mr. Lynd, had written several stanzas on the mournful occasion, which were set to music by a resident of the colony, and must have highly edified the adventurers when they returned. Unaware of the premature doom to which they had been devoted, the party

pushed on from point to point, crossing or following the water-courses which they struck upon, discovering several important streams, and ascertaining the direction of the elevated ranges. But their advance was slow and painful. In latitude twenty-five degrees south they entered a knot of mountains, through which, only after long and tedious reconnoitring, they found a passage by threading a creek to its head. Brown, the black-fellow, having discovered a chain of fine lagoons, which received his name, the Christmas camp was pitched beside them, and the day commemorated by a dinner of suet pudding and stewed cockatoos. The first days of the new year (1845) were signalized by the discovery of a large river, named by Dr. Leichhardt the Mackenzie, the heads of which, he supposes, will lead to a watershed between eastern and western waters. Before the middle of January they crossed the southern tropic, and near the end of the month entered upon the plains and downs of a fine table-land, out of which rose a noble range of peaks, and which offered a delightful contrast to the monotony of the forest land they had so long wandered through. Although the events of an isolated life like this seem insignificant by the side of those of a busy world, yet, in their Crusoe existence, a kangaroo hunt, the bringing down of an emu, or the straying of a bullock, were as memorable as the queen's last reception, or an airing of the Prince of Wales. We quote Dr. Leichhardt's simple but interesting description of their daily life.

"I usually rise when I hear the merry laugh of the laughing-jackass (*Dacelo gigantea*), which, from its regularity, has not been unaptly named the settlers' clock; a loud cooe then roused my companions, — Brown to make tea, Mr. Calvert to season the stew with salt and marjoram, and myself and the others to wash, and to prepare our breakfast, which, for the party, consists of two pounds and a half of meat, stewed over night; and to each a quart pot of tea. Mr. Calvert then gives to each his portion, and, by the time this important duty is performed, Charley generally arrives with the horses, which are then prepared for their day's duty. After breakfast, Charley goes with John Murphy to fetch the bullocks, which are generally brought in a little after seven o'clock, A. M. The work of loading follows, but this requires very little time now, our stock being much reduced; and, at about a quarter to eight o'clock, we move on, and continue travelling four hours, and, if possible, select a spot for our

camp. As soon as the camp is pitched, and the horses and bullocks unloaded, we have all our allotted duties; to make the fire falls to my share; Brown's duty is to fetch water for tea; and Mr. Calvert weighs out a pound and a half of flour for a fat cake, which is enjoyed more than any other meal; the large teapot being empty, Mr. Calvert weighs out two and a half pounds of dry meat to be stewed for our late dinner; and during the afternoon, every one follows his own pursuits, such as washing and mending clothes, repairing saddles, pack-saddles, and packs; my occupation is to write my log, and lay down my route, or make an excursion in the vicinity of the camp to botanize, &c., or ride out reconnoitring. My companions also write down their remarks, and wander about gathering seeds, or looking for curious pebbles. Mr. Gilbert takes his gun to shoot birds. A loud cooe again unites us towards sunset round our table-cloth; and, whilst enjoying our meals, the subject of the day's journey, the past, the present, and the future, by turns engage our attention, or furnish matter for conversation and remark, according to the respective humor of the parties. As night approaches, we retire to our beds. The two black-fellows and myself spread out each our own under the canopy of heaven, whilst Messrs. Roper, Calvert, Gilbert, Murphy, and Phillips, have their tents. Mr. Calvert entertains Roper with his conversation; John amuses Gilbert; Brown tunes up his corroborri songs, in which Charley, until their late quarrel, generally joined. Brown sings well, and his melodious plaintive voice lulls me to sleep, when otherwise I am not disposed. Mr. Phillips is rather singular in his habits; he erects his tent generally at a distance from the rest, under a shady tree, or in a green bower of shrubs, where he makes himself as comfortable as the place will allow, by spreading branches and grass under his couch, and covering his tent with them, to keep it shady and cool, and even planting lilies in blossom (*Crinum*) before his tent, to enjoy their sight during the short time of our stay. As the night advances, the black-fellows' songs die away; the chatting tongue of Murphy ceases, after having lulled Mr. Gilbert to sleep; and at last even Mr. Calvert is silent, as Roper's short answers become few and far between. The neighing of the tethered horse, the distant tinkling of the bell, or the occasional cry of night birds, alone interrupt the silence of our camp. The fire, which was bright as long as the corroborri songster kept it stirred, gradually gets dull, and smoulders slowly under the large pot in which our meat is simmering; and the bright constellations of heaven pass unheeded over the heads of the dreaming wanderers of the wilderness, until the summons of the laughing-jackass recalls them to the business of the coming day." — pp. 234 – 238.

The entry in the journal under date of May 24, the queen's birth-day, affords a striking picture of what the author calls the "psychological effects of life in the desert."

"May 24. — It was the queen's birth-day, and we celebrated it with what — as our only remaining luxury — we were accustomed to call a fat cake, made of four pounds of flour and some suet, which we had saved for the express purpose, and with a pot of sugared tea. We had for several months been without sugar, with the exception of about ten pounds, which was reserved for cases of illness and for festivals. So necessary does it appear to human nature to interrupt the monotony of life by marked days, on which we indulge in recollections of the past, or in meditations on the future, that we all enjoyed those days as much, and even more, than when surrounded with all the blessings of civilized society; although I am free to admit, that fat cake and sugared tea *in prospectu* might induce us to watch with more eagerness for the approach of these days of feasting. There were, besides, several other facts interesting to the psychologist, which exhibited the influence of our solitary life, and the unity of our purpose, on our minds. During the early part of our journey, I had been carried back in my dreams to scenes of recent date, and into the society of men with whom I had lived shortly before starting on my expedition. As I proceeded on my journey, events of earlier date returned into my mind, with all the fantastic associations of a dream; and scenes of England, France, and Italy passed successively. Then came the recollections of my University life, of my parents and the members of my family; and, at last, the days of boyhood and of school — at one time as a boy afraid of the look of the master, and now with the independent feelings of the man, communicating to and discussing with him the progress of my journey, the courses of the rivers I had found, and the possible advantages of my discoveries. At the latter part of the journey, I had, as it were, retraced the whole course of my life, and I was now, in my dreams, almost invariably in Sydney, canvassing for support, and imagining that, although I had left my camp, yet that I should return with new resources to carry us through the remainder of our journey. It was very remarkable, that all my companions were almost invariably anticipating the end of our journey, dreaming that they reached the sea-coast, and met with ships, or that they were in Port Essington and enjoying the pleasures of civilized life; whilst I, on awaking, found my party and my interests on the place where I had left them in my dreams. Evening approaches; the sun has sunk below the horizon for some time, but still he strains his eye through the gloom

for the dark verdure of a creek, or strives to follow the arrow-like flight of a pigeon, the flapping of whose wings has filled him with a sudden hope, from which he relapses again into a still greater sadness; with a sickened heart he drops his head to a broken and interrupted rest, whilst his horse is standing hobbled at his side, unwilling from excessive thirst to feed on the dry grass. How often have I found myself, in these different states of the brightest hope and the deepest misery, riding along, thirsty, almost lifeless and ready to drop from my saddle with fatigue; the poor horse tired like his rider, footsore, stumbling over every stone, running heedlessly against the trees, and wounding my knees! But suddenly, the note of *Grallina Australis*, the call of cockatoos, or the croaking of frogs, is heard, and hopes are bright again; water is certainly at hand; the spur is applied to the flank of the tired beast, which already partakes in his rider's anticipations, and quickens his pace — and a lagoon, a creek, or a river, is before him. The horse is soon unsaddled, hobbled, and well washed; a fire is made, the teapot is put to the fire, the meat is dressed, the enjoyment of the poor reconnoiterer is perfect, and a prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty God who protects the wanderer on his journey bursts from his grateful lips." — pp. 265 – 268.

As they advanced, they fell in with other before unknown streams, of considerable importance. On the morning of the 4th of June, Dr. Leichhardt, with a feeling of pleasure which he says he shall never forget, waked his comrades from their bivouac in the open air, to take their first view of the constellation of Ursa Major.

"The starry heaven is one of those great features of nature which enter unconsciously into the composition of our souls. The absence of the stars gives us painful longings, the nature of which we frequently do not understand, but which we call homesickness; and their sudden reappearance touches us like magic, and fills us with delight. Every new moon also was hailed with an almost superstitious devotion, and my black-fellows vied with each other to discover its thin crescent, and would be almost angry with me when I strained my duller eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of its faint light in the brilliant sky which succeeds the setting of the sun. The questions — Where were we at the last new moon? how far have we travelled since? and where shall we be at the next? — were invariably discussed amongst us; calculations were made as to the time that would be required to bring us to the end of our journey, and there was no lack of advice offered as to what should and ought to be done." — pp. 280, 281.

In the course of the expedition, they met with tracks of the natives, and on several occasions encountered individuals or parties of the natives themselves. These, when not friendly, usually confined their demonstrations of hostility to wild outcries, or such attempts as were easily warded off. On the night of June 28th, however, the camp was attacked, just after dark, by a band of natives, and one of the party mortally, and two others very severely, wounded.* A timely discharge of the guns of the black-fellows, Charley and Brown, put them to flight, and they gave no further trouble. This was their first misfortune in a journey already exceeding a thousand miles. Dr. Leichhardt's surgical skill was of great service to his companions, who recovered very rapidly. The body of the unfortunate traveller was buried in the wilderness, and the funeral service of the English Church read over it, — a melancholy proof of the presence of civilized man.

On the 5th of July, nine months after leaving the last outpost of the colony, they made the joyful discovery of salt water. But here our traveller must speak for himself.

“The first sight of the salt water of the gulf was hailed by all with feelings of indescribable pleasure, and by none more than by myself; although tinctured with regret at not having succeeded in bringing my whole party to the end of what I was sanguine enough to think the most difficult part of my journey. We had now discovered a line of communication by land between the eastern coast of Australia and the gulf of Carpentaria: we had travelled along never-failing, and, for the greater part, running waters; and over an excellent country, available, almost in its whole extent, for pastoral purposes. The length of time we had been in the wilderness had evidently made the greater portion of my companions distrustful of my abilities to lead them through the journey; and, in their melancholy conversations, the desponding expression, ‘We shall never come to Port Essington,’ was too often overheard by me to be pleasant. My readers will, therefore, readily understand why Brown’s joyous exclamation of ‘Salt water!’ was received by a loud hurrah from the whole party, and why all the pains, and fatigues, and privations we had endured were, for the moment, forgotten, almost as completely as if we had arrived at the end of the journey.” — pp. 318, 319.

* A similar misfortune occurred in Captain Blackwood’s expedition, one of his sailors being speared by the natives; and Captain Stokes himself received a wound which had nearly proved mortal.

Their course was now for some time to the southward, around the gulf, though generally at a considerable distance from it ; then to the westward, and lastly in an oblique direction to the northwest. But a bare geographical statement conveys no idea of the hardships which they had to encounter. Five months of painful journeying are more easily counted on the fingers of "travellers at home," than the weary hours and days of lengthening toil and privation by those who must bear them. The want of water was sometimes severely felt ; and the stock of luxuries, for such they had become, grew very low. We find this entry under September 22 : — "We had our last pot of tea, and were now fairly put on dry beef and water." Early in August, the expedition crossed the "Plains of Promise," as Captain Stokes had called the extensive level at which he abandoned the exploration of the river Albert. On the 16th of October, they lost their kangaroo dog, through whose means they had procured nearly all their game. They had become greatly attached to the poor creature, and felt his loss keenly.

"Mr. Calvert and Charley returned on our tracks to endeavour to recover our poor dog. They found him almost dead, — stretched out in the deep cattle track, which he seemed not to have quitted, even to find a shady place. They brought him to the camp ; and I put his whole body, with the exception of his head, under water, and bled him ; he lived six hours longer, when he began to bark, as if raving, and to move his legs slightly, as dogs do when dreaming. It seemed that he died of inflammation of the brain. If we become naturally fond of animals which share with us the comforts of life, and become the cheerful companions of our leisure hours, our attachment becomes still greater when they not only share in our sufferings, but aid greatly to alleviate them. The little world of animated beings, with which we moved on, was constantly before our eyes ; and each individual the constant object of our attention. We became so familiar with every one of them, that the slightest change in their walk, or in their looks, was readily observed ; and the state of their health anxiously interpreted. Every bullock, every horse, had its peculiar character, its well defined individuality, which formed the frequent topic of our conversation, in which we all most willingly joined, because every one was equally interested. My readers will, therefore, easily understand my deep distress when I saw myself, on recent occasions, compelled to kill two of our favorite bullocks long before their time ; and when our poor dog died,

which we all had fondly hoped to bring to the end of our journey. Brown had, either by accident, or influenced by an unconscious feeling of melancholy, fallen into the habit of almost constantly whistling and humming the soldier's death march, which had such a singularly depressing effect on my feelings, that I was frequently constrained to request him to change his tune." — pp. 438, 439.

A more serious accident befell them. On the 21st of October, three of their best horses were drowned, and Dr. Leichhardt was obliged to leave behind the greater part of his valuable botanical collection. "The fruit," he says, "of many a day's work was consigned to the fire; and tears were in my eyes when I saw one of the most interesting results of my expedition vanish into smoke." The loss was the more severe, as the long duration of the expedition had furnished him with blossoms, fruit, and seed. But they were now approaching the close of their toils. The first sign of the neighbourhood of their own race was the appearance of a fine looking native, "who stepped out of the forest with the ease and grace of an Apollo, with a smiling countenance, and with the confidence of a man to whom the white face was perfectly familiar." He was soon joined by another native. The amazement of the travellers was more than equalled by the inexpressible joy with which they heard this Australian Samoset utter, with a somewhat incoherent display of his attainments as a linguist, the words, "Commandant!" "Come here!" "Very good!" "What's your name?" "We were electrified," says Dr. Leichhardt, "and I was ready to embrace the fellows." Continuing their route, they arrived, on the 17th of December, upwards of sixteen months after their departure from Sydney, at Victoria, the English establishment at Port Essington, with eight horses and old Redmond, the only surviving bullock, who had been carefully spared, and would now, as the most thoroughly travelled civilized bullock of modern times, be deemed a jewel by our Carters and Van Amburghs. Well might Leichhardt write, —

"I was deeply affected in finding myself again in civilized society, and could scarcely speak, the words growing big with tears and emotion; and even now, when considering with what small means the Almighty had enabled me to perform such a long journey, my heart thrills in grateful acknowledgment of his infinite kindness." — p. 536.

His appearance at Sydney, in the following March, was hailed like the return of one from the dead. The colonial Muse hastened to redeem her error by an effusion of "spirited verses"; and private contributions were raised to the amount of £ 1500, to which the government now added £ 1000. His merits have been also duly appreciated in Europe; the Royal Geographical Society of London has awarded him the queen's gold medal, and he has received a similar acknowledgment from the Royal Geographical Society of Paris.

Such has been the successful termination of one of the most hazardous enterprises of discovery ever undertaken. What difficulties its leader had anticipated, more trying and severe than those which he really encountered, it is not easy to conjecture; but we have his assertion that these had not equalled his expectations. We trust that this will not prove his only disappointment of the kind. It is impossible to dismiss his volume without an expression of admiration for the simplicity and manly modesty which everywhere characterize this narrative of trials and sufferings of no common severity.

A few weeks before his return, the scruples of the colonial executive being at last removed by advices from England, Sir T. Mitchell set out on his expedition from Fort Bourke. Of this enterprise, a full narrative of which is about to be issued from the London press, we have a condensed journal in the despatches to the government, which Dr. Lang has printed in an Appendix. We learn from these, that this accomplished traveller has met with highlands in the interior of the country, which form a division of the waters, and has discovered near the tropic an important river, flowing through downs and plains, seemingly sufficient, as he says, to supply the whole world with animal food. To this river, which, as he supposes, has its estuary in the gulf of Carpentaria (though Leichhardt's experience may render this doubtful), he gave the name of his "gracious sovereign," Victoria. How the question of title is to be adjusted between this namesake of the queen and the river discovered and so named by Wickham and Stokes on the western coast remains to be seen. By the important results of this expedition, Sir T. Mitchell has made a large addition to his previous claim of having travelled over nearly a seventh part of the continent.

The farthest longitude attained by Mitchell being between

144° and 145° E., and the extent of the continent from east to west reaching from 153° to 113° E. longitude, it is apparent that by far the greater part of the interior of the country was still unexplored. A bolder enterprise yet remained ; and near the end of 1846, before Mitchell's return, Dr. Leichhardt, less dismayed by the hardships than encouraged by the success of his recent enterprise, started again, with the intention of crossing the continent in the latitude of the tropic, and falling down upon the colony of Swan River in Western Australia ; his train consisted of six whites, two native blacks, one of whom was Harry Brown (our old friend, we presume), fourteen horses, sixteen mules, and a large stock of goats, sheep, and cattle. If his own expectations are realized, the journey will occupy two years and a half. Where he is now, it would be of little use to conjecture.

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The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the Earliest Times till the Reign of King George IV. By John Lord Campbell, A. M., F. R. S. E. Second Series, from the Revolution of 1688 to the Death of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, in 1806. Philadelphia : Lea & Blanchard. 1848. 2 vols. 8vo.

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The Clouds of Aristophanes, with Notes. By C. C. Felton, A. M., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature. New and Revised Edition. Cambridge : George Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 228.

Etherization, with Surgical Remarks. By John C. Warren, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Anatomy and Surgery. Boston : W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 100.

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